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OUR SOLDIERS;

OR,

ANECDOTES OF THE CAMPAIGNS AND  
GALLANT DEEDS OF THE BRITISH ARMY

DURING THE REIGN OF

Her Majesty Queen Victoria.



SECOND EDITION.









H. W. HEWETT, MATE OF H.M.S. "BEAGLE," AT SEBASTOPOL.

# OUR SAILORS:

OR,

ANECDOTES OF THE ENGAGEMENTS AND  
GALLANT DEEDS OF

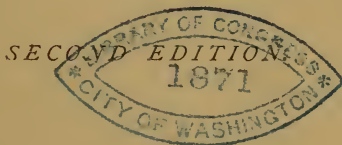
## THE BRITISH NAVY

During the Reign of  
HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY

WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON,

AUTHOR OF "PETER THE WHALER," "MARK SEAWORTH,"  
"TRUE BLUE," "OUR SOLDIERS," ETC.



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## P R E F A C E.

THE following pages will be found to contain accounts of a considerable number of the gallant actions performed by naval men since Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria came to the throne; but it in no way aims at being a complete Naval History of her reign.

My chief object, when designing the work, was to show that the present Navy of Great Britain has in no respects degenerated from that of olden times, great and glorious as it was; that when opportunities have occurred, the Blue Jackets of to-day, both officers and men, have been found ready as ever to perform their duty—to dare and to do as was dared and done of yore; that, in truth, they are worthy scions of the ancient race—TRUE CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK.

The following accounts will, I think, also tend to prove that the British Navy is not kept up for mere pomp and parade, or for supporting in idleness any class of the community; but that whenever hard blows have been exchanged, it has given and taken a fair share of them—that it has been ever actively employed in protecting British Colonies and British Commerce in all parts of the world—that through its means disputes

have been settled, which could in no other way have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion, and might have plunged the nation in war—that it has ever been found engaged on the side of justice and humanity—that not only has it, on numberless occasions, preserved the lives and property of British subjects, but also the existence of thousands of human beings of all nations and creeds, and of every degree of civilisation, who would, without its aid, have been doomed to destruction—that by its exertions British trade to China, South America, and many other parts of the world, has been immeasurably increased—that with much suffering and sacrifice of life it has, in the most pestiferous of climates, greatly decreased, and in some places suppressed, the nefarious slave-trade—that for the benefit of science and navigation, it has explored the most distant regions, penetrating to the icy poles as well as up the rivers of Africa—that it has surveyed a wide extent of coast, visited constantly by merchantmen, though, to their great peril, often before imperfectly known—that it has made the British name loved and respected in all lands—and that without a single exception, under circumstances the most difficult, and trials the most appalling, it has ever been found willing and ready nobly to do its duty.

Feeling sensibly the importance of a work of a character like the present, I can scarcely do it adequate justice; and this arises from no want of zeal on my part, but from the difficulty of collecting from naval men full accounts of the gallant deeds they have per-



formed, their modesty often preventing them from giving their narratives with the desirable completeness.

True bravery may be discovered, and discipline may be conspicuous in the darkest night during the horrors of the storm—on the sinking wreck—on the barren sands of a desert island—on the unmanageable raft, amid sickness and famine, with a lowering and uncertain future ahead; or they may shine with lustre among a crew, ice-bound for long years, with hope deferred, on the snow-clad shores of the Polar Sea.

Before I conclude my Preface, I must beg my readers, especially the younger ones, to watch, as they proceed with the narrative, the career of those whose names are mentioned. Many who appear as midshipmen, mates, or young lieutenants, will be found rising, by their gallantry and talents, to the higher ranks of the profession, still continuing in the same noble course in which they commenced—some of them as leaders in expeditions and exploits, which, increasing the glory of their country, must make them honoured and admired while Great Britain has a history in which their deeds can be chronicled.

The first portion of the work has appeared before, but I have greatly abridged it, in order to give fuller accounts of events of more recent date, so that more than two-thirds of the book is entirely new; and the latter part will, I hope, be found even more interesting than the commencement.

I would draw attention especially to the narrative of the North Polar Expeditions, and to the thrilling

accounts of those sent forth to ascertain the fate of the lamented Franklin. They display to great advantage the hardihood, courage, and obedience to discipline for which the true British seaman ever has been, and will, I trust, ever be, conspicuous.

My aim, I must again repeat, has been not so much to chronicle all the noble deeds achieved during the reign of our Gracious Sovereign, as to prove, by as many examples as I could collect, that her Navy has not been idle or useless during her reign, and that her officers and seamen are as bold and brave, as loyal and true, as were those of yore; that, as I before have said, her "BLUE JACKETS are true CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK."

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# - B A T T L E S

FOUGHT BY

## B R I T I S H   B L U E - J A C K E T S

*From the Accession of Queen Victoria.*

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LET fall the topsails, hoist away—up anchor, round goes the capstan—sheet home—haul taught the braces, and away we glide, to prove to our countrymen that British sailors have not been sleeping on beds of roses for the last quarter of a century of the world's existence, since her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria came to the throne. During the first years of her reign they had little to do in the fighting way, though on the coast of Africa, and in a few other seas, they enjoyed an occasional skirmish, just to keep their hands in.

Somewhat of that character was the capture of Aden, an Arab town on the entrance of the Red Sea. A former Sultan, or Chief of Aden, had by treaty given up the place to the British; but his successor, not approving of the bargain, refused to submit to it. As it was important for the English to hold it, to facilitate the navigation of the Red Sea, an expedition under Captain Smith, of the 'Volage,' was sent by Sir

Frederick Maitland, then Commander-in-Chief on the East India station, to bring the Sultan to reason.

Captain Smith had, besides his own ship, three other smaller vessels of war and some transports.

He commenced bombarding the town on the 19th January, and immediately landed the troops. After a tolerably stout resistance, the greater part of the Sultan's army took to flight. Sixteen soldiers were killed and wounded ; and one naval officer, Mr Nisbet, midshipman of the 'Mahé,' East India Company's schooner, was wounded. Mr Rundle, mate of the 'Volage,' planted the British flag on the walls of Aden, which has ever since remained in our possession.

## WAR ON THE COAST OF SYRIA.

1840.

THE next warfare in which the English Blue-jackets were engaged, was that on the coast of Syria, in 1840. The causes are not difficult to understand. Mehemet Ali, Pasha or Governor of Egypt, wished not only to make himself altogether independent of the Sultan of Turkey, who claimed to be his sovereign, but also to hold possession of Syria. Into that country he sent an army under the command of Ibrahim Pacha, who was everywhere successful, and was approaching Constantinople itself. This so alarmed the Sultan, that he was about to ask for assistance from the Russians. On this, England, France, and Austria thought it high time to interfere; for had the Russians once taken possession of Constantinople, it would have been a difficult matter to turn them out again. Accordingly, those three powers sent to the Turks to promise them assistance if they would hold out, and immediately despatched a large number of ships-of-war to the coast of Syria. Sir Robert Stopford was the Admiral of the British fleet, and Sir Charles Napier, having his broad pennant flying, commanded a squadron under him.

The proceedings of that fleet, and the deeds of the Blue-jackets belonging to it, we are now about to recount.

## BOMBARDMENT OF BEYROUT.

SEPTEMBER 1840.

THE first place attacked was the town and fortress of Beyrout. The English had thirteen sailing ships and four steamers. There was a Turkish squadron of seven ships, under Admiral Walker, who was then in the service of the Sultan, and three Austrian ships. Though cannonaded for several days, the place still held out. However, on the 2d of October, an Egyptian gunner, who had deserted, came on board the 'Hastings,' at Beyrout, and gave information that a train had been laid along the bridge to the eastern castle, where a large quantity of powder was concealed; and he undertook to guide a party to cut the train and seize the powder.

Commander Worth at once offered to perform this dangerous service, and numbers volunteered to follow him. He embarked in one of the boats of the 'Hastings,' protected by the launch and pinnace of the 'Edinburgh,' and covered by the fire of the ships. Dashing on, in the face of a heavy fire of musketry, he landed on the bridge, cut off the train, and then forced his way into the castle, over the walls of which he threw some sixty or seventy barrels of powder, and succeeded in bringing off thirty-one barrels more.

Unfortunately, in this service Mr Luscomb, a midshipman of the 'Hastings,' was killed; the Egyptian, and two seamen of the 'Hastings,' and one of the 'Edinburgh,' were wounded.

## ATTACK ON THE CASTLE OF D'JEBEL.

A STRONG body of Albanian troops being posted in the Castle of D'Jebel, Captain Martin was despatched in the 'Carysfort,' with the 'Dido' and 'Cyclops,' having on board 220 marines and 150 armed mountaineers, to turn them out.

As soon as the marines were prepared for landing, the ships opened their fire on the castle, which was returned by musket-shots.

After the fire had been continued for an hour, the marines, commanded by Captain Robinson, accompanied by a large party of armed mountaineers, pushed off from the 'Cyclops,' and formed on the beach to the south of the town, their landing being covered by the ships, which again opened on the castle. The fire from the ships and the launch's carronades having cleared the gardens in front of the castle, the signal was made to push on. The marines on this advanced with their invariable gallantry to the assault; but when they got within thirty yards of the towers, a destructive fire was opened on them from a crenelled outwork, having a deep ditch in front, which was completely masked from the fire of the ships, and numbers fell killed and wounded. In vain Captain Robinson and the other officers looked for some part of the castle-wall which might prove practicable. No gate was accessible, and they were therefore compelled to abandon the enterprise. At half-past five o'clock they embarked, and the firing ceased. The party were retiring, when it was discovered that an English flag, which had been planted on a garden-wall by the pilot of the 'Cyclops,' as a signal to the ships, had been accidentally left there.



To allow it to fall into the hands of the enemy would be a disgrace which could not be borne, yet to recover it would be a work of great danger. However, volunteers were not wanting to attempt its recovery; and Lieutenant Grenfell, and Macdonald, a seaman of the 'Cyclops,' undertook to bring it off.

Without delay they set off on their hazardous expedition. Their progress was watched with the most intense anxiety from the decks of the ships. They reached the garden-wall—they seized the flag-staff, and hauling down the flag, they hastened with their prize to the shore.

Loud cheers from all the ships greeted them as they returned on board uninjured and successful.

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#### CAPTURE OF SIDON.

WHILE the fleet lay off Beyrout, it was considered important to drive the Egyptians out of Sidon, a strong and important place. Commodore Napier undertook to perform the work, and be back off Beyrout in three days. With two steamers and five other ships, having on board 750 English and 800 Turkish marines, he appeared off the place on the 26th September. The town being summoned to surrender, and no answer being given, it was cannonaded for half an hour. Captain Austin, at the head of the Turkish battalion, landed, but was very warmly received, and several of his followers were killed. The fleet again accordingly opened fire, and battered down a number of houses, after which the Commodore, at the head of the main body of the British marines, and Captain Henderson

at the head of another, in the most spirited manner broke open the gates, fought their way in, and took possession of the castle. Numberless acts of gallantry were displayed. Among others, there was a complete race from the spot where they landed, between Mr James Hunt, a midshipman of the 'Stromboli,' and Signor Dominica Chinca, a midshipman of the Austrian frigate 'Guerriera,' who should first plant their colours on the walls of the town. All now appeared quiet in the town, the Commodore left a guard in the castle, and descended into it. No town was ever taken where less blood was unnecessarily spilt, or disorders more speedily put a stop to.

Commander Mansel was highly spoken of; as were also Captains Henderson and Austin, Commanders Robinson and Williams, and Captains Morrison and Wylock, of the Marines. Mr Cumming, a mate of the 'Cyclops,' particularly distinguished himself by his gallantry; as did Messrs M'Guire and Price, mates of long standing, who were both severely wounded.

Not one of the garrison, 3000 in number, escaped.

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#### CAPTURE OF CAIFFA.

CAIFFA was captured on the 17th September, by Captain Collier, of H.M.S. 'Castor,' and Tyre on the 24th, without loss. On the 25th, an attempt was made to destroy Tortosa. It was unsuccessful, but great gallantry was shown by Lieutenants Charlewood and Maitland, and Midshipmen Hay and Stewart gained great credit.

## BOMBARDMENT AND CAPTURE OF ACRE.

3D NOVEMBER 1840.

IBRAHIM PACHA, who had taken Acre in 1837, had commenced to strengthen it greatly; but the fortifications he had designed were not completed when the allied squadron of twenty ships, mostly line-of-battle ships, appeared off it, 2d November 1840. Aided by the steamers, the ships the next morning speedily took up their positions, and opened their fire in the most spirited manner.

After the ships had hotly engaged the batteries for nearly two hours, the grand magazine blew up with a most tremendous explosion, whether caused by a shell or by accident it is difficult to say. A large number of the garrison were blown up, and many probably were buried alive in the ruins or in the casements. The five guns before mentioned, notwithstanding this catastrophe, kept up their fire with great spirit to the last. About sunset the signal was made to discontinue the engagement; but the Commodore kept the fire up some time after dusk, lest the enemy should be tempted to re-man their guns. The Flag-Lieutenant then brought the orders to withdraw.

In the middle of the night a small boat brought off the information that the Egyptian troops were leaving the town, and, in consequence, at daylight 300 Turks and a party of Austrian marines landed, and took unopposed possession of the place. The havoc caused by the guns of the squadron on the walls and houses was very great, though, notwithstanding the hot and long-continued fire they had been exposed to, the ships escaped with little damage, and the amount of casual-



ties was very small, being fourteen English and four Turks killed, and forty-two wounded.

An entire battalion, which had been formed near the magazine, ready to resist any attempts to storm, was destroyed. The appearance of the dead and wounded, as they lay scattered about the town, was very dreadful, but they seemed to excite but little sympathy in the breasts of the Turks. Every living creature within the area of 60,000 square yards round the magazine had ceased to exist, the loss of life being computed from 1200 to 2000 persons. Certainly two entire regiments were annihilated, with fifty donkeys, thirty camels, twelve cows, and some horses.

This was the first occasion on which the advantages of steam had been fully proved in battle, by the rapidity with which the steamers took up their positions, and the assistance they rendered to the other ships; as also by the destruction caused through the shells thrown from them.

On the 4th another explosion took place, by which a marine was killed, and Captain Collier had his leg fractured.

The garrison being placed in a state of order, was left under the command of Sir Charles Smith, with 3000 Turkish troops and 250 marines, under Lieutenant-Colonel Walker, with the protection of the 'Pique' and 'Stromboli.'

The results of the capture of Acre were very important. Ibrahim Pacha evacuated Syria, and Mehemet Ali gave up the whole Turkish fleet, which sailed for Marmorice, under Admiral Walker. Soon after, the Sultan sent a firman according to the Pacha the hereditary possession of Egypt, without any interference

on the part of the Porte, while a yearly tribute of £2,000,000 was to be paid to the Sultan, besides about £2,000,000 more of arrears.

Thus terminated the part taken by the British in the affairs of Turkey and Egypt.

## WARFARE IN CHINESE WATERS.

THE war in China was undertaken to punish the Government for the numerous injuries and insults they had offered to the English, and, by teaching them to respect our power, to induce them to trade with us on fair and equal terms, and to treat us in future as one civilised people should treat another; also to demand reparation of grievances, and payment for the property of British subjects destroyed at Canton; to obtain a guarantee against similar occurrences in future; and, what was of the greatest importance, to open up the trade at the different ports along the coast.

With these objects to be accomplished, a large squadron, with a number of transports containing a considerable body of troops, were despatched in 1840 by the Governor-General of India to the Chinese seas.

Soon after this, a large fleet arrived from England, under the command of Admiral the Honourable G. Elliot, while Sir Gordon Bremer had his broad pennant flying on board the 'Wellesley.' Captain Elliot, R.N., it must be understood, was acting on shore as Chief-Superintendent of Trade.

The Chinese, though very clever fellows in some respects, and especially so in their own opinions, entertain notions which appear somewhat comical to Englishmen. While the British fleets were collecting, they were making preparations in their own way for their reception. They had purchased an English merchant-

ship—the ‘Cambridge’—intending to turn her into a man-of-war, and had built some strange-looking little schooners upon a European model, for the purpose of employing them against the English. Commissioner Lin also got up some sham fights at the Bogue, dressing those who were to act as assailants in red coats, in order to accustom the defenders to the sight of the red uniform—the red-coats, of course, being always driven back with tremendous slaughter. They also ran up formidable-looking forts along the banks of many of their rivers, which on examination, however, turned out to be merely thin planks painted. The object of these was to alarm the barbarians, and to prevent them from entering their harbours. But the crowning and most ingenious device, was the construction of some vessels with large paddle-wheels, like those of steamers, which were worked inside by men; though, that they might appear to be real steamers, they had, it is said, funnels, and fires under them, to create a smoke.

Although from these accounts it would appear that the Chinese are not very formidable enemies, it must be understood that they also possessed some forts which were really very strong; and that though the true Chinese are not very fond of fighting, and, from their peculiar temperament, look upon discretion as the best part of valour, and prefer running away to stopping with the certainty of being shot or bayoneted, yet that, as they fully understand division of labour, they employ a large number of Tartars to do their fighting for them. These Tartars are very brave fellows, and so are their officers; and in numberless instances they preferred death to defeat. They invariably fought to

the last, and often, when they could fight no longer, cut the throats of their wives and children, and then their own, rather than yield. This horrible custom arose undoubtedly from ignorance, they believing that their conquerors would ill-treat and enslave them, if they captured them alive. Besides these Tartar troops, who were far from contemptible enemies, our gallant Red-coats and Blue-jackets had to contend with the pernicious climate of the South of China, by which, more than by the jingall-balls of the enemy, numbers were cut off. The Tartars we have been speaking of are powerful men, and armed with long spears; and often they crossed with the British bayonet, for which the long spear was sometimes more than a match. Hand-to-hand encounters with the Tartar troops were not uncommon, and our men learned to their cost that they had held the Chinese too cheap. Instances occurred in which the powerful Tartar soldier rushed within the bayonet guard of his opponent, and grappled with him for life or death.

A full description of the numerous actions which took place from the commencement to the termination of the war, extending over so many months, would at the present day be far from interesting. We shall, in many instances, but briefly allude to them.

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#### CAPTURE OF CHUSAN.

THE first operation of importance was the capture of Chusan by a naval and military force, under Sir Gordon Bremer. The Commodore first humanely sent a deputation on shore, demanding the surrender of the town.



This was positively refused. During the following night the people were seen strengthening their fortifications, while the inhabitants were flying up the river in their merchant-junks, which were allowed to pass without impediment, although their cargoes very probably would have made the fortunes of many a British officer: but our Blue-jackets had not come to war against civilians and women and children. Indeed, to their credit, in no instance throughout the war, did the helpless suffer injury at the hands either of British soldiers or sailors.

On 19th August 1840, Captain Smith in the 'Druid,' and a few smaller ships of war, and some troops, attacked and defeated the Chinese in a very spirited manner, stationed in some fortifications known as the Macao Barrier. The guns were spiked, and the whole of the troops fled; nor did they ever again occupy the barrier. Two junks were sunk, and the rest allowed to escape round the opposite point, and the barracks and the other buildings were burned. The British, having four men only wounded, re-embarked, and the ships returned the same evening to their former anchorage in Macao Roads. This well-timed and important piece of service of Captain Smith's was the last hostile movement of the British during the year 1840. On the 6th November, a truce was announced by Admiral Elliot, and on the 29th he resigned his command from extreme ill-health, and returned to England, leaving Sir Gordon Bremer as Commander-in-Chief.

After this, nothing very remarkable was done till the Bogue forts were captured, on the 7th January 1841. The Chinese Emperor had only opened negotiations for the purpose of gaining time; it was resolved, therefore, to attack Canton itself. Several fleets of war-junks

were destroyed, some of the junks being blown up with all on board. On the 26th of February, the Boca Tigris forts were taken by Sir Gordon Bremer; and on the 5th of March, the squadron having advanced up the river, Howqua's fort was captured. Other forts in succession fell into the hands of the British force; and on the 28th of March, the passage up to Whampoa being forced, the forts of Canton and a large Chinese flotilla were captured. After this, the Chinese came to terms; trade was again opened, and went on for some time with great activity. All this time, however, the treacherous Chinese were plotting how they might exterminate the English; and on the night of the 21st May, a bold attempt was made by them to destroy the British fleet by means of fire-rafts. The attempt, however, was happily defeated, and warlike operations were once more commenced.

During these operations, Mr Hall performed a gallant act, which probably saved the lives of Captains Elliot and Herbert, and all standing near. A Congreve rocket had been placed in a tube, and ignited when it hung within it, instead of flying out. In another moment it would have burst, scattering destruction around, when Mr Hall thrust his arm into the tube and forced it out from behind. The rush of fire, however, severely burnt his hand, and caused him much suffering. It was long indeed before he recovered the use of his hand. We mention it as a worthy act of presence of mind and courage.

Canton was now attacked both by sea and land, and after some severe fighting, which lasted from the 23d up to the 30th of May, that important city was taken possession of by the British.



Amoy was captured on the 26th of August in a dashing manner, and Chinghae on the 10th of October 1841, and Ningpo was occupied on the 12th of the same month. Early in the year, Captain Hall and the officers and crew of the 'Nemesis' had a spirited brush with the Chinese, to the north of Chusan. After this, the enemy kept at a distance from that place.

Several attempts were made by the Chinese to destroy the ships of the squadron, each time defeated by the vigilance of the officers and crews. On the 13th of May 1843, Chapoo, a large town near the sea, was attacked and captured; and Woosung and Shanghai shared the same fate on the 16th and 19th of June, the greater part of the fighting on both occasions being performed by the seamen and marines of the fleet.

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CAPTURE OF CHIN-KEANG-FOO, AND ENTRY OF SIR H. POTTINGER INTO NANKIN; WITH CONCLUDING REMARKS.

21ST JULY 1842.

WE at length come to the last and crowning victory of the British in China.

Considerable reinforcements having arrived, it was at length resolved to advance on Nankin itself, the ancient capital of the empire, as the most certain way of bringing the Chinese to terms. To reach that city the Admiral had determined to conduct his fleet, consisting of nearly eighty sail, including two line-of-battle ships, up the great river Yang-Tze, into the very heart of the empire, 200 miles from the sea.

On the 6th July, this imposing fleet passed up the

river without any opposition, the Chinese having even withdrawn their guns from most of the towns on its banks, to escape the injury they expected would be inflicted had they made any hostile demonstration. At Seshan, however, about fifteen miles below Chin-Keang-foo, some batteries at the foot of a hill, mounting some twenty guns, opened their fire on the 'Pluto' and 'Nemesis,' as those vessels were surveying in advance; and on the following day, having fired on the 'Modeste,' she very speedily drove out their garrisons, and destroyed them completely.

On the 16th, the naval and military Commanders-in-Chief went up the river in the 'Vixen,' followed by the 'Medusa,' to reconnoitre the approaches to Chin-Keang-foo. They approached the entrance of the Imperial Canal, which passes close to the city walls. It is one of the greatest works in China for facilitating the internal water communication through the country. As no soldiers were seen on the walls, and no other preparations for defence were visible, it was hoped that no resistance would be offered, and that thus all effusion of blood would be spared. When, however, some of the officers landed on Golden Island, which is opposite the mouth of the Great Canal, and climbed to the top of the Pagoda, in the centre of the island, they discovered three large encampments on the slope of the hills to the south-west of the city. This showed that the Chinese had a large army, ready to defend the place, though it was doubted if the troops would fight. The British land force consisted of about 7000 men of all arms. It had been determined that none of the ships-of-war should be engaged in the attack. The 'Auckland' was therefore the only vessel which fired

into the city when employed in covering the landing of the troops. On the evening of the 20th, all preparations were completed for the attack, which was to take place at daylight the next day. A body of seamen and marines, however, under Captain Peter Richards, took an active part in the engagement, accompanied by Sir William Parker, who forced his way with the General through the gates of the city. Lord Saltoun's brigade was the first on shore, and, gallantly attacking the Chinese encamped outside the walls, soon drove them over the hills. General Schoedde's brigade, however, was received by a hot fire of guns, jingalls, and matchlocks, and in consequence he gave orders for immediately escalading the walls. The Tartars fought with the most determined bravery, often in hand-to-hand combats, and several of the British officers and men were wounded. The walls were soon scaled; and as the troops scoured them to the right and left, they fell in with Sir Hugh and Sir William, who had forced their way in at the gate, while Captains Peter Richards and Watson, with the seamen and marines, had scaled the walls in another direction. Still in the interior of the city the Tartars held every house and street where they could hope to make a stand, determined to sell their lives dearly; and often when driven back by superior force, they, with perfect deliberation, put an end to their own lives, and frequently those of their wives and children. While these events were taking place, another of a more naval character was enacting elsewhere. The 'Blonde' was anchored off the mouth of the Grand Canal, and her boats had been employed in the morning in landing the artillery brigade. At ten o'clock they were ordered away to carry some of the artillery, with

two howitzers, up the canal, to create a diversion in favour of the troops. They were under the command of Lieutenant Crouch, of the 'Blonde,' who had with him Messrs Lambert, Jenkins, and Lyons, midshipmen. The barge, cutter, and flat were a little in advance, when, coming suddenly in sight of the west gate of the city, they were assailed by a heavy fire of jingalls and matchlocks from the whole line of the city wall, running parallel with the canal. As the wall was nearly forty feet high, the gun in the barge could not be elevated sufficiently to do service, and the fire of the musketry was ineffectual. Lieutenant Crouch and Mr Lyons, midshipman, two artillery officers, sixteen seamen, and eight artillerymen were wounded. As it would have been madness to have remained longer than necessary exposed to such a fire, the men leaped from the boats, which they abandoned, and took shelter under cover of some houses in the suburbs. The crews of the launch and pinnace, however, which were some way astern, remained under cover of some buildings, and escaped without loss. Lieutenant Crouch's party now saw that their only chance of escape was to join the latter, though to do so they would have to pass across a wide space, exposed to the fire from the walls. They succeeded, however, in doing this without loss, and in getting on board the two boats. The whole party returned down the canal to the 'Cornwallis,' where they reported what had happened to Captain Richards. They were compelled to leave some of the wounded behind, and it is satisfactory to report that they were kindly treated by the Chinese—a strong proof of the advantage of the example set by the British.

As soon as Captain Richards was informed of the



circumstances which had occurred, he landed with 200 marines at the entrance of the canal, where he was joined by 300 men of the 6th Madras Native Infantry, under Captain M'Lean.

This body then made their way through the suburbs, to escalate the city walls. At the same time the boats of the 'Cornwallis,' under Lieutenant Stoddart, with those of the 'Blonde,' pulled up the canal, with orders to bring off the boats and guns which had been left behind, and to endeavour to check the fire of the Chinese, while Captain Richards' party were engaged in escalating the walls. As soon as Captain Richards landed, he was joined by Captain Watson and Mr Forster, master of the 'Modeste,' with a boat's crew, and a small body of seamen of that ship. A quantity of rubbish was found near the walls, on which the ladders were planted by Captains Peter Richards and Watson; when, in face of a strong body of Tartars, who opened a tremendous fire on them, they began the hazardous ascent. Captain Richards escaped unhurt; but Captain Watson was wounded, as was Lieutenant Baker, of the Madras Artillery; and a marine, who with them was one of the first on the walls, was killed. At this juncture, Lieutenant Fitzjames brought up some rockets and lodged one in a guard-house, which, catching fire, threw the enemy into such consternation that they gave way, followed by Captain Richards, who, at the head of his men, had jumped down into an open space between two gateways. It was just then that the gate was blown open by powder-bags; and Sir William Parker, with the third brigade under General Bartley, accompanied by Sir Hugh Gough, dashed over its ruins. Several officers and a large

number of men suffered from the effects of the hot sun. The naval brigade, having in consequence rested for some time in a guard-house, on hearing some firing, again sallied out, when they were met by a sudden fire from a body of Tartars, drawn up across a street, behind a small gateway. Here Lieutenant Fitzjames was wounded, as were several of the men. The British, however, uttering a loud cheer, attacked the Tartars with such fury, that they were soon driven back, and put to flight, when numbers fell by their own hands. The city was speedily in entire possession of the British, when every means was taken to spare life, to prevent plunder, and to restore order. We must not omit to speak of the gallantry of several naval officers mentioned by Sir Hugh Gough. Having heard that the canal was fordable, he had sent Major Gough to ascertain the fact, accompanied by Captain Loch, R.N., who acted as an amateur throughout the campaign, as the General's extra aide-de-camp, and Lieutenant Hodgson, of the 'Cornwallis,' as also by Lieutenant Heatley. Instantly rushing down the bank, the four officers plunged into the canal, and swam across, thus proving the impracticability of fording it. The city was now completely in the power of the British; but in consequence of the bad drainage, and the number of dead bodies left in the houses, the cholera broke out, and raged with fearful violence among the troops, even though they were removed to an encampment outside the walls. The number of Tartars who destroyed themselves and families was very great; while much damage was committed by the Chinese plunderers, who flocked in from the country, and pillaged in every direction; yet, although the place had been taken by

assault, none of the British troops were allowed to plunder or to commit violence of any description.

These triumphant successes of the British had at length brought the Emperor to reason.

The true state of affairs was represented to him; and, on the 20th of August, his Commissioner came on board the 'Cornwallis,' with authority to treat for peace. On the 24th, the visit was returned by Sir Henry Pottinger, Sir Hugh Gough, Sir William Parker, and upwards of a hundred officers.

On the 29th, a treaty of peace, for which the British had been so long contending, was happily signed on board the 'Cornwallis' by Sir Henry Pottinger, on the part of Great Britain, and by Ke-ying, Elepoo, and New-Kien, on the part of the Emperor of China.

While the British fleet remained in the China seas, several gallant acts, well worthy of record also, were performed by some of the officers of the ships.

But a very imperfect account has been given of the operations in the China seas: but enough has been said to show that the Tartar troops were no despicable enemies, while the Blue-jackets of Old England had ample opportunities of exhibiting their daring courage, as well as that perseverance, discipline, and endurance, as also, on many occasions, the humanity, for which they have ever been conspicuous.

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GALLANTRY OF MR H. F. M'KILLOP, MIDSHIPMAN  
OF H.M.S. 'BELLEISLE.'

JUNE 1842.

"AT daylight on the 15th of June 1842, when H.M.S. 'Belleisle,' Captain Kingcome, was at anchor in one of



the passages to the entrance of Chusan, in the China Sea, when there was a strong tide running, Mr H. F. M'Killop, midshipman, was heard to cry, 'A man overboard!—I'll jump after him.' The quartermaster said, 'You had better not, sir; there is a very strong tide running.' The reply was, 'I will—the man can't swim.' He instantly plunged overboard, and, to the satisfaction of all, he was seen to lay hold of the man, whom he kept afloat for a considerable period, until the boat had been lowered, and sent to pick them both up."

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COURAGE OF MR TURNER, MATE OF H.M.S. 'SERPENT.'

AUGUST 1842.

"ON the 8th of August 1842, the pinnace belonging to H.M.S. 'Serpent' was caught in a gale of wind, in Chimmo Bay, China. At midnight, a heavy squall caused a junk she was riding by to drive, forcing the pinnace so suddenly ahead that, in her heavy pitching, she foundered. In a moment seven men were struggling for their lives, five of whom were saved by the extraordinary exertions of Mr Turner (mate), who, in his praiseworthy efforts, was nearly jammed between two junks, and was only just hauled up in time, but not before he had seen two of his best men hauled up before him."

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SEAMAN'S LIFE SAVED BY LIEUTENANT R. C. WHYTE.

JANUARY 1844.

"ON the 15th of January 1844, at which time H.M.S. 'Pelican' was lying in the Ningpo River, on the

north-eastern coast of China, a seaman, named Joseph White, while working in the main-rigging, missed his hold, and fell overboard. Lieutenant Robert C. Whyte, senior of that ship, in the most gallant manner instantly jumped after him with his clothes on; and although the man had sunk twice, and was actually swept by the rapidity of the tide under the bow of a large Chinese boat, succeeded in saving him. It was the greatest chance that Lieutenant Whyte's life was not sacrificed in this his gallant attempt. From the well-known rapid tide and dangerous undertow in the large rivers of China, particularly the Ningpo, it had always been supposed that any person falling overboard would inevitably have been drowned; and so strong was this opinion on board, which was well known to Lieutenant Whyte at the time, that the ship's company had always refrained from bathing during the fine seasons.

“This was the second time in which Lieutenant Whyte succeeded in saving this seaman's life, and the third man he had saved within a few months.”

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LIEUTENANTS CALDWELL AND VANSITTART, R.N.,  
HONG-KONG.

DECEMBER 1843.

“ON the 13th of December 1843, as the men of H.M.S. ‘Agincourt’ at Hong-Kong were exercising aloft, one of them unfortunately lost his hold, and fell from the main-yard arm: striking against the rigging, he bounded with frightful force from the spare top-sail-yard, and fell insensible into the sea. Lieutenants Caldwell and Vansittart instantly dashed overboard

after him. The former officer was, however, from his position, unable to make way against the tide, and to reach the sinking man. Happily, Mr Vansittart was nearer to him, and with almost superhuman exertions (being burdened with the whole of his uniform) saved the poor fellow's life, supporting him for a considerable time, until a boat could be lowered. This gallant action endeared the young officers to every man on board."

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THE LIFE OF THE HON. FREDERICK WILLIAM WALPOLE  
 SAVED BY MR R. DEW, MATE OF H.M.S. 'COLLING-  
 WOOD,' AT CALLAO.

20TH AUGUST 1844.

HER Majesty's ship 'Collingwood,' Captain R. Smart, was lying off the port of Callao, in China, on the 20th of August 1844. There were at the time two mates on board, Mr Roderick Dew, and the Hon. Frederick William Walpole. The latter officer had, it appears, in the afternoon gone on board a cutter-yacht belonging to a gentleman at Callao. As night came on there was a fresh breeze blowing, which knocked up a short, chopping sea. It was also very dark, so that objects at any distance from the ship could scarcely be discerned. The officer of the first watch on that night was Lieutenant Richard R. Quin, and the mate of the watch was Mr R. Dew. In those seas the currents run very rapidly, and where the ship lay there was a very strong tide. Just as the quartermasters had gone below to call the officers of the middle watch, it being then close upon twelve o'clock, the look-out man forward reported

a boat ahead under sail. The Lieutenant of the watch, on going to the gangway, observed a small cutter on the starboard bow, which, as well as he could make out through the obscurity, appeared to be hove to. He judged, from the position of the cutter, that she wished to communicate with the ship, but it was impossible to see what was taking place on board of her. Shortly afterwards a dark object was observed on the water on the starboard bow approaching the ship, but it did not look like a boat. When it was at the distance of seventy or eighty yards, it was hailed by the sentry. An answer was returned, but too indistinctly for the officers aft to understand what was said. The sentry, however, on the fore-castle seems to have made out the answer, for he instantly sung out the startling cry of "A man overboard!" No boats were down at the time; and in that hot tideway in another minute the drowning man would have been swept past the ship, and carried in all probability out to sea, where he must have perished. Mr Dew was forward: whether or not he knew the person who was in peril of his life, I cannot say; probably any human being would equally have claimed his aid; but, without a moment's hesitation, he jumped fearlessly overboard, and swam to the assistance of the man he supposed was drowning. He struck out bravely, but could not at first succeed in the object for which he was aiming. Meantime the order for lowering a boat was given; but long before she was got into the water, the figure of a human being was discerned close to the ship. The sentry again hailed, when a voice, which was recognised as that of Mr Walpole's, answered with a cry for help. Mr Dew cheered him up, by letting him



know that he was coming to his assistance ; and very soon after he got up to him, and found him clinging to a small boat, full of water, and, as he was encumbered with a heavy pea-coat, holding on with the greatest difficulty. Mr Dew, who was lightly clad, and fresh, enabled him to guide the swamped boat up to the ship, near which the current was of itself carrying her. As they passed near the gangway, a coil of rope was hove to them, which they getting hold of, the boat was hauled alongside, and Mr Walpole and his gallant preserver Mr Dew were brought safely upon deck. Mr Walpole then gave an account of the accident which had befallen him. He had shoved off from the cutter in her dingy, which was very soon swamped, and as the tide would not allow him to regain her, he was being carried rapidly to destruction, and would, he gratefully asserted, have inevitably perished, had it not been for the heroic conduct of Mr Dew, who, under Providence, was thus the means of preserving his life.

## CAPTURE OF THE CARTHAGENIAN FLEET.

LIEUTENANT DE COURCY.

FEBRUARY 1841.

AMONG the numerous states which have arisen from the fragments of the Spanish empire in South America, is that of Carthagena on the northern coast, and on the eastern shore at the entrance of the Gulf of Darien. The inhabitants, like those of all the other states of Spanish origin on that continent, have continually been quarrelling among each other, and one party has always been found ready to set up a Dictator, President, or Governor, in opposition to the man who happens to be in power. It appears that the British brig 'Jane and Sarah,' in company with a sloop called 'Little William,' were lying at Sapote, a harbour of Carthagena, when, on the 6th of February 1841, some Carthagenian ships-of-war, under the orders of General Carmona, attacked the two vessels and plundered them, to a large amount, of goods and specie. A Colonel Gregg, and other passengers, together with their crews, were taken on shore and imprisoned. We are not aware of what crime Colonel Gregg and the other persons were accused. They found means, however, to communicate their condition to the British Consul resident at Carthagena, who immediately interested himself on their behalf, and applied to the Government for their release. His intercession was perfectly

unsuccessful. As soon therefore as he was able, he sent off a despatch to Lieutenant De Courcy, commanding H.M.'s brig 'Charybdis,' stationed on the coast to protect British interests, and which was fortunately then in the neighbourhood. Immediately on receiving the communication, Lieutenant De Courcy came off the port of Carthagera, and despatched a boat, with an officer, bearing a letter to the Commodore of the squadron, then at anchor inside, demanding the release of Colonel Gregg and the other British subjects.

The Carthaginian squadron consisted of a corvette, a brig, and three schooners of war. When the officer got on board the corvette, he found the Commodore, who treated him with great insolence, observing, that as the letter was not written in Spanish, he could not understand it, and therefore could not receive it, treating the threatened interference with the greatest contempt. The unfortunate Colonel Gregg, it appears, was shot immediately after the application for his release had been made; so that probably the Commodore was acting under the orders of the Government, who were little aware of the punishment they were about to draw down on the head of the commander of their ships. As soon as the British officer had returned on board the 'Charybdis,' and reported these circumstances, Lieutenant De Courcy determined to compel attention to his communications. The 'Charybdis' was rated as a six-gun brig, but she carried only one long gun amidships and two carronades, and her full complement of officers and men was but fifty-five. Nothing daunted, however, he boldly entered the port; and was passing up to an anchorage, when, without any provocation, he was fired into by the corvette—the Com-



modore's vessel, and the forestay of the 'Charybdis' was shot away. This was an insult not for an instant to be borne, and, in spite of the small size of his vessel, and the apparently overwhelming force opposed to him, he immediately took up a position, and opened his fire on the corvette. His officers and crew enthusiastically supported him, and working their guns with a will, so rapidly was their fire delivered, and so well was it directed, that in a short time the corvette hauled down her colours and surrendered, when, on taking possession of her, it was found that the Commodore and twenty-five of his men had been killed. In the meantime, a brig-of-war had been coming down to the assistance of the corvette, followed by three schooners; and scarcely had the first been disposed of, when she came into action. Unexhausted by their exertions, the gallant crew of the 'Charybdis' fought their guns as before, and in five minutes after they had been brought to bear on the brig, she sank; and in a short time the schooners, after exchanging a few shots, also surrendered. Thus, in the course of less than an hour, the whole of the Carthaginian squadron was captured and destroyed; the victor remaining at anchor in their port, with his prizes, to await the decision of the Admiral on the station as to their disposal. Although, probably, the vessels of the enemy were neither well found nor well manned, still, their force was so immensely superior to that of the British brig, that we must allow, that not a more spirited or gallant action has been performed since her Majesty came to the throne, than that of Lieutenant De Courcy's capture of the Carthaginian fleet. He, in consequence, at once received his promotion to the rank of Commander.

## SUPPRESSION OF PIRACY IN BORNEO AND THE EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO.

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### SKETCH OF RAJAH BROOKE.

SIR JAMES BROOKE, Rajah of Sarawak, went out as cadet to India, where he distinguished himself in the Burmese war, and being wounded there, he returned home. A warm admirer of Sir Stamford Raffles, by whose enlightened efforts the flourishing city of Singapore was established, and British commerce much increased in the Eastern Archipelago, he took a voyage there to form a personal acquaintance with those interesting islands. He found the people groaning under oppression, piracy unchecked, and commerce undeveloped. He here secretly resolved to devote his life to remedying these evils. On his return home he purchased a yacht, the 'Royalist,' of 142 tons, and with care and kindness, for three years, he trained a crew zealously ready to follow his fortunes.

Having been appointed Governor of Sarawak, 24th September 1841, he set himself actively to work to reform abuses, to improve the cultivation of the country, and to secure peace and happiness to the people. Having arranged the internal affairs of his government, he went back to Singapore, for the purpose of asking the aid of some ship-of-war to put down piracy. The 'Dido,' the Honourable Captain Keppel, was accordingly sent

to assist him in carrying out his object ; and many gallant acts were performed by that officer and ship's company, one of which we have alone space to recount.

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ATTACK ON SAREBUS PIRATES BY BOATS OF  
H.M.S. 'DIDO.'

THE 'Dido,' after leaving Sarawak, proceeded to the island of Burong, which was appointed as the place of rendezvous. The force selected for the expedition consisted of the 'Dido's' pinnace, two cutters, and a gig, with Rajah Brooke's boat, the 'Jolly Bachelor,' carrying a long six-pounder brass gun, and thirty of the 'Dido's' men. Several chiefs sent their fleets, so that the native force was considerable, and it caused no little trouble to keep them in order.

On the 11th, as they passed rapidly up the stream, the beating of gongs and the loud yelling warned them that they were approaching their enemies. A sudden turn in the river brought them in front of a steep hill, which rose from the bank. As they hove in sight, several hundred savages rose up, and gave one of their war-yells. "It was the first," says Captain Keppel, "I ever heard. No report from musketry or ordnance could ever make a man's heart feel so *small* as mine did at that horrid yell. I had no time to think, but took a shot at them with my double-barrel as they rushed down the steep, while we were hurried past." As the large boat came up, she gave them a dose from her heavy gun. A barrier of stakes was now encountered, but the gig pushed through, and found herself in the presence of three formidable-looking forts, which imme-

diately opened a heavy fire on her. Luckily their guns were elevated for the range of the barrier, a few grape-shot only splashing the water round her. The boat was drifting fast towards the enemy. The banks of the river were covered with warriors, who yelled and rushed down to secure her. With some difficulty the long gig was got round, and Rajah Brooke steering, she was paddled up against the stream. During this time Captain Keppel and his coxswain kept up a fire on the embrasures, to prevent the enemy reloading before the pinnace could bring her twelve-pound carronade to bear. Unfortunately she fell athwart the barrier, and had three men wounded while thus placed. With the aid, however, of some of the native auxiliaries, the ratan-lashings which secured the heads of the stakes were cut, and the first cutter got through. The other boats then followed, and kept up a destructive fire on the fort. Mr D'Aeth, who was the first to land, jumped on shore with his crew at the foot of the hill, on the top of which the nearest fort stood, and at once rushed for the summit. This mode of warfare—this dashing at once in the very face of their fort—was so novel and incomprehensible to the enemy that they fled panic-struck into the jungle, and the leading men of the British could scarcely get a snap shot at them. That evening the country was illuminated for miles by the burning of the capital, Paddi, and the adjacent villages. The guns in the forts were also taken and the stockades burnt. The banks of the river were here so narrow, that it was necessary to keep vigilantly on the alert, as a spear even could easily be thrown across, though for the greater part of the night the burning houses made it light as day. In the evening, Drs



Simpson and Treacher amputated the arm of the captain of the forecastle on board the 'Dido.' In the morning, a fleet of prahus came sweeping towards them, and were only discovered to be friends just in time to save them from a deadly discharge from the six-pounder.

In the evening, a party under Lieutenant Horton, who was accompanied by Rajah Brooke, was sent up the left stream. Captain Keppel was at supper on board the 'Jolly Bachelor' when the sound of the pinnace's twelve-pounder carronade broke through the stillness of the night. This was responded to by one of those simultaneous war-yells, apparently from every part of the country. Captain Keppel, on this jumping into his gig, pulled off to the aid of his friends. From the winding of the stream, the yells appeared to come from every direction — sometimes ahead, sometimes astern. Proceeding thus for nearly two hours, a sudden and quick discharge of musketry warned him that he was approaching the scene of action.

He kept his rifle ready for use on his knee; and to give an idea that he was bringing up a strong reinforcement, he ordered the bugler he had with him to strike up "Rory O'More." This was immediately responded to by three British cheers, followed, however, by a death-like silence, which made him suppose that the enemy were between him and his friends.

Seeing some human forms before him, he hailed, and receiving no answer, fired, supposing them to be Dyaks, when, to his horror, Lieutenant Horton exclaimed, "We are here, sir." Providentially no one was hurt. The sound of the current had prevented his hail being heard. The party had taken up a very clever position

on the top of a bank from which the jungle had been cleared for about thirty yards, and which rose perpendicularly from a little bay just big enough to hold the boats. Here Lieutenant Gunnel was posted, with seven royal marines as a rear-guard. This was an important position, and one of danger, as the jungle itself was alive with the enemy; and although spears were hurled from it continually during the night, no shot was thrown away unless the figure of a pirate could be distinctly seen. The rain fell heavily, the men wore their greatcoats to keep their pieces dry. Often during the long night a musket was raised to the shoulder, and lowered as the enemy flitted by. Those in the boats below stood facing the opposite bank of the river, with their arms in their hands. It appears that the enemy had come down in great force to attack the boats from that side; and as the river was there very shallow, and the bottom hard, they could, by wading not more than knee-deep, have approached to within five or six yards of them;—but in the first attack they had lost a good many men, and it is supposed that their repeated advances during the night were more to recover their dead and wounded, than to make any attack on the compact little force of British, whose deadly aim and rapid firing had told with such effect, and who certainly were, one and all, prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. For some object they had begun felling some large trees, and their torches showing their position, Mr Partridge kept up a hot fire on them from the pinnace, and a signal rocket fired among them made them take to flight. Two natives and one marine of the British party were wounded; and the latter poor fellow, a



gallant young officer named Jenkins, already distinguished in the Chinese war, volunteered to convey in the second gig, with four boys only, down to the 'Jolly Bachelor.' He performed his duty, and was again up with the party before daylight. At dawn the pirates began assembling in some force; but as the boats advanced up the river towards a spot where they had left their wives and children, they sent in a flag of truce. Several chiefs soon appeared, and the result of the conference was, that they undertook to abandon piracy if their lives were spared. This was agreed to, and they have strictly adhered to their promises.

When Mr Brooke first went to Borneo, he found the country desolated by internal wars, the strong remorselessly preying on the weak in every direction; and, though possessing a soil abounding in the most valuable natural productions, and capable of yielding, under cultivation, an almost unlimited supply of the fruits of the earth, yet without any domestic or foreign commerce. Within a few years, by his enlightened exertions, he, in a great degree, put a stop to piracy, by aid of the naval force placed at his disposal; he induced the native tribes to live at peace with each other, and to attend to agriculture; and he opened up an increasing commercial intercourse through all parts of the country. There breathes not a truer patriot or a more honest single-minded man than Sir James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak.

## WARFARE ON THE RIVERS LA PLATA AND PARANA.

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### BATTLE OF THE PARANA.

30TH NOVEMBER 1845.

JUAN DA ROSAS having made himself master of La Plata, and taken possession of Buenos Ayres, closed the Rio de La Plata against all strangers. This was contrary to a treaty with the English and French; and accordingly an English and French squadron were despatched to open up the channel of commerce, the lighter vessels forming an expedition to force the Parana.

Rear-Admiral Inglefield was Commander-in-Chief, with his flag on board the 'Vernon.' The French squadron was commanded by Admiral Lainé. The command of the English force was given to Captain Charles Hotham, of H.M.'s steam-frigate 'Gorgon;' and he had under him, 'Firebrand,' steam-frigate, Captain J. Hope; 'Philomel,' surveying-brig, Commander B. J. Sullivan; 'Comus,' eighteen guns, Acting-Commander E. A. Inglefield; 'Dolphin,' brigantine, Lieutenant R. Levinge; 'Fanny,' tender, Lieutenant A. C. Key.

On the 18th, the expedition arrived within three miles of the very strong defences General Rosas had caused to be thrown up on the right bank of the Parana on

Punta Obligada, to oppose their progress. This spot was about thirty miles below the river San Nicholas, and 100 from the mouth of the river.

At daylight the following morning, the two captains reconnoitred the position of the enemy, and soon discovered that great military skill had been evinced, both in the ground chosen, and the plan of defence pursued.

The morning of the 20th broke dark and foggy, but about eight A.M. the weather cleared, and a southerly breeze sprang up. At a quarter to nine the southern division weighed, and with a light breeze stood towards the batteries, followed shortly afterwards by the 'San Martin' and 'Comus.' The 'Dolphin' and 'Pandour' had previously anchored on the north shore. Two of the 'Dolphin's' crew—R. Rowe, gunner's mate, and W. Ross, caulker's mate—though severely wounded, refused to leave their quarters till the day was won.

At about ten minutes before ten the batteries commenced the action by opening a heavy fire on the 'Philomel' and the southern division, which Commander Sullivan speedily returned with interest. On this occasion, the gallant Lieutenant Doyle, of the 'Philomel,' had his arm shot away, and for some time his life was despaired of; but, notwithstanding the agony of his wound, he still showed his interest in the progress of the action. On this the 'Dolphin' weighed, to support the ships in action; but as some of her sails were shot away before she could reach her appointed station, the current drove her astern, and compelled her to anchor. Lieutenant Levinge, however, contrived to place her in a position where her guns did good execution; she, however, was unavoidably exposed all

the time to a tremendous shower of shot, shell, grape, and rockets, which came flying over her. During it several of her people were wounded; and Mr G. Andrews, clerk in charge, was unhappily killed, while assisting the surgeon in his duties to the wounded.

The remaining ships of the north division were gallantly led into action by the brave Captain Trèhouart, whose brig succeeded in reaching her appointed station. A terrific cannonade was now taking place, increasing as the ships, one after the other, got into action. It had, however, unfortunately the effect of making the wind fall light; and, in consequence, the ships of the northern division having to contend with a current running three miles an hour, were compelled to anchor two cables short of the stations assigned to them. About this time the Spaniards cast loose the fire-vessels, chained two and two together, and as they came drifting down rapidly towards the squadron, the steamers kept moving about to tow them clear, should they drift against any of the ships. Fortunately they did no harm; but till they had drifted past, the steamers could neither anchor nor open their fire. At about ten minutes to eleven the action became general; and the effect of the admirable gunnery practice, both of the English and French crews, was soon evident by the unsteadiness with which the enemy continued their fire. No men could, however, have fought more bravely than they did. No sooner had the fire from the British ships swept one set of men from their guns, than they were replaced by others, compelled, if not determined of their own accord, to fight to the last. At length the fire from the batteries began to slacken, some of the guns being dismounted, and the gunners driven from the



others ; and at four P.M., an occasional shot only being fired, Captain Hotham made the signal for the boats of the squadron, manned and armed, to rendezvous alongside the 'Gorgon' and 'Firebrand,' sending at the same time to the French commander, to propose that the remaining part of their plan, which was, that they should land and storm the batteries, should be carried into immediate execution. Captain Hotham landed with 180 blue-jackets and 145 marines, when, giving three hearty British cheers, they formed on the beach preparatory to making a rush up the hill. Commander Sullivan, who had under him the skirmishing party and light company of seamen, led the way up the hill ; the rest quickly followed, and, as they reached the crest, they were received by a smart fire of musketry. The enemy were, however, quickly driven back before the bayonets of the marines, under the command of Captain F. Hurdle, R.M. ; while, at the same time, the light company of seamen, under Lieutenant A. C. Key, made a dash at the wood, which it was most important to possess, and carrying it in a few minutes, took possession of it. Shortly after this, the French brigade landed ; and the enemy taking to flight in all directions, little more remained to be done, beyond spiking the guns and destroying the batteries. Captain Hope, after cutting the chain across the river, landed with Captain Hotham, and acted as his aide-de-camp throughout the day.

In consequence of this action, Captain C. Hotham was made a Commander of the Order of the Bath ; Commander B. J. Sullivan was posted ; and Lieutenants Inglefield, Levinge, Doyle, and Key were made Commanders : R. Rowe, gunner's mate, was made a gunner,



and W. Ross, caulker's mate, was made a warrant-officer; both of whom, though severely wounded, had refused to quit their quarters till the battle was over.

Two ships-of-war being left to prevent the enemy offering any obstruction to the navigation of the Parana, the squadron proceeded to convoy a fleet of merchantmen up the river.

Captain Hope, in a very gallant way, pursued and destroyed the schooner 'Chacabuco,' belonging to the enemy.

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#### ENGAGEMENTS WITH THE BATTERIES OF SAN LORENZO.

AFTER the squadron and convoy had passed up, which they did without the loss of a single vessel or man, Rosas set to work to fortify the cliffs of San Lorenzo. This he did in the most effectual way in his power, by throwing up large works of earth, and in collecting guns from every direction, and also in training his men to the use of them. He had plenty of time to effect these objects, as the squadron was detained some time at Corrientes, while the merchantmen were disposing of their cargoes, and collecting fresh ones to take back in return. May 1846, indeed, had arrived, before the different vessels of the convoy had settled all their affairs, and to the number of 110, were ready to descend the river.

In the meantime a constant communication had been kept up with the Admiral at Monte Video by the men-of-war, which had on each occasion to run the gauntlet of the batteries, and in some instances with severe loss: their commanders at the same time affording a noble

display of gallantry in obeying the orders they had received. Commander Sullivan, among others, made himself very conspicuous by the accurate knowledge he possessed of the river, which enabled him to pilot the ships up without risk.

The 'Philomel' having been despatched from Corrientes to Monte Video, as she approached the batteries of San Lorenzo, Commander Sullivan made preparations to pass them. Knowing that he could pass under the cliffs, he judged it best to hug them as closely as possible, lest any guns should already be mounted. Having made a barricade of hammocks and bags for the helmsman, he sent all hands below to be out of harm's way; he himself only, and his first lieutenant, remaining on deck to con the brig. Slowly and silently the little vessel drew near the point of danger. A light and favourable air filled her sails, and almost grazing the perpendicular cliff, she glided slowly by. When the brig was close under the first battery, the enemy opened their fire at her; but so near was she to the cliffs, that they could not sufficiently depress their guns to touch her decks: their lowest shot going through the boom-mainsail, four or five feet above the hammock-netting. They continued their ineffectual fire till the gallant little 'Philomel' was quite clear and out of range.

H.M.'s steamer 'Lizard,' H. M. Tylden, Lieutenant commanding, which was sent up the Parana on the 21st of April, was not so fortunate in escaping without damage. When about six miles from San Lorenzo, Lieutenant Tylden observed that large batteries had been erected on a commanding point, and that the adjacent coast was lined with artillery and

field-pieces. As the 'Lizard' approached the batteries, Lieutenant Tylden ordered three ensigns to be hoisted, as a signal to the enemy that he intended to fight as long as the ship floated. At half-past eleven A.M., the northern batteries opened a heavy fire; and, on approaching nearer, the other batteries and artillery commenced a quick and well-directed fire also, which was returned by the 'Lizard' with rockets and her fore-castle gun, until the rocket-stand was shot away, and the gun could no longer be elevated sufficiently to bear on the enemy. When the gallant commander found that the heavy shot, grape, and musketry were riddling his vessel from stem to stern, he ordered the officers and men to go below, with the exception of those absolutely required on deck, in the hopes that they might thus escape injury. Scarcely, however, had they gone below, when two shot entered the gun-room, one of which killed Mr Barnes, clerk in charge, and the other Mr Webb, master's assistant. Two seamen also were killed; and Mr Miller, assistant-surgeon, and three men were wounded. As the wind and current were against her, and there was a great deal of water in the hold, she made but slow progress, and it was not till twenty-five minutes past one P.M. that she got out of fire. She received 7 shot between wind and water, besides 9 cannon, 14 grape, and 41 musket-balls, in the hull and bulwarks, and 7 cannon and grape in the funnel and steam-pipe; while her boats, mainmast, and rigging were shot through and through by cannon.

H.M.'s steam-sloop 'Alecto,' Commander F. W. Austen, had previously, early in April, gone up, towing three heavily-laden schooners against a current of three knots and a head-wind. On approaching a place

called Tonelero, a number of workmen were seen throwing up batteries, clearly for the purpose of annoying the convoy on their way down. Opening her fire on them, she soon put the men to flight. She came up to the batteries on the morning of the 6th, with a strong wind and current against her, and the heavy schooners in tow. She had been accompanied all the way by a squadron of cavalry, who kept pace with her in an easy walk, halting every now and then. At two her crew went to quarters; and at forty minutes past two, having before fired a few shot, her three guns and rockets were got into full play. This was answered by the lower guns on the batteries with round-shot, until she reached the narrowest part, when the enemy opened with round-shot and grape together. Their guns were raking her at this time from head to stern in such a way that none of her guns could be brought to bear in return. In this state she remained for twenty minutes, scarcely going ahead, and receiving the fire of seven eighteen-pounders, several of which were pointed down on her decks. During this time she fired away in return at the enemy, who appeared abreast of her, every round of grape and canister on board, and was then reduced to round-shot. For a few minutes also she exchanged with them a sharp fire of musketry. She then went gradually ahead, and as the river widened, and the current decreased in strength, she drew out of shot, having been an hour and fifteen minutes under fire. Captain Austen, her commander, was the only person hurt, a spent grape-shot having struck him a severe blow on the thigh. Commander Mackinnon, then a lieutenant, who has written a most amusing account of the affair, says, "That in going into action the



men appeared to take it as a matter of course ; but as the plot thickened, and they warmed at the work, they tossed the long guns about like playthings, and indeed managed them in an admirable manner." This he attributes to the system taught on board the 'Excellent.' The crews of the Monte Videan schooners were in a dreadful fright all the time, expecting to be sent to the bottom. On sounding the well on board the 'Alecto,' a considerable quantity of water was found in the hold. When search was made, a shot-hole was discovered forward, between wind and water. This was speedily plugged. Just as she came in sight of the convoy, after her long and tedious voyage, she got on shore, and remained for some days before she was again floated off.

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GALLANT EXPLOIT OF LIEUTENANT MACKINNON  
WITH HIS ROCKET-BATTERY AGAINST THE FORTS  
OF SAN LORENZO.

SANTA FE is situated on the east bank of the river. It is a place of some size, built partly at the foot and partly on the side of a lofty hill, surrounded by *corrales*, where thousands of cattle are slaughtered, their hides and their tallow being shipped from the port, while vast flocks of vultures, carrion-crows, and other birds of prey, hover over them to consume the refuse beef which there are not human mouths sufficient to eat. As may be supposed, it is far from an agreeable place. The greater part of the English and French men-of-war were lying at Baxadar de Santa Fe, which was the appointed rendezvous of the merchantmen. Here



the larger number, having effected their object, collected towards the middle of May. The difficulty was now to get the convoy safely back past the batteries of San Lorenzo. Sir Charles Hotham had gone up to settle some diplomatic affairs with the Government of Corrientes, and on the 16th of May he returned in the 'Alecto.'

A plan had occurred to Lieutenant Mackinnon, of that ship, by which the passage of the convoy might be facilitated; and having proposed it to Sir Charles Hotham, he, after a short consideration of its possibility, expressed his willingness to have it carried out, should everything be as supposed.

Lieutenant Mackinnon stated, "That opposite to the heavy part of the batteries of San Lorenzo he had observed an island covered with long reeds, grass, and small trees, but completely commanded by the guns of the battery. He proposed, the night before the convoy was to fight their way down, to take on shore a certain number of Congreve rockets, to land them at the back of the island, and to place them in readiness for use when the time of action should arrive,—this could be effected in a few minutes; then to dig by the side of each rocket a hole large enough to contain the men working them, and to throw the earth up as a kind of barricade before it; at the signal given by the Commander-in-Chief, when all the enemy's batteries were fully manned, waiting for the convoy, to commence a tremendous fire, which, being totally unexpected by the enemy, would be proportionably effective and destructive. The chances were that they would return this fire, which the prepared holes would render harmless; and if the rocket-stands or tubes were hit—a very difficult

object—poles and instruments would be at hand to repair them immediately. Besides, when the vessels were passing, the chances were that, from the heights of the cliffs, the rockets would strike the enemy over the mast-heads of the ships, thus causing a double-banked fire of great force.”

Sir Charles Hotham having consulted Captain Hope and Captain Trèhouart, who highly approved of the plan, provided the ground when reconnoitred was found as suitable as expected, the execution of it was entrusted to Lieutenant Mackinnon, of the ‘*Alecto*,’ with Lieutenant Barnard, of the ‘*Firebrand*,’ as his second. For several days the preparations were going on; and on the 25th of May, all being ready, the convoy and men-of-war, with the exception of the British steamer, dropped down the river, and anchored about five miles above the batteries of San Lorenzo.

At length, on the night of the 1st of June, Sir Charles Hotham and the French captain, with some other officers, reconnoitred the locality. Besides the island we have spoken of, there were several others of nearly the same size, and at the same distance from the western shore; to the eastward of them again was an immense archipelago of low swampy islands, covered with brushwood, extending in that direction six or eight miles between them and the main shore of Entre Rios. There was just sufficient light for the reconnoitring party to see their way as they steered through the intricate passages to the east of the large islands. With muffled oars and in dead silence they pulled on till they reached the island they wished to examine; and as they shoved the boat’s bow into the mud, a loud rustling was heard in the brushwood, and a wild beast

of some sort, which they took for a tiger, rushed towards them. They dared not fire, of course; and without allowing a moment's hesitation to interfere with the service they were upon, proceeded to land according to seniority. As the first officers leaped on shore, sword in hand, the supposed tiger, with a loud snort, jumped into the river, proving to be a harmless carpincho, or water-hog, peculiar to the large rivers of South America.

They now advanced cautiously, among the reeds and brushwood, across the island, when, to their great satisfaction, they found that the river itself had performed the very work required, by throwing up, when swelled by the rains, an embankment many feet high along the entire length of the island, so as completely to screen them from the enemy's batteries—a work, indeed, which many hundred men could not so well have executed in a week; behind this the land rising, there was consequently a large natural trench; here the rockets might be placed in comparative safety; the only difficulty would be to get the men into the trench, and to retire safely after the ammunition was expended, and to avoid any suspicion on the enemy's part of the proximity of such a foe. They then returned to the ship, and completed the necessary preparations. The next night the rocket party, in the 'Alecto's' paddle-box boat, took their departure under the command of Lieutenant Mackinnon. He was accompanied by his second in command, Lieutenant Barnard, of the Marine Artillery, by Mr Hamm, the boatswain of the 'Alecto,' and Mr Baker, the pilot, with twelve artillerymen and eleven seamen. Silent as the grave, they pulled behind the islands, and without accident reached the appointed

spot. They first set to work to get the rocket-stands and rockets up to the embankment; and very fatiguing work it was to the men, for they had to carry them through a swamp, into which they sank up to their knees, and then a considerable distance over rough and uneven ground, among thick reeds and brushwood. A glass of grog, with some pork and biscuits, set them to rights again; and without delay they planted the rocket-stands, pointing them so that the rockets might just clear the top of the batteries. Fortunately, a few yards beyond the little bay, where the boat had been lying all night, a large willow-tree had fallen into the river, of her exact length, and beyond that was a point of land running out likewise; between these she was hauled in. Branches of willow were stuck in all round and inside the boat, which most effectually concealed her; so much so, that when Lieutenant Baker arrived the next night at the spot, he was observed standing up in the stern-sheets of the gig, looking wistfully towards the sandy beach, and seeing nothing of the boat, though the starboard bow-oar of the gig splashed the water in Lieutenant Mackinnon's face. The latter officer whistled; upon which Lieutenant Baker pulled in, and began conversing. All this time Lieutenant Mackinnon was standing with one leg on the gunnel of the boat and the other on land, the boat's gunnel being flush with it; it appeared, therefore, as if he was partly standing on a tree in the water, and so completely deceived Lieutenant Baker, that he exclaimed, "But where on earth have you put the boat to?" The low laugh from the men who were hid under a tarpaulin revealed where she was. When they were moving about in daylight, they were obliged to crouch down



like a herd of kangaroos, creeping behind the bushes and among the long grass, so as not to be seen by the enemy, to whom the whole island was then exposed to view. Had the Spaniards found out that they were there, of course they would have sent boats across to attack them, and would have fired on them from the forts; and though no doubt the blue-jackets would have made a good fight of it with their rockets, the plan for preserving the fleet must have failed entirely. The first day all hands were roused from their sleep in the boat, and mustered at two P.M.; their arms being examined, they were ordered to remain at the boat in readiness for any emergency, while the officers and two artillerymen relieved the look-out at the battery. Twenty-eight embrasures, with heavy guns in them, were counted in the enemy's forts; and so close were the party, that, with pocket-telescopes, they could clearly distinguish the faces of the people, and observed General Moncellia, the brother-in-law of Rosas, drive up in his carriage with four horses, and, dismounting, inspect the troops and guns. Little did he suspect the foe he had near him. Having remained some time, the officers crawled back to the boats to take some rest; but they were far too anxious to sleep long; and the next night was passed, as before, in paying constant visits to the rocket-battery. Once they were nearly discovered, from one of the men incautiously exposing himself. As Lieutenant Mackinnon was watching the battery, he observed the sentry suddenly stop and eye the spot narrowly. "Hold fast," he whispered to the man; "don't move, as you value your life." The man obeyed, and to the Lieutenant's infinite relief, he at last saw the sentry move on.



Daybreak of the 4th came at length ; the wind blew fair down the stream, and every one was on the tiptoe of expectation, listening for the report of the two guns, the preconcerted signal of the fleet being about to sail. It was a time of the greatest anxiety, for any moment, if discovered, the twenty-eight pieces of ordnance might have commenced playing on them, and blown them all to atoms ; but fortunately, the eyes of the enemy were turned up the stream, towards the point from whence the fleet was expected to appear. Slowly the hours seemed to pass, till at length, at nine A.M., the welcome sound of the two guns came booming along the water, and immediately the men proceeded from the boat to the rocket-stands, creeping along like a band of North American Indians on a war expedition to surprise a sleeping foe. A long pole, with the British flag made fast to it, had been prepared, on the elevation of which the first discharge of rockets was to take place. The squadron of men-of-war and merchantmen now approached, the 'Gorgon,' 'Fulton,' and 'Alecto' leading. Majestically they glided on till they came within range of the batteries, at which they commenced firing their shells with admirable precision. The long and anxious moment at length arrived for the discharge of the rockets. Lieutenant Mackinnon waved his cap aloft ; at this signal Lieutenant Bernard planted the British flag under the nose of the enemy, and, taking off his cap, made them a low bow : up went a flight of rockets ; two of them flew into the very centre of the most crowded part of the batteries, completely clearing them of their defenders, two went over their heads, and two stuck in the cliffs beneath them. The elevation of the four stands, which were wrongly pointed, being

rectified, they were once more charged; and as soon as the enemy had returned to their guns, and were looking along the sights to take aim at the steamers, Lieutenant Mackinnon, jumping up on the embankment, thoughtless of how he was exposing himself, sung out, 'Pepper, lads! pepper, lads! pepper, pepper, pepper!' and pepper away the men did with a vengeance. The crash was tremendous. The enemy with dismay deserted their guns; and terrific must have been the slaughter among them, for in one minute, forty rockets, admirably directed, were poured in among them; to add to their confusion, a rocket had penetrated an ammunition-cart, which, blowing up with a prodigious sound, filled the air with smoke. At the same time the dry grass about the seamen catching fire, they were surrounded by so dense an atmosphere, that it was impossible for some moments to see what was going forward. The wind, however, soon blowing aside the murky veil, the fleet of merchantmen were seen passing quickly down, while the steamers took up their position directly under the batteries. On this, up went another shower of rockets, which continued without cessation, filling the air with long delicate threads of smoke, under which the vessels passed in safety, the effect being most beautiful. These events occupied some time, and as soon as the sternmost ships of the squadron were well out of range of shot, the 'Gorgon' hoisted the signal for their return. The enemy's guns, as soon as they had no floating opponents directly in front, directed their fire at the island, and, misled by the flagstaff, peppered away at that, to the great delight of the rocket party, who were safe behind the bank; however, the enemy discovered their mistake, and turned their guns in the proper direction of the

rocket-battery. The shot fell harmless, as they either stuck in the bank or passed over the men's heads like cricket-balls. Now and then a single rocket was sent into some of the enemy's embrasures, which accelerated a return of shot. When the little 'Dolphin' came down, leading the convoy, at the order, "Cover the 'Dolphin,'" another volley and running fire burst forth, accompanied with loud cheers for the gallant little vessel, which passed down with slight damage. Preparations were made for decamping, and, as a last salute, the flag-staff was waved in the face of the enemy, which appeared to annoy them much, as a heavy fire was drawn towards the retreating party; but as they spread out wide apart, the shot passed through without touching a single man or article belonging to them. The boat was soon reached, the willows cast off, and all hands got on board, when "Out oars!" was the word, and away they pulled down the stream to join the fleet.

After these events, the British and French squadron relieved Monte Video from an attack made on it by some of the allies of Rosas, and for some time their marines and seamen occupied it, and assisted in placing it in a better position of defence.

## THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.

1845-1847.

AFTER the English had taken possession of New Zealand, several of the native chiefs revolted, and took refuge in strong forts, generally on the tops of hills, and formed of mud and stockades. These forts are called Pahs. The war had been carried on for some time, and a considerable number of red-coats as well as blue-jackets were occasionally employed in it.

During the storming of one of these pahs, one of the 'Castor's' sailors, named Sergeant, climbed to the top of the stockade, and commenced loading away and firing at every one of the enemy that he could see; and when ordered by Colonel Wynyard to come down, he coolly replied, "Oh, no, your honour; here's the place to see 'em. Come up here." It was afterwards found that his cap had been shot off, his coat shot through in four places, and the palisade on which he sat was riddled through and through; but the man himself was never touched.



# EXPEDITION TO SAN JUAN DE NICARAGUA,

UNDER CAPTAIN G. G. LOCH, R.N.

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## CAPTURE OF FORT SERAPAQUI.

21ST FEBRUARY 1848.

THE State of Nicaragua will be found towards the southern portion of that narrow neck of land which joins the two continents of North and South America. A variety of outrages and insults having been offered to British subjects,—two individuals especially having been carried off from San Juan by Colonel Salas, of the Nicaraguan army,—Mr Walker, Her Majesty's Consul-General and Agent, stationed at Bluefields, sent to Admiral Austen, the Commander-in-Chief on the West India station, requesting the support and protection of some ships-of-war for British interests in that part of the world.

In consequence of this request, the Admiral despatched H.M.S. 'Alarm,' Captain Granville G. Loch, and H.M.S. 'Vixen,' Commander Ryder, to Bluefields. They reached the mouth of the river the following day, where the ships came to an anchor. The nearest Nicaraguan settlement was at Serapaqui, about thirty miles up the river, but which, from the strength of the current and various rapids, is generally a four day's journey by boats. It was understood that Colonel



Salas was stationed at this fort with a considerable body of troops. Nothing daunted by this, by the known strength of the fort, and the difficulty of approaching it, on account of the rapidity of the current of the river which there flows by it, Captain Loch resolved to insist on Colonel Salas making all the reparation in his power, or, in the event of his refusal, to compel him to do so by force.

The fort of Serapaqui was situated on a point projecting into the river very abruptly, to the height of fifty feet. It was protected in the rear by a dense forest, and in the front by an abattis formed of large trees felled, with their heads and branches reaching into the river. The defences of the fort consisted of six angular stockaded entrenchments, formed of very tough timber, eight feet high and four feet thick, one side of each stockade looking across the river, and the other down the reach. The principal stockade commanded the only landing-place, on which also a gun was at the time mounted. The fort was only to be approached by heading a rapid current of nearly five knots an hour, in order to pass the fort and descend towards the landing-place, which was above the stockaded batteries, and excessively steep and narrow. The fort is situated at the head of a straight reach about a mile and a half long, the woods on either side affording an almost impenetrable shelter to a concealed foe.

As soon as the ships anchored, the expedition, consisting of 260 officers and men, left their sides in twelve boats.

The representations as to the strength of the current were found to be in no way exaggerated; but with a gallantry, zeal, and perseverance never surpassed,

Captain Loch and his brave followers pulled on hour after hour against the stream. Often they had to pass over downfalls and rapids, when it was only by the greatest exertions the heavy boats could in any way be forced along; and in this service Lieutenant Scott, First of the 'Vixen,' showed the most praiseworthy zeal and gallantry. At night they rested, but at an early hour again each morning they recommenced their exertions, and at length, after a most fatiguing pull of seventy-two hours, they anchored a short distance below the fort. Early on the morning of the 12th of February, the expedition got under weigh, and proceeded up towards the fort. Captain Loch and Commander Ryder went on ahead in their gigs, in order to communicate with Colonel Salas, and to state the object of Her Majesty's forces being in the river. No sooner, however, were they seen from the fort, than they were fired at by two guns, and directly afterwards by musketry from both sides of the river. As this act effectually prevented any peaceable arrangements, Captain Loch immediately ordered up the boats for the purpose of storming the fort. The two gigs then took the lead, followed pretty closely by some of the lighter-pulling boats. On they went, pulling against the rapid current, which, as they advanced, grew still stronger, and exposed all the time to a hot fire of musketry from men concealed behind both banks of the river, so that there was little use even in attempting to return it. From this severe fire several men were wounded, and one officer very severely—Mr R. Turner, midshipman—and two killed. The boats were also almost riddled with shot, and nearly half the oars were broken; and it seems surprising, considering also their crowded state,

with the mill-stream rate of the current, that a greater number of casualties did not occur. In this exposed position, often appearing to be quite stationary, they had to pull one hour and forty minutes before they were enabled to pass the batteries sufficiently high to drop down to the landing-place previously mentioned.

By this time nearly all the boats were up, and Captain Loch gave the order to land, he himself leading the way. The boats' crews uttered a truly British cheer as they leaped on shore, and gallantly charged the enemy. The Nicaraguans withstood them for some time, but the cutlass and pistol soon did their work; and in ten minutes they had taken to flight, and the British flag was hoisted on the fort. One of the first on shore was a seaman of the 'Vixen' (Denis Burke, stoker), who quickly fought his way up to the enemy's colours, and captured them. As the enemy fled, the British pursued them into the thick woods; but after they had been chased for about thirty minutes, Captain Loch, considering that they had been sufficiently punished, ordered the recall to be sounded. They then destroyed the stockades, spiked the guns, broke the trunnions, and threw them, together with all the muskets and ammunition left behind, into the river. The force was next embarked, when the whole of the defences were set on fire.

From the dangers to which the party were exposed, and the difficulties they overcame, this affair may well be considered as one of the most gallant among those we have to record.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF LAGOS.

26TH DECEMBER 1851.

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### DESCRIPTION OF LAGOS.

THE town of Lagos, built at the mouth of the River Ogun, which debouches in the Bight of Benin, is a healthy place, and well situated for trade. It is the seaport also of Abbeokuta, a town of considerable dimensions, sixty miles inland from it, and which it is hoped will become a very important place, now that Lagos is open for legal commerce.

The more immediate cause of the attack on Lagos was in consequence of an application made for assistance by Akitoye, the lawful chief of Lagos, to Mr Beecroft, the British Consul for the Bights of Benin, residing at Fernando Po.

Akitoye, the younger of two brothers, had, by his father's will, succeeded as king of Lagos. The elder, Kosoko, had been, for misbehaviour, banished. After the death of the old king, Akitoye recalled Kosoko, and took him into favour; but Kosoko, bribing the army, usurped the government, and drove Akitoye to take refuge at Badagry. On this Kosoko prepared to attack Badagry, and had he been successful, would doubtlessly, as he intended, have attacked Abbeokuta also, and given a blow to the advance of Christianity



and civilisation in Africa, from which it would have taken her long to recover. On this account Mr Beecroft felt it his duty to apply to the senior officer on the coast for a force to destroy Lagos, his movements being hurried by hearing that the King of Dahomey had sent 1000 picked troops for its support.

The Commodore, however, sent only the 'Bloodhound' and a few boats; and Lagos being really a strong place, they were compelled to retire with the loss of several men.

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## SECOND ATTACK ON AND DESTRUCTION OF LAGOS.

26TH DECEMBER 1851.

THE first expedition against Lagos having failed solely from want of sufficient force to keep possession of the town, Commodore Bruce sent one of ample strength, and thoroughly organized, to drive the slave-dealing chief Kosoko from his stronghold.

The squadron appeared off Lagos by the 24th December. The boats of the 'Sampson' and 'Bloodhound' were for some time employed in ascertaining the position of the enemy's fortifications. The 'Bloodhound' and 'Teazer' at this time got on shore, and while they were being hove off, their people were exposed to a very hot fire from the negroes, who soon proved that they were no contemptible antagonists.

As the fire from jingalls, petrels, and muskets continued from the ditch and embankment abreast of the ship, and as the enemy were observed trying to bring their guns into position, at half-past two Lieutenant Thomas Saumarez, with the boats of the 'Sampson,' accom-



panied by Lieutenant E. M'Arthur, R.M.A., in command of the Marine Artillery, was despatched to attempt a landing and to spike the guns. They did all that men could do; but it was found impossible to make their way through the showers of musketry opened against them. Mr Richards, a gallant young midshipman, was mortally wounded, and ten men were severely wounded; while so hot was the fire, that there seemed every prospect of the whole party being cut off. Still they bravely persevered. While undaunted efforts were being made to get on shore, Mr William J. Stivey,\* carpenter of the 'Sampson,' setting a noble example, which others followed, leaped on shore, and axe in hand, hewed manfully away at the stakes to make a passage for the boats to go through them. All, however, was in vain; their numbers were thinning rapidly; and at length Lieutenant Saumarez himself, being hit in three places, reluctantly, but very properly, gave the signal for return. The remainder of the day was spent in throwing shot and shell, as circumstances required, so as to prevent any guns being moved against the steamer. The nearest shot passed about ten yards astern of her.

The 'Teazer' still continuing on shore, it became evident that before the tide rose the enemy would destroy her, unless the guns which were annoying her were captured. It was resolved, therefore, at once to effect this.

All being ready, the boats pulled in towards the stockade, where the best place for landing appeared to exist, keeping up all the time a continued fire of

\* "He is one of those men always where he is wanted," says Captain Jones in his despatch to the Admiral.

spherical, grape, and canister shot. As the boats touched the shore, they received a discharge directly in their faces, of some 1500 muskets; but, notwithstanding this, the men undauntedly landed, and forming on the beach, after some severe fighting they forced their way into the stockade, driving out the enemy, who fled into the thick bush close to the rear of it. Among those who landed and charged with Captain Lyster were Mr Walling and Mr Spruole, surgeons of the 'Penelope,' and who afterwards exposed themselves equally in their attendance on the wounded under fire. Scarcely had the blacks retreated than Lieutenant Corbett rushed ahead, and spiked all the guns in the fort.

This object being accomplished, Captain Lyster issued orders for the re-embarkation of the party; but scarcely had he done so, when it was discovered that the enemy, having made a desperate rush at the first life-boat, had succeeded in getting hold of her, and were tracking her along the beach towards the spot where the guns were posted which had first opened on the 'Teazer.' On seeing this, the British, headed by their gallant leader, Captain Lyster, hurried down to the shore for the purpose of retaking her; but some delay occurred in consequence of having to divide her crew of sixty men among the other boats, which somewhat crowded them. The enemy, on seeing this, rushed back from their concealment in the woods by swarms, and poured in a destructive crushing fire on the boats at pistol range. On this occasion a gallant young officer, Mr F. R. Fletcher, midshipman in command of the second cutter, and who had charge of the boats while on shore, was shot through the head and

killed. Several officers and men had before been wounded on shore, among whom was Lieutenant Williams, of the Marine Artillery, who, though hit in three places, had continued at the head of his men till they returned to the boats. Commander Hillyar was also wounded, and very many of the men were killed. Among the latter was James Webb, gunner's mate, belonging to the first life-boat. When he saw that she was likely to fall into the hands of the blacks, he made a desperate attempt to spike her gun; but while thus engaged, he was cut down by the enemy, and mortally wounded. While Commander Hillyar was arranging the boats, so that they might keep up their fire as they retreated to the 'Teazer,' some of the Kroomen on board Mr Beecroft's 'Victoria' let go her anchor, and there she lay exposed entirely to the fire of the blacks. On seeing this, Captain Lyster pulled back to her to learn what was the matter. "What has occurred now?" he asked of Mr Blight, the boatswain. "The Kroomen let go the anchor without orders," he replied. "Then slip your cable, and get out of this," exclaimed Captain Lyster. "It's a chain-cable, clenched to the bottom, and we can't unshackle it," replied Mr Blight. On hearing this disheartening intelligence, Captain Lyster jumped on board to see what assistance he could render. Just then, Lieutenant Corbett staggered up towards the stern, exclaiming, "I have done it, and am alive!" In truth, he had cut the chain-cable with a cold chisel, and in so doing, while leaning over the bows of the boat, had received five different wounds, which, with the addition of a severe one received on shore, rendered him almost helpless. His right arm was hanging to his side, but he still with his left worked away, and

assisted in getting the 'Victoria' off to the 'Teazer.' While Captain Lyster was leaving the 'Victoria' to get into his own boat, he was shot in the back with a musket-ball. On account of the hot fire to which they were still exposed, and the number of men already killed and wounded, he judged that he should not be justified in attempting to recover the life-boat on that occasion. Leaving her, therefore, on the beach, the party returned to the 'Teazer.' The people who had at first got possession of the life-boat had afterwards abandoned her; but they now returned, and some forty or fifty got into her, intending to carry her off. Seeing this, Mr Balfour, acting-mate, assisted by Mr Dewar, gunner, pulling back to the shore in the first cutter, threw a rocket towards her, and so well directed was it, that it entered her magazine, and blew it up. As soon as the party got back to the 'Teazer' (having now pretty well silenced the fire of the enemy), they set to work to get all the provisions out of her, and then, having thrown overboard all her coals, with the exception of ten tons, they contrived to shore her up, to await the rising of the tide. At length their exertions were crowned with success, and at sunset they succeeded in heaving her off. Then getting up the steam, they anchored out of gunshot for the night.

On this unfortunate occasion there were no less than thirteen men killed belonging to H.M.S. 'Penelope,' besides Mr Fletcher and Mr H. M. Gillham, master's assistant, who afterwards died of his wounds; while Captain Lyster, Commander Hillyar, Lieutenant Corbett, and First-Lieutenant of Marines J. W. C. Williams, were wounded severely, together with fifty-seven men of the 'Penelope,' and two of the 'Teazer,'



most of them also very severely wounded. Crowded together in so small a vessel during the night, the poor fellows suffered greatly, though the medical officers of the expedition, Mr R. Carpenter, senior surgeon, Mr Walling, assistant-surgeon of the 'Penelope,' Dr Barclay, acting-surgeon, and Dr Sproule, assistant-surgeon, exerted themselves to their very utmost in the performance of their duty on the wounded. During the day they had never flinched from exposing their own lives, as, in the midst of the fire, they stepped from boat to boat to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded and dying.

Soon after seven o'clock in the morning, the 'Teazer' was got under weigh, and finding the right channel, steamed up towards the 'Bloodhound,' with the squadron of boats in her company. As soon as she was seen from the 'Bloodhound,' Captain Jones ordered that the guns of the 'Bloodhound's' gunboats should open a deliberate flanking fire on the west part of the enemy's defences; and he then sent a boat under Mr Bullen, his clerk, who was acting as his aide-de-camp, to point out to Captain Lyster the position in which he wished the 'Teazer' to be anchored. At ten minutes past eight, the 'Teazer' having anchored, Captain Jones pulled on board her, to consult further with Captain Lyster on the plan of proceeding. The rocket-boats were then ordered to take up a position to the northward of the 'Bloodhound.' This was quickly done, and Lieutenant Marshall threw some rockets with beautiful effect, setting fire to several houses, among which, to the satisfaction of all, was that of the Prime Minister Tappis. When this was seen, a hearty and spontaneous cheer ran through the whole squadron for



the crew of the rocket-boat, who had thus punished the chief instigator of the former attack on the British boats. After this, the rocket-boat shifted her position ahead of the 'Teazer,' and a general but deliberate fire was opened from the whole force. At forty-five minutes past ten, Lieutenant Marshall threw a rocket which struck the battery below Tappis's house, and at the same time a shot from the 'Teazer' capsized the gun. The firing became still more rapid; an awful explosion ensued; a magazine of the enemy's had blown up, and from this moment the fate of Lagos was decided,—house after house caught fire, and the whole town was shortly in a general blaze. More ships-of-war now came in, and Kosoko finding his cause hopeless, took to flight, and Akitoye was reinstated.

The only portion of the British forces landed was a small body, under Commander Coote, who went on shore to spike guns.

The next morning, he, with Commander Gardner and the boats of the 'Sampson' and Penelope,' was employed in a similar way. They returned in the afternoon, having by extraordinary exertions embarked or destroyed fifty-two pieces of ordnance.

Captain Jones in his despatch especially mentions Captain Lyster and Commander Hillyar, neither of whom, though severely wounded, would return on board till they had seen the success of their exertions. He speaks also in high terms of Lieutenants Marshall, Rich, Corbett, and Saumarez; of Mr J. Cook, gunner of the 'Sampson;' of Charles Blofield, boatswain's mate, who commanded the pinnace when there remained no officer to put into her; of George Yule, gunner of Royal Marine Artillery, who served a twenty-

four-inch howitzer in the first life-boat with admirable precision ; of Mr Donelly, the surgeon of the ‘Sampson,’ who nearly lost his life in coming to the assistance of the wounded ; of Mr Hacking, purser ; and of Mr Robert H. Bullen, who acted as his secretary and aide-de-camp, and “than whom,” he observes, “no lieutenant could have done better.”

Lagos has now been erected into a British province.

## THE WAR WITH BURMAH.

1851, 1852.

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### CAPTURE OF MARTABAN, RANGOON, AND BASSEIN.

ALTHOUGH the war with Burmah was rather a military than a naval war, yet as our ships and steamers were actively engaged in it, and our blue-jackets took a prominent part in the operations even on shore, we must not omit to notice it.

Towards the middle of the year 1851, numerous complaints had reached the supreme Government of Calcutta of the oppressive tyranny of the Governor of Rangoon, directed, it appeared, chiefly against British subjects residing at or trading to Rangoon.

The more immediate cause of British interference was the conduct of the Governor towards Captains Shippard and Lewis;—the latter especially he had placed in irons, insulted, heavily fined, and otherwise ill-treated.

The Government in consequence resolved to demand satisfaction, and despatched accordingly, on the 18th November 1851, H.M.S. 'Fox,' flag-ship of Commodore Lambert, Commander Tarleton, and the H.C. steamer 'Tenasserim,' from Calcutta, which were joined at Maulmain by the H.C. steamer 'Proserpine,' and H.M.S. 'Serpent,' when the squadron proceeded at once

to Rangoon, off which they moored on the 25th of the same month. Some time passed in negotiating, without effect.

The Burmese at length seeing that the British were in earnest, tried to avert the coming storm for a time. The Commodore, even yet anxious to prevent bloodshed, undertook to postpone operations till the following evening, in order to allow the Viceroy time to tender the apology he demanded. Instead of an apology, however, at eight P.M. a message arrived from the Viceroy to the effect that, if the British ships attempted to pass the stockades erected on the banks of the river, they would be fired on. Information was received that nearly 5000 troops were assembled near the stockades, and during Wednesday night and the following day, numerous war-boats, each containing from fifty to eighty men, were discovered coming down the river. At the same time several vessels full of armed men arrived at the general rendezvous from the Pegu River.

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#### COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES.

ON Saturday morning warlike operations were at length commenced. The 'Hermes' steamer, Captain Fishbourne, first towed the 'Fox' frigate to within 400 yards of the stockade, where she anchored to protect the merchantmen as they passed by to be out of fire. In the meantime the 'Hermes' went in search of a large Burmese war-vessel, with which she soon returned as her prize in tow.

The English vessels having dispersed or sunk a fleet

of war-boats which came out to meet them, steamed along the shore, pouring in an iron shower, which tore their stockades to pièces, and quickly silenced their batteries.

The squadron now took up a position at the mouth of the Rangoon River, the Commodore declaring the rivers of Rangoon, the Bassein, and the Salween above Maulmain, to be in a state of blockade.

Meanwhile the H.C. steamer 'Proserpine,' after landing the hostages from Rangoon at Maulmain, was ordered to proceed to Calcutta with despatches from the Commodore.

On her arrival on the 17th of January, the Governor-General being absent, the Supreme Council resolved to equip a force to carry on hostilities against Burmah; while reinforcements were despatched with unusual promptitude, to strengthen the forts guarding the passes leading from the Burmese territory.

On the 1st of April, Her Majesty's steamer 'Rattler' arrived from Penang, at the mouth of the Rangoon river, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Austin, C.B., when Commodore Lambert became second in command.

General Godwin, the Commander-in-Chief, arrived on the 13th of April; and the Burmese Emperor having offered no apology, the steamers ran close in with Martaban, rapidly firing broadside after broadside. The enemy for some time returned their fire with spirit; but their guns being silenced, the troops were thrown on shore, and they fled in every direction. The walls and defences exhibited the terrific effects of the broadsides poured in on them. Of the English only eight were wounded.



The squadron was now augmented by twelve Company's steamers, which had, besides marines, 5767 troops on board.

With this formidable force Rangoon was attacked on the 12th of April. The steamers fired for many hours shot and shell without intermission, which destroyed and set on fire the enemy's stockades and other defences. A small naval brigade, commanded by Lieutenant Darville, H.M.S. 'Rattler,' did good service on shore. For three days the Burmese garrison held out, stockade after stockade was stormed and taken in a most gallant way by the troops. On the 14th, the grand attack was made, and the great Pagoda was stormed; when, after some more severe fighting, Rangoon fell into the hands of the British. Captain Armstrong and several other officers and men of the land forces were killed, and many wounded.

Bassein was captured in the same spirited way on the 19th of May. At the Pagoda here, the Burmese defended themselves with much determination; but it was stormed by some troops and some of the Naval Brigade, when Lieutenant Rice, R.N., was wounded severely, three men killed, and seven officers and twenty-four men wounded.

While these operations were going on, Martaban, in which only a small garrison had been left, was attacked by the Burmese, but they were driven back in a very gallant manner by Major Hall and his men.

## CAPTURE OF PEGU.

14TH JUNE 1852.

AN attack on Pegu being next resolved on, an expedition, consisting of 230 troops, who were embarked on board the 'Phlegethon,' and the boats of that vessel and H.M.S. 'Fox,' under the command of Captain Tarleton, left Rangoon on the 3d of June, and proceeded up the river.

As the boats advanced, a sharp fire of musketry was opened on them from the Pegu side. On this, Captain Tarleton, seeing the disadvantage under which they laboured from being beneath the enemy's fire, with no effectual means of returning it, landed with the boats' crews of H.M.S. 'Fox,' and was shortly after joined by Captain Neblett and the boats' crews of the 'Phlegethon'—in all about fifty men. Meantime Mr M'Murdo, mate, was left in charge of the boats. As Captain Tarleton and his party advanced, the Burmese fired on them, but were driven from point to point, until completely broken; one party retreating by the river side to the northward, and the other within the old wall of the city. Their object being attained, they were retiring in close order to the boats, when a fire of jingalls and musketry was opened on them from the walls. Deeming it unwise to allow the Burmese to suppose they were retreating, Captain Tarleton led his party to the attack, having found a native guide to show them the causeway through the ditch. Having halted a few seconds to gain breath, they rushed in over the causeway, and through a breach to the right of the gateway. On getting over the wall, after a stout defence the enemy fled, and ultimately retired

within the great Pagoda. Meantime the boats had been attacked, but were bravely defended by Mr M'Murdo, who succeeded in getting them to the other side of the river, Major Cotton having sent a detachment to their support. After the troops and seamen had rested for some time, the Burmese were observed issuing from the Pagoda in considerable strength, with the evident intention of attacking them. The troops lost not a moment in getting under arms, and the seamen forthwith came on shore. The British instantly advanced; and before the Burmese could recover from their surprise at a movement so little expected, the place was carried without another casualty. H.M.S. 'Fox' had three men wounded, and the 'Phlegethon' one seaman killed.

The force, after destroying the fortifications, returned to Rangoon on the 5th.

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EXPEDITION UP THE IRRAWADDY, UNDER CAPTAIN  
TARLETON, R.N., AND CAPTURE OF PROME.

9TH JULY.

It being important to ascertain the number and position of the enemy posted on the banks of the Irrawaddy, Commodore Lambert directed Captain Tarleton to take under his orders H.M.S. 'Medusa' and three Company's steamers, and to proceed up the river for the purpose of obtaining that information. Accordingly, on the 6th of July, the vessels proceeded up the Irrawaddy. At a place called Konnoughee, twenty-five miles below Prome, a large body of armed men were observed collected on the banks; and on a shell being

fired among them, they opened a vigorous fire from six guns and from a large number of musketry. At a short distance from Prome the river divides into two streams, the left, or western, being the deepest, and the only navigable branch at any season but the rainy one. At sunset the expedition anchored off Meaoung. At daylight on the 8th, it again weighed and proceeded till within sight of an extensive fortification, crowning the end of a ridge of hills 300 feet high, terminating abruptly at the town of Akouktoung, which completely commands the river. Here the position being strongly fortified, a Burmese army of about 10,000 men had been assembled, under General Bundoola, to guard the passage to Prome and the capital. Captain Tarleton having been warned of the resistance he would meet, and hearing from the native pilots that at that season the eastern stream was navigable, determined to try it. Instead, therefore, of keeping on, to the disappointment of the enemy, who had begun to fire on him, he turned off through the eastern channel, and was quickly beyond their reach, having had not less than two fathoms water in the channel. By steaming through the night, the rest of the squadron came off Prome by daylight on the morning of the 9th. At the south end of the town, near the water's edge, four heavy guns were seen, but no troops were observed in the place.

Captain Tarleton accordingly anchored the 'Medusa' abreast of the spot, and soon hove them off. The iron guns were disabled and sunk in deep water, and the brass ones were taken on board. When the other vessels joined their crews with the boats' crews of the 'Fox,' heartily entering on the work, every gun in Prome, twenty-three in number, was brought off. In



the afternoon the 'Medusa' ascended the river ten miles higher ; but Captain Tarleton felt himself bound by his orders to return. His feelings may be supposed when he thus found himself at Prome, within four days' steaming of Ava, with a certain knowledge that there was nothing to oppose him, and with a broad, deep river, easy of navigation, before him. Had he had with him one regiment and half a battery of guns, there is every reason to believe he might have taken the capital, so totally unprepared were the Burmese for any advance in the rains. However, he was of course compelled to obey the orders he had received. After remaining there for twenty-four hours, the place was evacuated, and the flotilla returned. On reaching the main stream, the army of Bundoola was observed in motion, crossing the river, evidently with the intention of following the steamers. They in consequence opened with shot and shell upon the confused masses on shore and on the boats, spreading havoc and dismay among them. Between forty and fifty boats were captured and destroyed. The General's state-barge, several large war-canoes, a standard, two gold umbrellas, and other spoil, fell into the hands of the British. The whole trip occupied only nine days. In its progress the expedition received the most convincing proofs that the population of Burmah were adverse to the war, and anxious to come under the British rule. Looking at the expedition by itself, it was as gallant and dashing an undertaking as any which took place during the war.

When Captain Tarleton returned and reported what had occurred, a large body of troops were sent up the river on board the steamers to Prome, which was cap-



tured on the 9th of October, after a slight loss, only four men being wounded on the side of the British.

The inhabitants of Pegu were friendly to the English; but soon after the troops had been withdrawn, a strong Burmese army re-entered the town, and commenced fortifying the city. A force was accordingly sent to drive out the enemy and re-occupy it. This was done in a spirited manner on the 21st November. The morning being foggy, the Burmese, who did not see their approach, were taken by surprise. They retreated as usual to the Pagoda, from whence by a rush of the troops they were driven out. The fighting was severe, as no less than six men were killed and thirty-one wounded of the troops. The navy, as usual, did their part well.

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#### OPERATIONS ON THE IRRAWADDY.

THE principal towns of the province being in the hands of the British, it became important to clear the intermediate country of the enemy, especially the banks of the rivers, where they were of much annoyance to the provision-boats. In this service the naval force were constantly and very actively employed. Several of the expeditions were under the command of the lamented Captain Granville Loch, who displayed in them the same zeal and daring courage for which he had already made himself conspicuous.

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#### ATTACKS ON MYA TOON, THE ROBBER CHIEFTAIN.

THE rapidity and success of the first movements of the British in Burmah paralysed the Burmese authorities;

but their subsequent inactivity again gave heart to the Government at Ava, and encouraged the idea that it was possible to drive them back to the sea.

In consequence of the absence of all local government, robbers sprang up in every direction, and being allowed to organize themselves, devastated and almost ruined the country. Among the most noted of these robber chieftains was Mya Toon. He burned down Donabew, Zaloon, and many other villages. His stronghold was about twenty-five miles inland from Rangoon. In consequence of the depredations he was committing, Brigadier Dickenson, the commandant at Rangoon, and Commodore Lambert, resolved to send a combined naval and military force to dislodge him. The military force consisted of 300 men of the 67th regiment Bengal Native Infantry, who, together with a body of marines and blue-jackets from H.M.'s ships 'Fox,' 'Winchester,' and 'Sphinx,' were placed under the command of Captain Granville Loch. There were 185 seamen, 62 marines, and 25 officers; but of these, 42 seamen and 5 officers were left in charge of the boats. This force was conveyed from Rangoon to Donabew on the 2d July, in the 'Phlegethon' and ships' boats. They landed at Donabew without opposition; and having procured some natives to act as guides, and to aid in drawing the two three-pound field-guns belonging to the 'Phlegethon,' they proceeded to march on the following day towards the position the enemy were supposed to occupy.

The whole of the 3d of February they marched along a pathway, which lay through a jungle of forest trees and brushwood. Encamping in a deserted valley, about fifteen miles from Donabew, they were disturbed

occasionally by the distant shots and noises of the enemy. Early on the following morning, the column moved on about five miles farther along the same path, until it abruptly terminated on the side of a broad nullah or creek, the opposite side of which was high enough to command the approach, and the whole well entrenched and armed after the manner of the native fortifications of Burmah. The road at this point had narrowed by an abattis of sharp-pointed bamboos, which rendered it impossible to deploy the whole strength of the column; indeed, the advance-guard, consisting of seamen and marines, marched with difficulty two or three abreast, and the field-guns were in the rear. At this moment a heavy and murderous fire was opened by the enemy upon the British troops, the Burmese being wholly concealed by the breastworks, and the British, on the contrary, entirely exposed. Almost every man who approached the edge of that fatal creek was mowed down. Lieutenant Kennedy, of the 'Fox,' and Captain Price, of the 67th Bengal Infantry, were killed on the spot. Captain Loch, with the daring which had always distinguished him, led on his gallant followers to the attack. For ten minutes he seemed, to use the expression of one of his companions, "to bear a charmed life," for he stood unhurt in the midst of that terrible fire. Twice he made an unsuccessful attempt to lead his men across the nullah, to storm the fort hand to hand, but each time he was driven back. As he again rallied the seamen and marines for a third attack, a ball fired by a man in a tree struck him on the left side, on his watch, and with such force that it drove the watch itself into his body. He instantly felt that he was mortally wounded, but had still strength and

self-possession to fall back about fifteen paces to the rear.

The command of the naval force, which had hitherto sustained the brunt of the action, devolved by the death and wounds of the senior officers on Commander Lambert, the son of the Commodore. Twice with his brave companions he made determined but vain attempts to get across to the enemy, when many more lives were lost. He himself received four balls through his clothes, though he fortunately escaped unhurt; but a large proportion of officers and men were already wounded. It therefore became absolutely necessary to provide, without delay, for the retreat of the party by the only road left open to them, the one by which they had advanced, the jungle being impervious in every other direction. The fire of the enemy was still very severe, and each instant more of the British were falling. Most of the native dooly-bearers and guides had cowardly and treacherously decamped; and it was therefore necessary to employ every man in carrying the wounded. As, under these circumstances, it was impossible to carry off the guns, they were spiked, and the carriages destroyed. The party were compelled even to leave their dead on the field. The enemy kept up a distant fire, but never ventured to approach within fighting distance of the rear, which was manfully covered by the grenadier company of the 67th.

For twelve hours of a most fatiguing march did the dejected and mourning party retreat towards Donabew, displaying in adversity the same courage, discipline, and good-will they had so often exhibited in success. Lieutenants Glover and Bushnell, and also Messrs Hinde and Wilson, mates, though themselves suffering



from their own wounds, successfully exerted themselves in keeping up the spirits of their men, who, under a burning sun, without water, had to carry the heavy burden of their wounded leader for nearly twenty-four miles. At Donabew, the seamen and marines embarked in their boats, and the troops were conveyed in the 'Phlegethon' to Rangoon. The gallant Captain Loch was removed to the 'Phlegethon,' where he expired on the morning of the 6th February, about forty hours after he had received his wound. He was buried near the Great Pagoda, at Rangoon, amid the general grief of all who served under him or knew him.

It was not till some time after this, that Mya Toon was dislodged from his stronghold by a strong force under Sir John Cheape, when several officers and men were killed and wounded.

The war itself was soon afterwards brought to a successful conclusion.

## THE RUSSIAN WAR.

1854-1855.

WHO will forget that 11th March 1854, when the Queen reviewed at Spithead the most powerful fleet ever collected, and placed under the command of Sir Charles Napier, with his flag on board the 'Duke of Wellington,' of 131 guns,—which ship alone would almost have been capable of contending with the largest fleet Howe, Jervis, or Nelson ever led to victory? That superb fleet was intended chiefly for the Baltic, where it was hoped that not only would it humble the pride of the Czar, by capturing Sveaborg, Helsingfors, and Cronstadt, but might lay St Petersburg itself under contribution. Some of the ships went to the Black Sea, and in other directions; but Sir Charles Napier found himself altogether in command of a fleet in the Baltic consisting of thirty steamers and thirteen sailing ships, mounting 2052 guns. The French also had a fleet of twenty-three ships, carrying 1250 guns.

To the Black Sea, England sent a fleet of forty-nine ships, mounting altogether 1701 guns; and the French, one of thirty-six ships, mounting altogether 1742 guns.

We will in the first place give a short account of the various events connected with the navy which occurred during the war, and afterwards enlarge on those of more interest and importance.

The allied fleet entered the Black Sea in January 1854.

## BOMBARDMENT OF ODESSA.

WAR having been declared, the steamer 'Furious' was sent to Odessa early in April, to bring off the British Consul.

Having anchored in the bay with a flag of truce at her mast-head, a boat, also with a flag of truce flying, pulled for the shore, when, against all the laws of civilised warfare, the batteries opened fire on them. No one was hit, and the 'Furious' steamed back to the fleet. The allied admirals, indignant at the outrage, addressed a note to the Russian governor, General Osten-Sacken, pointing out the outrage which had been committed, and demanding "that all the British, French, and Russian vessels now at anchor near the citadel or the batteries of Odessa be forthwith delivered up to the combined squadron; and that if at sunset no answer or a negative be received, they will be compelled by force to avenge the insult offered, though, for humanity's sake, they adopt the alternative with regret, and cast the responsibility of the act upon those to whom it belongs."

No satisfactory answer having been received, the combined fleet opened fire on the fortifications of Odessa on the 22d April. The bombardment lasted for ten hours, during which the Russian batteries were considerably injured, two batteries blew up, vast quantities of military stores were destroyed, and several ships-of-war were sunk.

## LOSS OF THE 'TIGER.'

ON the 12th of May, during a thick fog, the steam-sloop 'Tiger,' sixteen guns, Commander Gifford, went on shore on the rocks near Odessa. While she was thus utterly helpless, the Russians, as soon as they caught sight of her, opened fire on her, and Captain Gifford, being desperately wounded (mortally, as it proved), was at length compelled to strike his flag. The Russians, having removed her guns and stores, set fire to the vessel, and forwarded the flag as a trophy to St Petersburg. It was one of the very few, either from red-coats or blue-jackets, they got during the war.

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## OPERATIONS IN THE BALTIC.

WE must now go north to the Baltic.

Sir Charles Napier's squadron reached Wingo Sound on the 15th March, and on the 25th it entered the Great Belt, and anchored in Kiel Bay. Soon afterwards, Sir Charles was reinforced by Admiral Corry, with the second division of the fleet. On the 12th of April, Sir Charles sailed for the Gulf of Finland, where he established a rigorous blockade. As, even at this season of the year, there is a considerable amount of ice in the Baltic, the navigation of the ships demanded all the vigilance of the officer in charge. Sir Charles, hearing that a Russian squadron, consisting of seven line-of-battle ships and one frigate, was shut up at Helsingfors, made sail in that direction for the purpose



of preventing a junction between the two portions of the Russian fleet. In this very important object, in which the enemy's plan of naval operations was completely defeated, he was entirely successful.

Admiral Plumridge meantime was scouring the Gulf of Bothnia, and in a short period captured or destroyed forty-six merchantmen and a quantity of naval stores, without losing a man. The French squadron, under Vice-Admiral Parseval-Deschènes, had now joined the English fleet, and everybody expected that something was to be done.

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'ARROGANT' AND 'HECLA.'

19TH MAY.

THESE two steamers—the first a screw, commanded by Captain Yelverton, and the second by Captain Hall—had been detached from the fleet, and employed for a considerable time in reconnoitring the forts of the enemy about Hango Bay.

The two captains, hearing that some ships lay off the town of Eckness, some way up a narrow river, determined to cut them out.—They boldly entered the river, and on the evening of the 19th came to an anchor.

One of the boats was sent on ahead, when, before she had got 800 yards from the ship, a hot fire was opened on her from behind a sandbank in a thickly-wooded place. At the same time some round-shot struck the 'Hecla.' Both ships instantly beat to quarters, and casting loose their guns, poured showers of shot and shell into the wood, from whence they speedily

dislodged the enemy. They then shifted their berth, and were not further molested during the night. A bright look-out was kept, however, to prevent surprise. At two A.M. both ships weighed, the 'Hecla' leading, and the crews being at their quarters. They slowly and carefully felt their way along the intricate navigation of the river, till they suddenly found themselves within range of the guns of a battery posted on a promontory before them, which was crowded with soldiers, stout-looking fellows, habited in long grey coats, and spiked helmets of steel, which glittered brightly in the sun. The 'Hecla' immediately opened fire, which the battery returned with spirit; and the 'Arrogant' now coming up, let fly a whole broadside among the soldiers, just as some horse-artillery had made their appearance, and were unlimbering preparatory to engaging. As the smoke cleared off, the troop of artillery were seen scampering away at full speed. A heavy fire of musketry now burst forth from a wood on one side, and continued for some time without intermission, the Minié balls falling thick on board both ships.

While this work was going forward the 'Arrogant' ran aground within twenty yards of the battery, but in a position which allowed her guns full play on it. So smartly were they worked that they dismounted all the guns of the enemy; and having done so, her crew set to work, and got her off. As they passed close to the port, they witnessed the state of complete ruin which they had so speedily caused—guns dismounted, carriages blown to fragments, and accoutrements and helmets scattered around.

Proceeding on, the town of Eckness now opened

ahead of the two steamers, and before the town lay the vessels which they wished to carry off. The water now shoaled, and the 'Arrogant' could proceed no higher. Just then a battery opened on them. The 'Arrogant' accordingly anchored, swung broadside to the battery, and engaged the batteries; while the 'Hecla,' throwing shells at the enemy, steamed up to Eckness, and running alongside a barque, the only one of the vessels afloat, to the astonishment and dismay of the inhabitants, took her in tow, and carried her off in triumph. The two ships then returned down the river with their prize. On their way they met the 'Dauntless,' which had been sent up by the Admiral to ascertain the cause of the firing. On their way down, Captain Hall landed with his marines and some blue-jackets at one of the forts, and sending out the marines as skirmishers to keep the enemy at bay, hoisted one of the guns into his boat, and carried it off as a trophy. The 'Hecla' had one man killed; one shot passed through her side, and several through her funnel. The 'Arrogant' had two men killed. When the two ships rejoined the fleet on the 21st, they were greeted with the signal from the Admiral of "Well done, 'Arrogant' and 'Hecla!'"

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#### ATTACK ON FORT GUSTAVUSVARN, HANGO BAY.

22D MAY.

THE Admiral, by signal, ordered the 'Dragon,' Captain Wilcox, to try the range of her guns on Fort Gustavusvarn, which she did, sending the fascines and sandbags flying into the fort. The fort then began to return the fire. The 'Magicienne' was later in the day

ordered to join in the attack, while Captain Hall, in the 'Hecla,' attacked another fort, that of Gustavus Adolphus. The 'Hecla's' guns told with considerable effect, but she was well out of range of those of the enemy. The 'Dragon' had one man killed, and one or two wounded, and was considerably damaged.

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## 'ODIN' AND 'VULTURE' AT GAMLA CARLEBY.

1ST JUNE.

THESE two steamers belonged to Admiral Plumridge's division, in the Gulf of Bothnia. Having destroyed the shipping and marine stores in various places along the coast, they arrived in the neighbourhood of Old Carleby. At seven P.M., two paddle-box boats, two pinnaces, four cutters, and one gig—nine boats in all—containing 180 officers and men, carrying six twenty-four-pounder howitzers and two twelve-pounders, were sent away under the command of Lieutenant Wise, of the 'Vulture,' who was accompanied by Lieutenants Madden and Burton, Marine Artillery, and by Dr Duncan.

After a long pull, the boats anchored near some storehouses at the mouth of a narrow creek, when, with a flag of truce, Lieutenant Wise went on shore, and communicated with the authorities.

On his return, the flag of truce was withdrawn, and some of the boats went ahead to sound, the others following closely. A narrow creek appearing, leading to the town, Lieutenant Carrington, in one of the boats, was ordered up it to explore. On passing some buildings, some soldiers were seen, and the boat was on the



point of returning to report the circumstance, when a wall was thrown down, and a volley of musketry was poured on her, which killed Lieutenant Carrington, Mr Montague, mate, and Mr Athorpe, midshipman, and wounded Lieutenant Lewis, R.M., and Mr M'Grath, midshipman, and fourteen men. The boat, which was much injured, was taken in tow, and carried out to the 'Odin.' The other boats immediately opened fire, the gunner of the 'Vulture' firing no less than twenty-seven times before he fell, badly wounded.

One of the 'Vulture's' boats, with Mr Morphy, mate, and twenty-five seamen, was disabled, and drifting on shore, was captured by the enemy. In another of her boats one marine was killed, and six were wounded. By this time the enemy had brought five field-pieces into action; the remaining boats therefore pulled off out of range, having lost altogether fifty-two killed, wounded, and missing, in this most unfortunate though gallant affair.

No fault was found with the way in which the expedition was commanded, while both officers and men behaved with the most perfect intrepidity and coolness.

Most of the crew of the missing boat escaped with their lives, and were made prisoners.

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#### BOMARSUND.

21ST JUNE.

A SMALL squadron, consisting of the 'Hecla,' 'Valorous,' and 'Odin,' under Captain Hall, was sent in to engage the batteries of Bomarsund, on the 21st of June. This they did in the most spirited manner,

receiving a hot fire in return both from the forts and from riflemen posted in the neighbourhood; rifle-bullets and shot and shell falling thickly on board. The British blue-jackets were, however, far better pleased to have a few shot sent among them, than to be doomed to play at long bowls, with all the firing on their side, as was sometimes the case during the war.

The casualties were very slight. After engaging for three hours, and setting some buildings on fire, the ships drew out of action.

It was clearly perceived that the fleet alone could not take the place. Bomarsund, indeed, might well be considered the Sebastopol of the Baltic; its evident object being to overawe the neighbouring kingdoms of Sweden and Denmark. Its destruction, therefore, was of the greatest importance. The allied fleet lay at anchor at Ledsund, about eighteen miles from Bomarsund, anxiously waiting for the arrival of the French troops promised for the service.

It was not, however, till the end of July that the first division reached Ledsund, brought in British ships-of-war. They were under the command of General Baraguay D'Hilliers. On the 5th of August the siege-artillery arrived, and on the 8th more troops and marines were landed. The fortifications of Bomarsund lie on the eastern point of the largest of the Aland Islands. The principal fortress commands a semicircular bay to the south, with intricate passages leading to it. At the northern side of the fort the land rises considerably; and the defence on that part consisted of three round towers, one on the highest ground to the west, a second in the centre, and a third to the east. On the 8th of August, 11,000 men were landed on the

north side of the island, in the short space of three hours, after the 'Amphion,' 'Phlegethon,' and 'Edinburgh' had blown a fort to atoms, and cleared the ground with their fire. The army then marched across the island, and encamped against the western fort. The English and French marines, with some seamen, were landed.

Batteries were immediately thrown up round the fortress, while thirteen ships of the allied fleet attacked from the sea. The towers were taken in succession, and the large circular fort, mounting nearly 100 guns, surrendered, with a garrison of 2000 men, soon after the effect of the fire from the ships had been felt. The effect of the shot on the fort is thus described by an eye-witness:—

"Three or four shots set the big stones visibly chattering, as I could mark by a pocket-telescope. One block then fell out, then another, then a third, fourth, etc. etc.; and these were followed by an avalanche of loose rubbish, just as you see a load of gravel pour out from the end of a cart when the backboard is removed." From this it was argued that the fortifications of Sebastopol would be as easily knocked to pieces; but experience showed that there was a vast difference in the two works. Bomarsund was somewhat of contract work. The sea towers of Sebastopol were as strong as hewn stone scientifically put together could make them.

Sir Charles Napier in his despatch speaks highly of the way in which one of the batteries on shore was worked by the officers and men under command of Captain Ramsay of the 'Hogue,' assisted by Commander Preedy and Lieutenant Somerset.

The navy lost only one man killed, and one wounded. A number of brave and dashing acts were performed by naval men during the operations of the fleet in the Baltic. Among others, an act of Lieutenant Charles D. Lucas, then a mate of the 'Hecla,' is conspicuous. During the first attack on the batteries at Bomarsund, a live shell was thrown on board the 'Hecla,' with the fuse still burning. With the greatest presence of mind and coolness, Mr Lucas lifted it in his hands, and hove it overboard before it had time to explode.

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COMMANDER BYTHESEA.

WHILE Captain Yelverton's squadron was off the island of Wardo, information was received that an aide-de-camp of the Emperor of Russia was about to land in charge of a mail and despatches for the Russian General. As there could be little doubt that these despatches would contain important information for the guidance of the Allies, it was important to secure them. It occurred to Commander Bythesea that he could render this service to his country. He accordingly offered his services, and obtained permission for himself and William Johnstone, a brave fellow, a stoker, to proceed on shore for the purpose of intercepting them. Having armed and disguised themselves, they went on shore, leaving the boat at some distance; and having ascertained the spot where the mail-bags would be landed, they went and concealed themselves in some bushes in the neighbourhood. At length, after it was dark, on the night of the 12th of August, their anxiety was relieved by the arrival of the Russian officer and the mails, but they were accompanied by an escort of



soldiers. It would have been madness to attack so large a body, and there appeared no prospect of carrying out their bold attempt. Great was their satisfaction, however, to see the soldiers, believing that the coast was clear, take their departure. The officer and four men, however, still remained. The odds against them would have been great, had the men not been loaded with the bags. As soon as the soldiers were out of hearing, the gallant Commander and his fellow sprang from their concealment, attacked the five men, two of whom fled; but they secured the bags and collared three, whom they dragged off as prisoners to their boat, in which they conveyed them on board the 'Arrogant.' The despatches were carried to General Baraguay D'Hilliers, who expressed high admiration at the bravery and dash of the exploit. Both Commander Bythesea and William Johnstone obtained the Victoria Cross.

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#### THE 'ARROGANT'S' ATTACK ON VIBORG.

13TH JULY 1855.

THE 'Arrogant,' Captain Yelverton, having been joined by the 'Magicienne,' Captain Vansittart, proceeded with the 'Ruby' gunboat along the coast to Kounda Bay, where a large body of Cossack troops were encamped. The 'Ruby' and the boats of the two ships stood in, and dislodged the enemy with shells and rockets. In spite of a fire kept up on them from behind hedges, they landed; but finding that the place contained only private property, it was not injured.

Next morning, Captain Yelverton, having driven some soldiers from a station at the mouth of the Port-

soiki river, and destroyed some barracks and stores, proceeded off Viborg. Here the ships anchored as close as they could get to the Island of Stralsund. An expedition was at once formed to look into Viborg. It consisted of the 'Ruby,' commanded by Mr Hale, mate, and the boats of the 'Arrogant,' commanded by Lieutenants Haggard and Woolcombe, and those of the 'Magicienne,' under the command of Lieutenants King and Loady, Captains Yelverton and Vansittart, with Captain Lowdes, R.M., in command of a strong detachment of marines, going on board the 'Ruby,' which steamer towed the boats. The expedition having opened the bay of Trangsund, a Russian man-of-war steamer, with two large gunboats in tow, was seen not far off. This novel and unexpected sight of a Russian man-of-war for once clear of a stone wall, and to all appearance prepared for a fair and honest fight, created the greatest enthusiasm among men and officers. The 'Ruby' at once opened fire on her, and compelled her to retire out of range, with some damage. The entrance of the Sound being reached, Viborg was now in sight, and there was a fair prospect of attacking three large gunboats lying with another steamer under an island about a mile off, when suddenly an impenetrable barrier was found to have been thrown across the passage. At the same moment, at about 350 yards off, a masked battery on the left opened on the 'Ruby' and boats, which they, however, kept in check by an ably directed return-fire.

The enemy's steamer and gunboats now approached from under the island, and opened fire on the expedition. As it was impossible to get the 'Ruby' through the barrier, Captain Yelverton ordered her other boats

to return towards Stralsund—the enemy's riflemen, who followed along the banks, being kept off by their fire. Unhappily, an explosion took place on board the 'Arrogant's' second cutter, by which the midshipman commanding her, Mr Storey, was killed, and the boat was swamped. In this condition the boat drifted under the enemy's battery, when a hot fire was poured into her. All probably would have been killed or taken prisoners, had not George Ingouville, captain of the mast, and one of her crew, though already wounded, of his own accord jumped overboard, and taking the painter in hand, towed her off the shore. Probably his gallant conduct might not have availed to save the lives of his shipmates, many of whom were by this time wounded, had not the condition of the cutter been perceived from the 'Ruby.' On this, Lieutenant George Dare Dowell, R.M.A., of the 'Magicienne,' calling out for a volunteer crew, jumped into the 'Ruby's' gig, where he was joined by Lieutenant Haggard, of the 'Arrogant,' and together they pulled off under a fire which grew hotter and hotter, to the rescue of the boat and men. Lieutenant Dowell was waiting at the moment on board the 'Ruby,' while his own boat was receiving a supply of rockets. Taking the stroke oar, he and his three companions pulled on, in spite of the shower of grape and musketry which the Russians poured on them to prevent them from accomplishing their object. They succeeded, in spite of this, in taking in three of the cutter's crew, and were mainly instrumental in keeping the boat afloat, and bringing her off to the 'Ruby.' Two were killed and ten wounded during the whole affair. Captain Yelverton speaks highly of the conduct of all the officers engaged, where

their cool and determined courage enabled them to handle most severely, and to keep in check for upwards of an hour, a far superior force of the enemy. These were perhaps the most creditable acts of individual gallantry performed at this time in the Baltic. Both Lieutenant Dowell and George Ingouville received the Victoria Cross.

It would be scarcely interesting or useful to describe the numberless performances of the boats of the fleets in destroying barracks, stores, and shipping.

It was a stern though painful necessity which demanded this mode of proceeding. The object was to show the enemy the power of the Allies to injure them, and to make them earnestly desire peace at every cost. In no instance was private property on shore intentionally injured.

The shipping, however, did not escape; and in the two nights of the 23d and 24th of July, the boats of the 'Harrier,' Captain Storey, destroyed in the harbour of Nystad forty-seven vessels, amounting to nearly 20,000 tons.

On the 6th July, the first shot was fired at Cronstadt, from a gun slung on board a timber barge, by Captain Boyd.

The Russians, in return, endeavoured to injure the vessels of the Allies, and to protect their shores by the employment of infernal machines, which exploded under water. Some were fired by voltaic batteries, but invariably failed of going off at the proper time. Others exploded on being struck; but though the 'Merlin' ran on one which went off under her bottom, comparatively slight damage was done her. The articles in her store-room, directly over the spot where the



machine struck her, were thrown about in every direction, showing the force of the concussion. Admiral Dundas and several officers with him had, however, a narrow escape, one of the machines exploding while they stood around it examining its structure.

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#### BOMBARDMENT OF SVEABORG.

AMONG the more important performances of the allied fleet in the Baltic, was the severe injury inflicted on the fortress of Sveaborg, one of the strongest belonging to Russia, to keep her neighbours in awe in that part of the world.

The fortress of Sveaborg is built on a granite island about a mile in advance of Helsingfors, the Russian capital of Finland. There are eight island rocks connected by strong fortifications, and in the centre is situated the fort in which the Russian flotilla was congregated. It was looked upon as the Gibraltar of the north, and had been considerably strengthened since the commencement of the war. The citadel of this water-surrounded fortress is called Wargon. The allied fleet, consisting of seventeen British men-of-war, fifteen gunboats, and sixteen mortar-vessels, with two French men-of-war, six gunboats, and five mortar-vessels, left Nargen on the 6th of August, and anchored the same night among the islands about five miles from Sveaborg. During the night and next day, some batteries were thrown up on the neighbouring islands; and early on the morning of the 9th, the squadron, having taken up their positions, several behind the islands, where the enemy's guns could not reach them, the bombardment commenced. The showers of shot and

shell told with terrific effect on the devoted fortress ; powder-magazines and stores of projectiles one after the other blew up, and fires broke out in various directions, which all the efforts of the garrison could not extinguish, and in a short time the whole of the arsenal was reduced to ashes. Still the mortars continued to play, to prevent the fires which were blazing up around from being extinguished. Very few men were wounded, and none were killed during the whole of the operation. Although the naval and military stores were destroyed, the fortress still remained intact. The Russians, however, had been taught the lesson that it would be better for them in future not to make aggressions on their neighbours, or to venture hastily into war.

Captains Yelverton and Vansittart had already shown them how little they could rely on their boasted fortifications, by destroying all between Viborg and Helsingfors, Fredericksham, Kotka, and Swartholme.

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#### THE WHITE SEA SQUADRON.

A SMALL squadron, consisting of the 'Eurydice,' twenty-six guns, 'Miranda,' fifteen, and 'Brisk,' fourteen, had been sent in July 1854 into the White Sea, to destroy the Russian shipping and forts on the coasts of Russian Lapland. On the 23d of July, the town of Novitska was attacked and burned by the 'Miranda' and 'Brisk.' On the 23d August, the 'Miranda' anchored off Kola, the capital of Russian Lapland. A flag of truce was sent on shore, demanding the surrender of the fort, garrison, and government property. All night the crew remained at their quarters, and no answer being

returned in the morning, the flag of truce was hauled down, and the ship getting within 250 yards of the battery, opened a fire of grape and canister. A party was then landed under command of Lieutenant J. Mackenzie and Mr Manthorpe, mate, who, at the head of a party of blue-jackets and marines, rushed up, sword in hand, to dislodge the enemy from the batteries, and to capture the guns. A hot fire was opened on them from the towers of a monastery; but they soon drove out the garrison, who took to flight, and it, with all the government stores and buildings, was immediately set on fire and completely consumed. Kola lies thirty miles up a river, of most difficult navigation, with a strong current, and often so narrow that there was scarcely room for the ship to swing. Captain Lyons also had a very uncertain knowledge of the strength of the enemy; but nothing could check his determination, and it was, as we have seen, rewarded with complete success. Taking into consideration the difficulties to be encountered, it was one of the most daring naval exploits performed in the north. The 'Miranda,' at the approach of autumn, returned to England, and from thence went out to join the fleet in the Black Sea.

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'FIREBRAND' AND 'VESUVIUS' IN THE DANUBE.

JUNE AND JULY 1854.

THE blockade of Sebastopol having been established, some of the lighter cruisers were sent along the coast on various detached enterprises, for the purpose of annoying and misleading the Russians, and effecting the destruction of government property.

Among the most enterprising officers was Captain Hyde Parker, one of a family long known in naval history. He commanded the 'Firebrand,' and had with him the 'Vesuvius,' Captain Powell.

It having been arranged that they should destroy the guardhouses and signal-stations on the banks of the Danube, which kept up the communication with the Russian forts, on the morning of the 22d June, the boats of the two steamers, manned and armed, with a Turkish gunboat, all under the command of Lieutenant Jones, of the 'Firebrand,' pulled off towards a guardhouse and signal-station about twenty miles north of Sulineh. As they approached, the signal was made from station to station, summoning aid. Behind some banks, close to the beach, were posted bodies of Cossack cavalry, while others were scattered about wherever they could find shelter from the shells and shot fired from the boats and ships' guns. They however could not stand this long, and fled in confusion.

On the boats reaching the shore, the seamen and marines landed, and forming on the beach, advanced in skirmishing order towards the Cossacks, who, mounting their horses, fled in all directions. The guardhouses were immediately burnt, the signal-staff destroyed, and the men returned to their ships in admirable order. Several other stations were destroyed on that and the following days; and on one occasion, on the night of the 27th June, Captain Parker surprised the garrison of Sulineh, whom he put to flight, after capturing the officer in command, and others. The officer was forwarded to Lord Raglan, who obtained some important information from him.



The 'Firebrand' and 'Vesuvius' now kept up a strict blockade of the Danube, and the crews were allowed to land without opposition; but at length Captain Parker suspected that the gabion battery attached to the quarantine ground was occupied, and, for the purpose of examining it, entered the river on the 6th with the boats of the two ships. Nothing was discovered until Captain Parker's galley arrived opposite the gabion battery, when a single rifle-shot was fired, which passed through the boat, and this was followed by a volley, piercing the boat, grazing the captain's elbow, and severely wounding one man. Captain Parker on this ordered the boat to pull round, and as she retreated, with the greatest coolness he discharged his rifle at the enemy, who were now pouring in a galling and heavy fire on all the boats. The pinnace, being in advance, was especially exposed, and unhappily grounded within fifty yards of the battery.

On seeing this, Captain Parker leaped on shore from his galley, exclaiming, "We must storm—follow me, my men!" and gallantly rushed forward, followed by all who had then come up. Parallel with the river, and at about fifteen yards from it, ran a line of high canes growing in the marsh. He advanced along this, and having fired and knocked down a Cossack, he was reloading, when a volley of bullets came flying round him, one of which pierced his heart, and he fell dead into the arms of his coxswain,—Mr Everard, a naval cadet, being at the moment by his side.

Commander Powell, who succeeded to the command, ordered a heavy fire of shell and Congreve rockets to be opened on the battery; under cover of which the marines and seamen stormed the place, and drove out

the Russians, who took shelter in a marsh where they could not be followed.

Captain Parker was a most gallant officer, and his loss caused deep regret among all his brother-officers.

On the 13th, the 'Spitfire,' Lieutenant Johnstone, towing the boats of the 'Vesuvius,' crossed the bar at the Sulineh mouth of the Danube, and having driven off the enemy, the marines and blue-jackets landed, and totally destroyed the town of Sulineh, by setting it on fire in every direction.

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#### BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL.

17TH OCTOBER 1854.

WE have now to give an account of the chief naval exploits of the war, when the wooden walls of Old England were to try their strength with the stone ramparts of Russia. While the heavy artillery of the Allies opened fire on the city from the newly-erected batteries on the neighbouring heights, it was arranged that the fleets should attack from the sea. The fleet was to form a semicircle before the harbour'smouth; the French to engage the forts on the south, the English the forts Constantine and Alexander, and the Stone and Wasp forts on the north. The morning was actively spent by the crews in preparing for action.

At fifty minutes past ten the signal for weighing was made, and the fleet, the fine old 'Agamemnon' leading, stood towards the batteries. She was followed in order by the 'Sanspareil,' screw, the sailing ships being moved by steamers lashed alongside:—'Albion,' by 'Firebrand;' 'Queen,' by 'Vesuvius;' 'Britannia,' by 'Furi-

ous;' 'Trafalgar,' by 'Retribution;' 'London,' by 'Niger;' 'Vengeance,' by 'Highflyer;' 'Rodney,' by 'Spiteful;' 'Bellerophon,' by 'Cyclops;' 'Arethusa,' by 'Triton;' while 'Samson,' 'Tribune,' 'Terrible,' 'Sphinx,' 'Lynx,' and 'Spitfire' acted as look-out ships, and were allowed to take up independent positions. Besides the stone fortifications, the enemy had thrown up numerous earthworks, and placed guns along the cliff to the north. To one of these forts the seamen gave the name of the Wasp; to another, the Telegraph battery.

The French weighed first a little before ten, and proceeded to their position on the south of the line, when the enemy opened fire on them. The Turks took up a position in the centre; and now the magnificent 'Agamemnon' steamed on, with the gallant little 'Circassian,' commanded by the brave Mr Ball, piloting the way, sounding as he went, and marking the position the larger ships were to take up.

At half-past one the 'Agamemnon' began to draw in close with the land, when, to try range, she opened fire from her large pivot-gun on the Wasp battery, which instantly returned it; and in a short time Fort Constantine commenced firing with terrible effect, the 'Agamemnon' suffering fearfully.

At two P.M. she anchored, head and stern, in quarter less five fathoms, 750 yards off Fort Constantine, on which she immediately opened her fresh broadside. At five minutes past two the 'Sanspareil' and 'London' anchored astern, and ably seconded the gallant Sir Edmund by the fire which they poured into the Star fort, and the smaller forts on the cliff. At twenty minutes past two the 'Albion' anchored and engaged

the Wasp, to take off the fire from the 'Agamemnon,' which, from her position, exposed to a cross fire, was suffering more than the other ships. The 'Britannia,' now in fifteen fathoms water, and some two thousand yards off, opened fire, and the action became general.

The commander of the detached steamers determined that they also should play their part. The 'Terrible' and 'Samson' dashed on inside the other ships, and engaged the northern forts in the most gallant manner. Nothing could exceed the steady way in which the 'Vesuvius' carried up her huge consort into action, nor the spirited manner in which the 'Albion' engaged Fort Constantine. The 'Arethusa'—a name long known to fame—urged on by the little 'Triton,' well preserved the renown her name has gained, by boldly engaging the huge stone fort, at which, in rapid succession, broadside after broadside was discharged, the crew of the 'Triton' coming on board to assist in manning her guns. At length, with her rigging cut to pieces, and numerous shot-holes in her hull, and eighteen killed and wounded, and five wounded belonging to the 'Triton,' she was towed out of action.

The 'Albion,' though farther out than the 'Agamemnon,' was in reality suffering far more than that ship, and she at length was compelled to haul off, with one lieutenant and nine men killed, and three other officers and sixty-eight men wounded. The 'London' also, with four killed and eighteen wounded, was at the same time taken out of action. All this time the gallant Sir Edmund Lyons refused to move; indeed, his ship was suffering more aloft than in her hull, and, notwithstanding the tremendous fire to which she had



been exposed, she had only four killed and twenty-five wounded. This was owing to the Vice-Admiral's bravery in going so close; the majority of the shot, flying high, struck her rigging instead of her hull. Still she was struck 240 times, and became almost a wreck; her hull showing gaping wounds, her main-yard cut in two places, every spar more or less damaged, two shot-holes in the head of the mainmast, and her rigging hanging in shreds; the ship also having twice caught fire—once when a shell fell in her main-top and set fire to the main-sail, and another having burst in the port side, and set fire to the hammock-nettings. The 'Rodney,' however, suffered still more in masts and rigging, she having tailed on the reef, whence she was got off by the gallant exertions of Commander Kynaston, of the 'Spiteful.' The 'Albion' and 'Arethusa' suffered greatly in their hulls.

At length one ship after another had drawn off; and the fire of the forts being concentrated on the 'Agamemnon,' Sir Edmund despatched one of his lieutenants in a boat, to summon the 'Bellerophon' to his aid. The appeal was nobly and immediately answered, and she contributed greatly to take off the fire which the Wasp and Telegraph batteries were showering on her. As the 'Agamemnon' was the first to go into battle, so she was one of the last to haul out of the engagement, which she did soon after six P.M., and not till darkness had compelled the combatants on shore to cease from fighting. The action lasted altogether from half-past one to half-past six; the loss being 44 killed and 266 wounded: of these, only two officers, Lieutenant Chase, 'Albion,' and Mr C. Madden, 'Sanspareil,' were killed. Commander Kynaston, Lieutenant Purvis, Mr Baillie,

midshipman, Captain Stewart, 'Firebrand;' Lieutenants Anderson and Ball, and Mr C. Parkinson, 'Sanspareil;' Mr Paul, master, Mr Thorn, paymaster, and Mr Mason, surgeon, 'Albion;' Lieutenant Stephens, 'London;' Lieutenant Vaughan, 'Britannia;' Lieutenant Gaussen and Mr Yonge, naval cadet, 'Agamemnon;' Mr Foster, midshipman, 'Bellerophon,' wounded.

A naval brigade had at this time been formed, and a considerable number of officers and men belonging to the different ships were consequently serving on shore. Owing to this circumstance, probably, the casualties were lessened. The Admiral had also left all the spare top-masts and spars on board the 'Vulcan,' with the sick and prisoners, at the anchorage off the Katscha; so that the ships were soon able to repair the damages they had received aloft. No sooner had the fleet once more anchored in safety, than the captains went on board the 'Agamemnon,' to pay their respects to Sir Edmund Lyons, as did the French on the following day; all declaring that his ship had held the post of honour. Still, many other ships were not behind his in the gallant way in which they were fought.

The French ships were also fought with great courage and judgment, and suffered even more than the English. The Turks, from being much farther out, escaped with slight damage.

The result of the action, bravely as it had been fought, was not satisfactory. It was a trial of strength between stone and wood, and the stone was near the victor. Probably a considerable number of Russians were killed and wounded, and it served as a diversion to the land attack; but next day, not a gun frowned

the less from the batteries of Fort Constantine, and but a trifling damage was done to the stone-work.

However, the diversions caused by these attacks from the sea were of much consequence ; and on other occasions the smaller steamers, gun and rocket-boats, were sent off the mouth of the harbour during the night to distract the attention of the Russians.

On one of these occasions, Captain Lyons, of the 'Miranda,' the gallant son of the Admiral, was severely wounded in the leg by a round-shot, and was sent in consequence to Eupatoria. Here, unhappily, in a few days he sunk under a fever brought on by his wound.

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#### CRIMEAN NAVAL BRIGADE.

Soon after the army reached Balaclava, portions of the crews of most of the larger ships had been sent on shore, at first simply to assist in garrisoning the heights above Balaclava, and placed under the command of Captain Lushington. The brigade was soon afterwards increased by a party under Lord John Hay, of the 'Wasp.' Both officers and men, however, very soon volunteered for other services, and in every post of danger there was some portion of the Naval Brigade to be found. It was here that Captain William Peel first showed the gallantry and judgment for which he became so conspicuous. He took command of one of the advanced batteries before Sebastopol, which did good service. During the first six days of the bombardment, ending October 22d, the Naval Brigade lost twelve killed and sixty-six wounded. Among

the killed was Lieutenant Greathed, 'Britannia;' and among the wounded, Captain Moorsom, 'Firebrand;' Lieutenant Norman, Mr E. Bullock and Mr S. Bullock, mates of the 'Trafalgar;' Mr Lyons, mate, 'Vengeance;' and Lieutenant Mitchell, 'Diamond.'

From the first, the conduct of all the men, though placed in a novel situation, was excellent; and the gallantry of officers and men conspicuous. From being near Balaclava, and from being supplied with tents and clothing and food from their ships, they had not the same dreadful hardships to endure as the soldiers; they yet sought out danger, and as readily exposed their lives on shore as they are accustomed to do at sea.

Among all the acts exhibiting gallantry, coolness, and judgment, one performed by Mr N. W. Hewett, then acting-mate of H.M.S. 'Beagle,' stands conspicuous.

On the 26th of October 1854, the day after the battle of Balaclava, he was in charge of the right Lancaster battery before Sebastopol, with a party of blue-jackets under him, when the Russians made a desperate sortie from the walls against Sir de Lacy Evans' division. The advance of the Russians placed the gun in great jeopardy, and their assault was so vigorous that their skirmishers had got within 300 yards of the battery, and were pouring in a sharp fire from their Minie rifles. By some misapprehension, the word was passed to spike the gun and retreat; but Mr Hewett, taking upon himself to disregard what he heard, answered, "That order did not come from Captain Lushington, and till he directs us to desert the gun we'll not move." This proceeding was hazardous, for at the time the gun was in an ineffectual position in



consequence of the enemy advancing on its flank. With the assistance, however, of the seamen with him, and of some soldiers who came to his aid, he got round the gun into position, then blowing away the parapet of the battery, he opened on the advancing column of the Russians so effective a fire, that they were completely staggered, and their progress was stopped. Seconded by his companions, whom his spirit animated, again and again he discharged his death-dealing gun, till the enemy gave way and retreated.

A story is current that he actually did receive an order to abandon the gun, and that afterwards, while he was reflecting what might be the consequences of having disobeyed it, his commanding officer inquired, "Mr Hewett, were you not ordered to spike that gun and retreat?" "I was, sir." "And you chose to disregard the order, and fight the gun?" "I did, sir; but I am sorry if—" "Well—then—you are promoted." Sir Stephen Lushington brought Mr Hewett's conduct before the Commander-in-Chief, and he received from the Admiralty the reward of his lieutenancy which he so well merited. At the battle of Inkerman his bravery was again conspicuous, and he was soon afterwards appointed to the command of the 'Beagle' gunboat in the Sea of Azov.

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CAPTAIN WILLIAM PEEL, R.N., H.M.S. 'LEANDER.'

THE example set by Captain Peel was sufficient to animate all young officers to deeds of daring. While commanding a battery before Sebastopol, on the 18th October, a live shell fell, with the fuse burning, among

several powder-cases outside the magazine. Had it exploded, it probably would have blown up the magazine, and killed all around.. The moment it fell, he seized it and threw it over the parapet, it bursting as it left his hands.

On the 5th November 1854, at the battle of Inkerman, he joined the officers of the Grenadier Guards, and assisted in defending the colours of that regiment, when hard pressed at the Sandbag battery.

On the 18th June 1855, Captain Peel volunteered to lead the ladder party at the assault on the Redan, and he carried the first ladder till he received a severe wound on the glaxis.

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EDWARD ST JOHN DANIELS.

THIS young officer, a midshipman of Captain Peel's ship, took example from the conduct of his noble chief, and vied with him in feats of daring. In Captain Peel's battery there was a call for volunteers to bring in powder to the battery from a waggon in a very exposed situation, a shot having disabled the horses. Instantly Mr Daniels sprang forward, and, followed by others, performed the dangerous service. At the battle of Inkerman he followed his captain as his aide-de-camp through the terrific fire of that eventful day. Again, on the 18th of June, he accompanied Captain Peel when he led the ladder party in the assault on the Redan. Together they approached the deadly breach, when Captain Peel was struck in the arm, and might have bled to death, had not young Daniels remained by him on the glaxis under a terrific fire, and with admirable devotion and perfect coolness applied a

tourniquet to his arm, not leaving him till he was able to regain a less exposed position.

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#### BRAVERY OF FIVE SEAMEN AT INKERMEN.

DURING the battle of Inkerman, while the right Lancaster battery was fiercely attacked by the Russians, five gallant blue-jackets, picking up the muskets of the disabled soldiers, mounted the banquette, and under a fierce fire kept rapidly discharging them, while their comrades below loaded and handed them up others as fast as they could, contributing much to keep the enemy at bay. Two were killed or died from their wounds; but the three survivors, Thomas Reeve, James Gorman, and Mark Scholefield, obtained the Victoria Cross.

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#### COMMANDER ROBY.

JOHN TAYLOR, captain of the forecastle, and Henry Curtis, boatswain's mate, were in the advance sap opposite the Redan on June 18th, 1855, immediately after the assault on Sebastopol, when they observed a soldier of the 57th regiment, who had been shot through both legs, sitting up, and calling for help. Lieutenant D'Aeth, of H.M.S. 'Siddon,' was also of the party, but died of cholera soon after. The brave seamen could not bear to see their poor countryman thus perishing, and, though the Redan was still keeping up a tremendous fire, climbing over the breastwork of the sap, Captain Roby and the two seamen proceeded upwards of seventy yards across the open space towards

the salient angle of the Redan, and at the great risk of their own lives lifted up the wounded soldier, and bore him to a place of safety.

JOHN SULLIVAN, boatswain's mate, while serving in an advanced battery on the 10th of April 1855, showed the most perfect coolness and bravery by going forward and placing a flag on a mound in an exposed situation, under a heavy fire, to enable another battery, No. 5, to open fire on a concealed Russian battery, which was doing great execution on the British advanced works. Commander Kennedy, commanding the battery, spoke in the highest terms of Sullivan's bravery on that and on other occasions, and recommended him for promotion.

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#### DASHING SERVICE OF JOHN SHEPHERD, BOATSWAIN.

WHILE he was boatswain's mate of the 'St Jean D'Acre,' and serving in the Naval Brigade, he volunteered to proceed in a punt, during a dark night, into the harbour of Sebastopol, and to endeavour, with an apparatus he carried, to blow up one of the Russian line-of-battle ships. He reached the harbour, and had got past the enemy's steam-boat, at the entrance of Careening Bay, when he was prevented from proceeding farther by a long line of boats, which were carrying troops from the south to the north side of Sebastopol. On the 16th of August, he again made the attempt from the side of Careening Bay, then in possession of the French.

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The above are only some few of the gallant deeds



done by the officers and men of the Naval Brigade before Sebastopol. All, from Sir Stephen Lushington downwards to the youngest midshipman or shipboy, did their duty right nobly; and, though the blue-jackets of England have no cause to complain that their gallantry is not sufficiently appreciated, perhaps on this occasion the service they rendered to their country is scarcely understood as it should be. On that disastrous assault on the Redan, 18th June 1855, which has already been described, the Naval Brigade consisted of four parties of sixty men each, one for each column—but two only went out, the other two being kept in reserve. They were told off to carry scaling-ladders and wool-bags, and to place them for the storming parties. They were led by Captain Peel. Severely they suffered. Out of the two small parties fourteen were killed and forty-seven were wounded.

When the soldiers, overwhelmed by the terrific fire of the batteries, retreated towards the trenches, several officers and men were left behind wounded, and endured fearful agonies for hours, without a drop of water or a cheering voice to comfort them. Among others, Lieutenant Ermiston lay for five hours under the abattis of the Redan, and was reported dead, but he had only a contusion of the knee, and, watching his opportunity, he got safely away.

Mr Kennedy, mate of the 'London,' was also left behind close to the abattis, and after several hours of painful suspense, concealed among the dead, he rolled himself over and over down the declivity, and managed to get into the trench.

Lieutenant Kidd came in all safe, and was receiving the congratulations of a brother-officer, when he saw a

wounded soldier lying out in the open. He at once exclaimed, "We must go and save him!" and leaped over the parapet in order to do so. He had scarcely proceeded one yard on his errand of mercy, when he was shot through the breast, and died an hour afterwards.

Lieutenant Dalyell, of the 'Leander,' had his left arm shattered by a grape-shot, and underwent amputation.

Lieutenant Cave and Mr Wood, midshipman, were also wounded; as was Captain Peel, as has been described. Indeed, of the whole detachment only three officers came out of action untouched.

Not only were the subordinate officers of the navy thus conspicuously brave and active, but a sailor was from the first one of the ruling spirits of the campaign. To Sir Edmund Lyons does England owe, in an incalculable degree, the success which attended our arms on the shores of the Euxine.

He it was who organized and conducted the expedition to the Crimea, prepared the means of landing, and superintended all so closely, that "in his eagerness he left but six inches between the keel of his noble ship and the ground below it." Not only in this matter of the transport of the troops, but also in every subsequent stage of the expedition, Sir Edmund Lyons gave the most valuable assistance to Lord Raglan and his successors. How at the battle of the Alma he supported the French army by bringing the guns of his ship to bear on the left flank of the Russians, and what a conspicuous part he took with the 'Agamemnon' on the first bombardment of Sebastopol, are incidents fresh in the recollection of all. But he had more to do

in the way of advice and of encouragement than the public ever heard of. Day after day he might have been seen on his grey pony, hovering about the English lines on the heights of Sebastopol; he was present at Balaclava, and he was present at Inkerman. It was thus that, having conveyed our soldiers to the Crimea, he saved them from being compelled to leave it—baffled, if not vanquished. A day or two after the battle of Balaclava, Sir Edmund Lyons, on landing, learnt to his astonishment that orders had been issued to the Naval Brigade to embark as many guns as possible during the day, for Balaclava was to be evacuated at night,—of course, surrendering to the enemy the greater portion of the guns. On his own responsibility the Admiral at once put a stop to the execution of this order, and went in search of Lord Raglan, who, it appears, had come to the resolution of abandoning Balaclava, in consequence of the opinion expressed by the engineers, that after the loss of the redoubts in our rear, lately held by the Turks, we ought to concentrate our strength on the plateau. Taking Lord Raglan aside, Sir Edmund Lyons strongly opposed these views: he pointed out that the advanced position in the valley in front of which these redoubts were situated had been originally occupied, in accordance with the advice of those very officers, and in opposition to that of Sir Edmund, who had suggested at the time that they were covering too much ground; he argued that, as the engineers had been mistaken once, they might be wrong again; and he clinched his argument by saying that, whatever might be the value of his opinion in such a case, he was at all events entitled to pronounce an opinion as to the insufficiency of Kamiesch

as a harbour for the allied armies ; that this harbour was utterly inadequate ; and that the abandonment of Balaclava meant the evacuation of the Crimea in a week. After some conversation, Lord Raglan said, " Well, you were right before, and this time I will act upon your advice." Sir Edmund obtained leave to countermand the orders which had been issued ; Balaclava was maintained as our base of operations, and the army was saved from what might have proved an inglorious defeat, if not a terrible disaster. This, as we have said, was perhaps the most important of all the services rendered by the Admiral, and he well deserved the peerage which it earned for him.

Sir Stephen Lushington, having attained his rank as Admiral in July 1855, was succeeded in the command of the Naval Brigade by Captain the Honourable Henry Keppel, whose gallantry on various occasions has been especially conspicuous. At length, on the 19th September, Sebastopol having fallen, the gallant Naval Brigade was disbanded ; the jovial blue-jackets leaving Balaclava to return to their ships, amid the enthusiastic cheers of their red-coated comrades, among whom but one feeling was universal, that of regret at losing the company of so merry a band. Not a soldier but admired their bravery, their invariable good humour, and marvellous aptitude in adapting themselves to whatever circumstances they might fall in with.

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#### EXPEDITION TO KERTCH.

THE importance of securing the outlet to the Sea of Azov had long been seen, and on the 22d May an ex-



pedition sailed from Balaclava, under the joint command of Sir George Brown and General D'Autemarre, for the purpose of capturing the fortresses of Kertch and Yenikale, which command the entrance. They had under them 15,000 troops and five batteries of artillery. Admirals Lyons and Bruat accompanied the expedition. While the troops were landed some miles to the south of Kertch, the squadron proceeded on to attack it in front; but, before they arrived, the Russians, believing that they could not defend the place, evacuated it, as did most of the inhabitants. Yenikale was deserted in the same manner, and the armies and fleets achieved a very bloodless victory, while the smaller steamers of the squadron were sent off up the Sea of Azov in chase of the Russian men-of-war. A light squadron of English and French vessels was placed under the command of Captain Lyons, of the 'Miranda,' with directions to capture and destroy all the ships, magazines, and stores of provisions belonging to the enemy. The larger quantity of provisions for the Russian army in the Crimea had hitherto been conveyed across the Sea of Azov. In a few days the 'Miranda' and her consorts destroyed four months' rations for 100,000 men, and not less than 300 Russian vessels. This work was ably done, and often individuals even thus had opportunities of exhibiting their gallantry. Arriving off Genitchi on 29th May 1855 with his little squadron, Captain Lyons sent Commander Craufurd with a flag of truce, to demand the surrender of a number of vessels which were seen, as well as government stores. This demand being refused, the squadron opened fire on the town, while the boats under the command of Lieutenant

Mackenzie pulled in, and set fire to seventy-three vessels and some corn-stores on shore. The wind shifting, there seemed a probability that the more distant vessels and stores might escape. As the enemy had had time to make preparations, another expedition would be, it was evident, more dangerous than the first. As, however, the vessels were in a favourable position for supplying the Russian armies in the Crimea, and their destruction was of the greatest importance, Captain Lyons despatched the boats, commanded and officered as before. Seeing, however, that there would be great risk in landing a party in presence of a superior force out of gunshot of the ships, Lieutenant Cecil Buckley, 'Miranda,' Lieutenant Hugh Burgoyne, 'Swallow,' and Mr J. Roberts, gunner of the 'Ardent,' volunteered to land alone and fire the stores. While these three gallant officers proceeded on their dangerous undertaking, Lieutenant Mackenzie pushed on under a fire of four field-guns and musketry, and destroyed the remaining vessels, the ships resuming their fire on the town. The shore party succeeded in reaching the stores, to which they effectually set fire. On their retreat to their boat, they were, however, very soon cut off by a body of Cossacks who charged down on them. Though several shots struck the boats, only one man was slightly wounded.

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## PROCEEDINGS AT TAGANROG.

3D JUNE.

CAPTAIN LYONS arrived off this place with a large mosquito fleet of steamers, gunboats, and boats from

the English and French men-of-war. Taganrog was summoned to surrender, but the Governor refused, and a brisk fire was opened on the place. In vain the enemy endeavoured to get down to the store-houses on the beach to protect them. Lieutenant Mackenzie, first of the 'Miranda,' had charge of a separate division of light-boats, with rockets and one gun, to cover the approach of Lieutenant Cecil Buckley, 'Miranda,' who, in a four-oared gig, accompanied by Mr Henry Cooper, boatswain, and manned by volunteers, repeatedly landed and fired the different stores and public buildings. This dangerous, not to say desperate service, when carried out in a town containing upwards of 3000 troops, constantly endeavouring to prevent it, and only checked by the fire of the boats' guns, was most effectually performed.

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' BEAGLE ' OFF GENITCHI—GALLANTRY OF S. TREWAVAS,  
SEAMAN.

THE 'Beagle,' to the command of which ship Lieutenant Hewett had been appointed on the 3d July, was off the town of Genitchi, where there was a floating bridge which it was most important to destroy, as it communicated with the town and the Arabat spit. Mr Hewett accordingly despatched his gig under command of Mr Hayles, gunner of the 'Beagle,' and paddlebox-boats under Mr Martin Tracy, midshipman of the 'Vesuvius.' The undertaking was one of considerable danger, for troops lined the beach not eighty yards off, and the adjacent houses were filled with riflemen, all of whom opened a hot fire on the

boats. The 'Beagle' opened her fire on them in return, and so did Mr Tracy from the paddlebox-boats, causing great confusion and dismay in their ranks. However, Mr Hayles pulled in, ably seconded by a seaman lent from the 'Agamemnon,' Stephen Trewavas, who, though already wounded from the fire of the enemy, cut the hawsers and cast the boats adrift. Mr Hayles was also wounded. Trewavas obtained the Victoria Cross for his coolness and determination on this occasion.

Captain Sherard Osborne was now senior officer of the allied flotilla in the Sea of Azov.

The squadron continued its course round the coast, destroying fisheries, guardhouses, barracks, stores of forage and provisions, and vessels wherever they could be found.

#### BRAVE DEVOTION OF J. KELLAWAY, BOATSWAIN.

THE 'Wrangler,' Commander Burgoyne, came off Marioupol, Sea of Azov, where some boats, fishing-stations, and hay-stacks were discovered across a small lake. On this, Commander Burgoyne despatched Mr Odevaine, mate, and Mr Kellaway, boatswain, to destroy them. They had nearly reached the spot, when they were fired on by a party of Russians, who suddenly rushed out from their ambush, and endeavoured to cut off their retreat. One seaman fell into the enemy's hands, but the rest of the party were making good their escape, when Mr Odevaine tripped up and fell. Mr Kellaway, believing that his commanding officer was wounded, though at the risk of



his own life, ran back to his rescue. While lifting him up they were surrounded by the Russians, and though the gallant boatswain made a stout resistance, they were both made prisoners and carried off. Commander Burgoyne and the other officers of the ship were witnesses of the devoted conduct of Mr Kellaway, but were unable to render them assistance.

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LIEUTENANT G. F. DAY AT GENITCHI.

WHILE Lieutenant Day was in command of the 'Recruit' he performed several very gallant acts, but none surpassed the following.

It was important to ascertain the practicability of reaching the enemy's gun-vessels which lay within the Straits of Genitchi, close to the town. With this object in view, Mr Day, having provided himself with a pocket-compass, went on shore one dark but fine night, and proceeded through the enemy's lines, traversing a distance of four or five miles, occasionally up to his knees in water, till he got within 200 yards of the vessels. From the perfect silence which reigned on board them, he was persuaded that they were without crews; and when he returned, it was with the conviction that the expedition was a feasible one. The correctness of this opinion he was induced to doubt on the following day, in consequence of the increased activity apparent in the direction of the vessels. Notwithstanding the danger he must have been aware he was running—for it was in attempting a reconnoissance on the same ground that Captain L'Allenand, of the French steam-vessel 'Monette,' lost his life—he resolved to pay

another visit to the spot. The night was squally, and he thought it wiser to take larger circuit than before. He persevered, and gained the spot, when he ascertained that the vessels were manned, and that their crews were apparently on the alert. He decided, consequently, that it would be out of the question to make any attempt to surprise them.

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COMMANDER J. E. COMMERELL, OF THE 'WESER,' AND  
WILLIAM RICKARD, QUARTERMASTER.

CAPTAIN COMMERELL having ascertained that large quantities of corn-forage were collected on the Crimean shore of the Sivash, considered that it was of importance to destroy them, and determined himself to undertake the dangerous task, accompanied by Mr Lillingston, mate, William Rickard, quartermaster, and George Milestone, A.B., and another man. Having left the ship at night-fall, they hauled their small boat across the spit of Arabat, and traversed the Sivash to the Crimean shore of the Putrid Sea. Here Mr Lillingston and one man remained in charge of the boat. They had now a distance of two miles to proceed to reach the magazine of corn and forage, amounting to 400 tons, which they had devoted to destruction. They had also two rivers to ford—the Kara-su and the Salghir—the magazine being on the banks of the latter stream. Near the magazine was a guardhouse, and close to it a village, in which twenty or thirty mounted Cossacks were posted. Nothing daunted, they pushed on, and having crossed the two rivers without being discovered, they set light to the stacks. With unexpected rapidity the whole blazed up, and soon gave notice to the enemy of what

had occurred. They beat a rapid retreat, and, having recrossed the Salghir, ran for their lives, pursued by the Cossacks, who soon opened on them a hot fire. On they ran, fortunately taking the right road, the Cossacks increasing in numbers. Milestone at length gave signs of being exhausted. The boat was yet some way off. The Cossacks were scarcely fifty yards behind when Milestone fell in some deep mud, from which, in his tired condition, he had no power of drawing himself out. On this, Rickard, discovering his condition, entreated his captain to make good his escape, while he attempted to help Milestone. This he succeeded in doing, though the Cossacks were now not forty yards from them, Mr Lillingston and a man who remained in the boat covering them with their rifles; and there fortunately being some 200 yards of mud for the horsemen to traverse, all the party reached the boat in safety. Both Captain Commerell and his brave boatswain Rickard most deservedly received the Victoria Cross.

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## CAPTURE OF KINBURN.

17TH OCTOBER 1855.

THE allied fleet left Kamiesch on the 7th of October, with about 5000 British troops on board, and a still larger number of French. Appearing off Odessa to alarm that place, and to mislead the Russians, they proceeded directly for Kinburn.

The troops landed about three miles south of Kinburn early on the 15th, and the bombardment soon afterwards commenced; but it was not till the 17th that the grand attack took place, thus described by an eye-witness:—

“Continually on the move, the steamers and gun-boats, firing as they went, swept down the defences of the Russians, silencing their guns, killing the men, or forcing them to take refuge under ground. Then a grand movement of the fleet took place. The Admirals and their three-deckers were observed at noon entering into action in splendid order, French and English advancing in line under steam, and approaching close into the land. The fleet in the lagoon closed in at the same moment, and simultaneously heavy broadsides were poured in from all quarters. The central fort was the only one which replied, and then only with a solitary gun at long intervals. Nothing of a grander or more imposing effect could be witnessed than the three-deckers veering round to deliver their fire, their jibs set to bring their guns to bear. Three times the ‘Montebello,’ commanded by the French Admiral, delivered a broadside from every gun in her sides. As she did so, she became lost in wreaths of white smoke. The iron shower swept over the fort with a din that surpassed all other sounds, and the air reverberated with the roar of ordnance. All round the enemy the fire was delivered in continuous discharges, and there was no pause. It was then that the Russians gave signs of surrender. A struggling form was seen on the ramparts, waving a white flag as a token. As by magic, the firing ceased.”

The old Russian general shortly afterwards came out of the castle, and delivered his sword to Admiral Sir Houston Stewart and General Bazaine. Only two seamen were hit; but the Russians lost 43 men killed, 114 wounded, and upwards of 1200 prisoners.



## BLUE-JACKETS ON SHORE.

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### THE 'SHANNON'S' BRIGADE IN INDIA.\*

H.M.'s screw steam-frigate 'Shannon,' of fifty-one guns, 600 horse-power, and 2667 tons, at that time the largest frigate afloat, was commissioned at Portsmouth by Captain William Peel, on the 13th of September 1856, and destined for the China seas. On her arrival at Hong-Kong, Lord Elgin, hearing of the state of affairs in India, embarked in her with a body of troops for Calcutta. She arrived on the 6th of August in the mouth of the Ganges, when Captain Peel offered the services of his crew, with the ship's guns, to the Governor-General, to form a naval brigade. On the 14th, Captain Peel, with a number of officers and 450 seamen, embarked in a flat, towed by a river steamer, and proceeded up the Hoogly, to join the force advancing to the relief of Lucknow. On the 18th, they were followed by another party of five officers and 120 men, under the command of Lieutenant Vaughan; the frigate being left with 140 men, under the command of Mr Waters, the master.

The steamers were of light draught, and could proceed but slowly with the heavily-laden flats in tow against the strong current. The vessels anchored at

\* From the Journal of Lieutenant E. Hope Verney, R.N., Published by Saunders and Otley.

night, and proceeded on their voyage during the day, when the men underwent a course of drilling, to fit them for the service they had undertaken. At length, towards the end of October, they reached Allahabad, at the junction of the Jumna and Ganges; and while one division was left to garrison that place, the remainder proceeded on towards Cawnpore by land. While at Futtehpore, near the Ganges, information was received that a party of rebels were in the neighbourhood; and one hundred men of the Naval Brigade, commanded by Captain Peel, with Lieutenant Hay, Mr Garvey, Lieutenant Stirling, R.M., and Mr Bone, and 430 men of different regiments, under command of Colonel Powell, started in pursuit. "After marching about twenty-four miles, at three P.M. they came in sight of the enemy, found entrenched in a strong position behind some hillocks of sand; and, driving their skirmishers out of a field of corn, engaged and defeated them, capturing two guns and an ammunition-waggon. The whole force of the enemy exceeded 4000 men, of whom about 2000 were Sepoys, who fought in uniform. The enemy's artillery was well served, and did great execution. The gallant Colonel Powell, pressing on to the attack, had just secured two guns, when he fell dead with a bullet through his forehead."

Captain Peel then took the command. It was not till half-past four that the enemy fired their last shot and retreated, leaving 300 killed behind them, while the British loss was 95 killed and wounded. Of the Naval Brigade, Lieutenant Hay, R.N., was wounded in the hand, and Lieutenant Stirling, R.M., severely in the leg.

On the 12th of November, the Naval Brigade arrived

before Lucknow. On the 14th an attack was made on the city, when the Martinière College and another large building were captured. The brigade's guns came into play; one of them exploding, killed Francis Cassidey, captain of the main-top, and severely wounded several other men.

Again, on the 16th, the Naval Brigade guns were engaged in the attack on Secundra Bagh, when Lieutenant Salmon, R.N., was severely wounded, and Martin Abbot Daniel, midshipman, was killed by a round-shot in the head.

In writing to his father, Captain Peel says, "It was in front of the Shah Najeef, and in command of an eight-inch howitzer, that your noble son was killed. The enemy's fire was very heavy, and I had just asked your son if his gun was ready: he replied, 'All ready, sir;' when I said 'Fire the howitzer;' and he was answering 'Ay, ay,' when a round-shot in less than a moment deprived him of life. We buried him where he fell, our chaplain reading the service; and, in laying him in his resting-place, we felt, captain, officers, and men, that we had lost one of the best and noblest of the 'Shannon.'"

Twelve or thirteen of the Naval Brigade were wounded on this occasion, and three or four were killed. On the following day that masterly movement took place, by which the women and children, and sick and wounded, were safely brought out of Lucknow; and on the 24th, one of England's noblest heroes—Sir Henry Havelock—died.

On the 28th of November the Brigade marched on Cawnpore, when, meeting the enemy, a party of thirty-six blue-jackets, with two twenty-four pounders, under

Lieutenant Hay, with Mr Garvey, mate, and Mr H. A. Lascelles, did good service. Mr Lascelles, naval cadet, aide-de-camp to Captain Peel, greatly distinguished himself, seizing a rifle from a wounded man of the 88th, and charging with that regiment. About this time the Brigade was joined by Captain Oliver Jones, R.N., on half-pay, as a volunteer, who did good service on various occasions.

“Our army on the march is a sight affording much interest and amusement;—such a menagerie of men and beasts, footmen and cavalry, soldiers and sailors, camels and elephants, white men and black men, horses and oxen, marines and artillery, Sikhs and Highlanders.

“When we first leave the encampment, all is shrouded in darkness, and every one naturally feels a little grumpy; but when the first streaks of dawn appear, and we have been an hour on the road, the welcome note is heard in the distance of the bugles sounding the ‘halt.’ With great rapidity it passes from regiment to regiment, and dies away in the rear. Cavalry dismount, infantry pile arms in the middle of the road, and for a few minutes the whole army disperses on each side of it. The favourite refreshment of officers is bread, cold tongue, and ‘brandy-pawnee,’ which find their way out of innocent-looking holsters. And now we take off overcoats and monkey-jackets, which were needed when we started in the cold and damp night; the blue-jackets fasten theirs over their shoulders, and the officers strap theirs to their saddles. The brief halt is too quickly at an end, and after a ten minutes’ rest the advance again sounds down the line from bugler to bugler. All at once fall in, arms are unpiled, and enlivened by our band we again step out: now feet begin



to ache, and boots to chafe; but the cheery music of the bands, bugles, or drums and fifes of the regiments marching next to us, generally the Rifles, infuses energy into the most footsore. We make three halts in a march of thirteen or fourteen miles, of which the last is the longest, to allow the Quartermaster-General and his staff to ride on and mark out the camp. As the sun rises, the heat rapidly increases, and the camels and elephants are seen making short cuts across the fields, and keeping always clear of the road. When our bands have blown as much wind as they can spare into their instruments, our men strike up a song; and old windlass tunes, forecastle ditties, and many a well-known old ballad resound through the jungles, and across the fertile plains of Bengal, and serve to animate our sailors, and astonish the natives."

On the 2d of January 1858, the Naval Brigade were engaged at the battle of Kallee-Nuddee. A party of seamen, under Lieutenant Vaughan, had been repairing the bridge across that river, when the Sepoys opened fire on him from a small gun in the opposite village. He returned it, and, crossing the bridge with three guns, held in check a body of the enemy's cavalry visible beyond the village. Brigadier Greathed's division and other troops were engaged all the time. Lieutenant Vaughan now pointed and fired one of his guns at the small gun of the enemy, which was concealed behind the corner of a house. His first shot struck the roof of the house; his second struck the angle of the wall about half-way down; and a third dismounted the gun, and destroyed the carriage. Captain Peel, who was standing by, said, "Thank you, Mr Vaughan; perhaps you will now be so good as to blow up the tumbril."

Lieutenant Vaughan fired a fourth shot, which passed near it, and a fifth, which blew it up, and killed several of the enemy. "Thank you," said Captain Peel, in his blandest and most courteous tones: "I will now go and report to Sir Colin."

The village was stormed, and the enemy driven out by the 53d regiment, when the cavalry pursued and cut up the rebels terribly, capturing all their guns.

Soon after this, as Captain Peel and Captain Oliver Jones, with three men of the 53d, were passing through the battery, five Sēpoys jumped out of a ditch, and attacked them frantically. All were killed, Captain Jones shooting the last with his revolver—one man of the 53d, however, being dangerously wounded.

Eighteen or twenty blue-jackets were attached to each gun, and with drag-ropes ran them about with the greatest rapidity. On the march they were dragged by bullocks, but if a gun stuck, the animals were taken out, and the wheels and drag-ropes manned by blue-jackets; and having an elephant to push behind with his forehead, they never failed to extricate a gun from the worst position. This was carrying out to perfection the principle of a "steady pull and pull together."

On the 3d of March, the Brigade were before Lucknow, and engaged in taking of the Dilkoosah, when two were mortally wounded.

Captain Oliver Jones was at this time serving as a volunteer with H.M.'s 53d regiment. He was the second to mount a breach at the capture of one of the forts, when he received a wound on the knuckles, but cut down the fellow who gave it him.

The Naval Brigade guns were now posted to the

right of the Dilkoosah, and near the river Goomtee. Mr Verney had a narrow escape. The enemy brought two guns down to the corner of the Martinière, and opened on them. A shot struck the ground close to where he was standing, and so completely surrounded him with dust that his comrades supposed he had been killed, and were surprised to see him standing in the same place when the dust cleared off.

Lieutenant Vaughan was now made a commander, but resumed his former duties.

On the 9th March, the Brigade's six eight-inch guns and two twenty-four-pounders went down in front of the Dilkoosah, with four rocket-hackeries, the whole under command of Captain Vaughan, accompanied by Lieutenants Young, Salmon, Wratislaw, Mr Daniel, and Lords Walter Kerr and Arthur Clinton, midshipmen. Captain Peel was also there, with his two aides-de-camp, Watson and Lascelles. Unhappily, while looking out for a suitable spot in which to post some guns for breaching the Martinière, he was severely wounded in the thigh by a musket-ball. The brave Captain was carried to the Dilkoosah, where the bullet was extracted by the surgeon of the 93d Highlanders. The Brigade's guns were most actively engaged in battering the Begum's palace; and it was here, on the 12th, that Mr Garvey, mate, as he was riding fast on in front of a row of cohorns to deliver a message, and not perceiving that the quick matches were alight, was struck dead by one of the shells. He was the second officer of the Brigade killed, and a most promising young man.

All the guns of the Brigade were on that memorable day very hotly engaged. Several had been posted

behind some earthworks thrown up by the enemy. As the men could not see over the bank to point their guns, Captain Oliver Jones placed himself at the top, and, though thus becoming a clear mark for the enemy, with the greatest coolness directed their fire.

On the 13th, the naval guns were placed in a more advanced battery. While warmly engaged with the enemy, some sand-bags forming the front of the battery caught fire. A coloured man of the name of Hall, a Canadian, under a heavy fire of bullets from loopholes not forty yards distant, gallantly jumped out, and extinguished some, and threw away others that were burning. In the performance of this service he was severely wounded. He was a man of athletic frame, and always remarkable for his steady good conduct. He afterwards received the Victoria Cross.

The next day, after Sir James Outram had, by his admirable manœuvre, driven the rebels from their lines, Captain Vaughan being in front, Sir Colin Campbell met him, and desired him to bring up a gun's crew of blue-jackets to man an abandoned gun, which was to be turned against the retreating enemy. Lord Walter Kerr was sent back for the gun's crew, and Captain Vaughan and Mr Verney proceeded to the gun itself, which was at the gate of an outer court of the Kaiser Bagh. They found that a body of Sepoys were defending themselves in an adjoining court, and it was necessary to blow away the gate of it that the troops might storm; and it was for this object that Sir Colin ordered the guns to be turned against them. In the meanwhile, however, they kept a continual fire on the little band of British from the walls and over and round the gate, whenever they approached the gun.



Captain Vaughan then fired a few rounds at the gate, Mr Verney loading and sponging, three of the 'Shannon's' bandsmen bringing up the powder and shot, and some of the men of the 38th, under command of Lieutenant Elles, running the gun up after every round. Near them, all the time, was a house full of loose gunpowder, while close to it was another in flames. A sentry, however, was posted to give warning in time, if the flames approached the loose powder. Captain Vaughan now went back to meet the gun's crew that had been sent for, and to show them the way, leaving orders with Mr Verney to keep up the fire. He discovered that the Sepoy charges were so heavy that the shot went clean through the solid gate every time he fired. By reducing the charges, the firing at last began to tell; and when the blue-jackets came up under command of Lieutenant Hay, the gate was blown open, and the court captured by the company of the 38th.

On the 16th of March, the guns of the Naval Brigade were advanced to the Residency, whence they occasionally fired a shot over the town. On the 22d, the last of the rebels evacuated Lucknow; and on the 29th, the Brigade handed over to the artillery to go into park in the small Imaumbarah the six eight-inch guns which they had brought from the 'Shannon.' The word 'Shannon' was deeply cut into each carriage, and must last as long as the wood exists. There they will remain, a memorial of what sailors can do on land. Here the active services of the gallant Naval Brigade ceased. Mr Verney had been sent to the Kaiser Bagh to bring out one of the King of Oude's carriages for the conveyance of Captain Peel to Cawnpore. He

selected the best he could find, and the ship's carpenter padded it and lined it with blue cotton, and made a rest for his feet, and painted H.M.S. 'Shannon' over the royal arms of Lucknow. When, however, he saw it, he declined making use of it, saying that he would prefer travelling in a doolie like one of his blue-jackets. Alas! the doolie chosen for him had in all probability carried a small-pox patient, for he was shortly afterwards seized with that dire disease, under which, already weakened by his severe wound, he succumbed, and the country lost one of the most gallant captains in the naval service.

The Brigade now once more turned their faces towards Calcutta, and on the 12th and following days of August rejoined their ship. On the 15th of September, the 'Shannon' sailed for England.

The officers received their promotion as follows:—Commander Vaughan received the order of C.B., an honour never before accorded to any officer of that rank, and after serving a year he was posted. Lieutenants Young, Wilson, Hay, Salmon, and Wratislaw were promoted to the rank of commanders; Dr Flanagan, assistant-surgeon, was promoted to the rank of surgeon. Mr Verney, mate, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant; Mr Comerford, assistant-paymaster, was promoted to the rank of paymaster, and each of the engineers and warrant-officers received a step. On passing their examination, all the midshipmen and naval cadets have been promoted.

The Victoria Cross was presented to Lieutenants Young and Salmon, and to three blue-jackets, "for valour" at the relief of Lucknow. The Indian medal with the Lucknow clasp was presented to each officer

and man who formed part of the Naval Brigade. The following officers, who were present at the relief of Lucknow on the 19th of November, received also the "Relief of Lucknow" clasp:—Lieutenants Vaughan, Young, Salmon; Captain Gray, R.N.; Rev. E. L. Bowman, Dr Flanagan, Mr Comerford, Messrs M. A. Daniel, R. E. J. Daniel, Lord Walter Kerr, Lord Arthur Clinton, and Mr Church, midshipman; Messrs Bone and Henri, engineers; and Mr Brice, carpenter.

Never was medal more highly prized or clasp more nobly won.

The following letter from Sir Edward Lugard to Captain Vaughan, shows the high estimation in which the 'Shannon's' Naval Brigade was held by the military officers high in command.

"The 'Shannon's' Brigade advanced upon Lucknow with my division, and acted with it during the entire operations, as you well know. The men were daily—I may say hourly—under my sight, and I considered their conduct in every particular an example to the troops. During the whole period I was associated with the 'Shannon's' Brigade, I never once saw an irregularity among the men. They were sober, quiet, and respectful; and often I remarked to my Staff the high state of discipline Sir W. Peel got them into. From the cessation of active operations until I was detached to Azimghur, I commanded all the troops in the city; and all measures for the repression of plundering were carried out through me, and of course every irregularity committed was reported to me. During that period not one irregularity was reported to me. Indeed, in the whole course of my life I never

saw so well-conducted a body of men. . . . All I have written about the good conduct and discipline of the ' Shannon's ' men would, I am convinced, be confirmed by the unanimous opinion of the army at Lucknow. Poor Adrian Hope and I often talked together on the subject; and many a time I expressed to Peel the high opinion I had of his men, and my admiration of their cheerfulness, and happy, contented looks, under all circumstances of fatigue and difficulty.

"Believe me, my dear Vaughan, sincerely yours,

"EDWARD LUGARD."

"CAPTAIN VAUGHAN, C.B."

Another Naval Brigade was formed from the officers and ship's company of H.M.S. ' Pearl,' which did good service, and won the respect of all associated with it.



## THE SECOND CHINESE WAR.

1856-1860.

THE Chinese Government, forgetting the lesson they had received in the former war with Great Britain, or believing that they could follow the bent of their inclinations with impunity, committed a series of aggressions on British subjects, which demanded our immediate interference. Sir Michael Seymour, the Admiral on the station, commenced vigorous measures without loss of time to recall them to their senses, with the squadron and marines under his command. He began by opening fire on Canton in October. On the 5th November, he destroyed several Chinese war-junks; and on the 12th and 13th of that month, the Bogue Forts, mounting 400 guns, were captured. On the 12th January 1857, the marines, with a detachment of the 59th regiment, attacked the suburbs of the city of Canton, when a few casualties occurred, both among the seamen and troops.

We now come to the month of May, when more active operations were commenced. Near Canton several creeks run into the Canton river, with which the English were but slightly acquainted; up these the war-junks had to take refuge whenever the British ships approached. Commodore Elliot heard that a large fleet of war-junks were collected some five miles up one of them, called Escape Creek, and accordingly, early on the 25th of May, he went on board the 'Hong-Kong' gunboat, and got under weigh, followed by 'Bustard,'

'Staunch,' 'Starling,' and 'Forbes,' towing the boats manned from the 'Inflexible,' 'Hornet,' and 'Tribune.' Steaming into the creek, they before long came upon forty-one Mandarin junks, moored across the stream. Each junk had a long twenty-four or thirty-two-pounder gun forward, and carried also four or six nine-pounders. The 'Hong-Kong' gallantly led. No sooner had she got within range, than the Chinese with much spirit opened fire, the first shot striking her; and others came rattling thick and fast on board. The other gunboats coming up, formed in as wide order as possible, and opened fire. It was wonderful, considering the exposed position of the Chinese guns, that the crews so long stood the return shower of shot sent at them by the gunboats. In time, however, they began to show signs of not liking the treatment they were receiving. First one was seen to cut her cable, get out her oars, or hoist her sails, and falling out of the line turn her stern for flight up the creek.

The example set by one was quickly followed by others. The whole Mandarin fleet was soon in full flight, firing away, however, with their stern-chasers; but they were guns of light calibre, and were not well served, so they did little damage. The junks were fast craft, and the crews pulled for their lives, to aid the sails, so that the steamers had to put on all speed to come up with them. They had not got far before the water shoaled. The gunboats drew upwards of seven feet, the junks less than three. One after the other the gunboats grounded. "On, lads, on!" cried the Commodore, leaping into one of the boats towing astern; "never mind the vessels." Imitating his example, officers and men jumped into the boats, each boat

having a gun in her bows; and after the junks they pulled with might and main. Away went the junks up the creek, the boats hotly pursuing them. The guns in the bows of the latter kept up a hot fire on the enemy, and told with great effect. The speed of several lessened, and, one after the other, numbers were overtaken. Though all hope of escape was gone, when a boat got alongside, the Chinese fired a broadside of grape into her, and then leaping overboard on the opposite side, swam towards the shore, and were soon beyond pursuit among the rice-fields which boarded the banks of the stream. In this way sixteen junks were captured in succession, and destroyed in the principal channel. Ten more took refuge in a channel to the left, but a division of the boats was sent after them. No sooner, however, did the English appear than the crews, setting fire to their vessels, abandoned them, and swam to shore. They burned like touch-paper, and were quickly destroyed. Another turned into an inlet on the right, but some boats were quickly after her; and so frightened were the crew, that they forgot to set her on fire, and she was thus towed out in triumph.

The heat of the sun was terrific, many men suffered from sun-stroke, and the casualties from the shot or the enemy were considerable. Thirteen junks escaped by dint of hard pulling, and the Commodore determined to have these as well as many more which he suspected were concealed in the various creeks.

Next day he accordingly blockaded the mouths of all the creeks. Captain Forsyth, in the 'Hornet,' was stationed at the mouth, to prevent escape; the 'Inflexible' at that of Second Bar Creek, and the 'Tribune'

at the Sawshee Channel entrance. This done, the Commodore, with the gunboats and a large flotilla of the boats of the squadron in tow, proceeded up the Sawshee Channel. For twelve miles no enemy were seen. At length, leaving the steamers, he pulled up another twelve miles, when suddenly he found himself in the midst of a large city, with a fleet of war-junks before him, one of large size and richly adorned, while a battery frowned down on the invaders. It was not a moment for hesitation. Every gun and musket was discharged at the enemy ahead, and then, with a cheer, the British seamen dashed alongside the big junk. As they climbed up the side the Chinese sprang on shore, and immediately a hot fire from jingalls was opened on the boarders. The marines at the same time were landed from the other boats, and forming prepared to charge the enemy. As they were about to do so, flames burst out from the houses near the big junk. "To the boats! to the boats!" was the cry of the officers on board her. It was discovered that a quantity of powder had been left in her, and that a train was laid from her to the shore. Not a moment was to be lost. Her captors sprang into their boats; the crew of the last, a pinnace, were leaping from her sides, when up she went, with a loud explosion. Several of the seamen were singed, if not more seriously hurt. The other twelve junks were immediately set on fire, while the gallant marines charged down the streets, and put all the jingall firers to flight. No work could have been accomplished more effectually, though at severe loss, for one man in ten at least had been hit. The surgeons having attended to the hurts of the men, the boats' heads were once more turned down the



creek. The crews had fitted them, from the captured junks, with an extraordinary variety of sails,—some of matting, others of coloured cloths, and any material which could be stretched on spars and hold wind. In this guise they returned to the steamers. The town thus unexpectedly entered was found to be Tunkoon.

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#### BATTLE OF FATSHAN.

To the south of Canton, one of the numerous creeks of that river runs up to the city of Fatshan. Some considerable distance up this creek, and nearly south of Canton, is the long, low island called Hyacinth Island, making the channels very narrow. On the south shore of the creek is a high hill. On the summit of this hill the Chinese had formed a strong fort of nineteen guns. A six-gun battery was erected opposite it, and seventy junks were moored, so as to command the passage. The Chinese fully believed that this position was impregnable. The British squadron had rendezvoused a short distance below this formidable obstruction of the navigation. The Admiral was on board the little 'Coromandel' steamer, and before dawn on the 1st of June he led the way up the channel, towing a whole flotilla of boats, with 300 soldiers on board them. The other steamers followed, all towing boats with red and blue-jackets on board. The 'Coromandel' was steaming up the left-hand channel, when she ran on to a line of junks which had been sunk across the passage. The Admiral had wisely chosen the time of dead low-water to commence the ascent. Lieutenant Douglas leaped into a dingy, and sounded on all sides. A passage was

found close in shore; but the little steamer could not get off, and a heavy fire was opened on her from the nineteen-gun battery. In vain her crew ran from side to side to start her. Several were struck. The boats had been cast off, and landed the troops. Now Commodore Keppel came up in the 'Hong-Kong,' and obtained leave to proceed through the channel Mr Douglas had discovered. The 'Haughty,' with boats in tow, 'Bustard,' and 'Forester' followed. 'Plover' stuck on the barrier; but 'Opossum,' casting off her boats, dashed up the right-hand channel. Now boats of all descriptions raced up, each eager to be first, many a brave fellow being picked off as they passed through the showers of shot hurled on them from the Chinese batteries. The Chinese were showing themselves to be of sterner stuff than many had supposed. The garrison of the hill battery fought bravely.

Meantime the troops were climbing the heights, the Admiral had landed, and so had Commodore Elliot, and many other naval officers, leading their blue-jackets. As the stormers got within fifty yards of the summit, the garrison fired a volley, and then retreated down the hill; nor could the fire of the marines, who had gained the fort, make them run. The fort gained, the naval officers hurried down to their boats and pulled up towards the junks, which, as the flotilla advanced, opened a heavy fire. As the boats dashed alongside, the Chinamen invariably discharged a round of grape, but generally too high to do damage; and the seamen boarding under it, they leaped overboard and swam on shore. Then junk after junk was set on fire and blown up. It being low tide, they were nearly all on shore, and could not escape. The 'Haughty' ran stem on

into one, and crumpled her up as if she had been paper. Thus seventy-two were either burnt or captured. Heavy firing was heard in the distance. Commodore Keppel had meantime gone up through the right-hand channel. His own steamer grounded, and so did the 'Plover;' and he therefore, with seven boats of 'Calcutta,' 'Bittern,' and 'Niger,' pulled on under the fire of the six-gun battery, and boarded a big junk, which, when the boats were scarcely free of her, blew up. On he went, right through the junks, till he came to an island causing two narrow channels. One was thickly staked. Across the other were moored twenty large junks, their guns so placed that they could sweep both channels. In vain the Commodore attempted to dash through with his galley. Three boom-boats following took the ground. Grape, canister, and round-shot came tearing among them. Numbers were struck. Major Kearney, a volunteer, was torn to pieces; Barker, a midshipman of 'Tribune,' was mortally wounded; the Commodore's coxswain was killed, and every man of his crew was struck. A shot came in right amidships, cut one man in two, and took off the hand of another. Lieutenant Prince Victor of Hohenlohe was leaning forward to bind up with his neckcloth the arm of the seaman whose hand had been taken off, when a round-shot passed between his head and that of the Commodore, wounding two more of the crew. Had he been sitting in his place, it would have taken off his head. The boat, almost knocked to pieces, was filling with water. The Commodore jumped on one of the seats, to keep his legs out of the water, when a third round-shot went through both sides of the boat, not more than an inch below the seat on which he was

standing. Many of the boats had now got huddled together, the oars of most being shot away. A boat of the 'Calcutta' being nearest, Commodore Keppel and his officers got in, hauling all the wounded men after them. The Commodore had a dog with him, 'Mike' by name, and the animal having been a favourite of the coxswain, Tolhurst, and always fed by him, refused to leave his dead body, and remained in the wreck of the boat drifting up towards the junks. It became absolutely necessary to retire for reinforcements. As the boats began to pull down the stream towards the 'Hong-Kong,' the Chinese in triumph redoubled their fire, setting up loud shouts and strange cries, and beating their gongs with increased vigour. One shot knocked away all the oars on one side of the 'Calcutta's' boat. The Commodore had just directed Lieutenant Graham to get his boat, the pinnace, ready for his pendant, as he would lead the next attack in her, when a shot wounded Mr Graham, killing and wounding four others, and disabled the boat. Mr Graham appeared to be a mass of blood, but it was that of a marine who stood next to him, and part of whose skull was forced three inches into another man's shoulder. The 'Hong-Kong,' supported by the 'Starling,' was meantime throwing shot and shell among the Chinamen, to which they responded with considerable vigour.

At length the deck of the 'Hong-Kong' was reached. Her deck was covered with the wounded who had been brought on board; but the whole fire of the Chinese was now concentrated on her, and she was hulled twelve times in a few minutes. One shot struck a marine standing near the wounded, and he fell dead



among them. The sound of the firing had, however, brought up numerous other boats. "The Commodore had got a piece of blue bunting ready to represent his broad pendant. 'Let us try the rowboats once more, boys,' he shouted, as he jumped into the 'Raleigh's' cutter. A true British seaman's shout was the answer to the proposal, and a sign that it was all up with John Chinaman. He might sink twenty boats, but thirty others would be ready to follow. On dashed the British boats. The Chinese did not wait their coming, but, cutting their cables, with oars and sails attempted to escape; still, however, keeping up a hot fire, and retiring in good order. Again three cheers rose from the British boats, and the chase commenced, not to end for seven miles. As the shot and shells from the English guns began to play on the junks, they ran on shore, the terrified crews leaping out and escaping. Junk after junk was captured, but some eight remained. Suddenly entering a fresh reach, the pursuers close astern of the pursued, the British found themselves almost in the middle of a large city, Fatshan itself, with shops and other houses lining the quays, and trading-junks along the banks. Five of the junks were headed, abandoned and captured; three escaped, and they would have been farther pursued, had not a large body of troops—militia probably—turned out to repel the invaders. The Commodore instantly landed his marines, who, firing a volley, made ready to charge. The Chinese braves not liking their aspect, went about, and marched double-quick time into the town, where they could not be seen. Commodore Keppel proposed landing and fortifying himself in the city, and demanding a ransom; but a message from the Admiral re-

called him, and he had to give up his daring scheme. Most unwillingly he obeyed the mandate; and having secured five junks, he towed them out astern of his flotilla, promising the Chinese that he would pay them another visit before long. As he went down the river, a dog was seen on the shore, and, plunging into the stream, the animal swam off to his boat. It was his faithful 'Mike,' who had escaped the shower of shot and shell and the hungry Chinese, and now recognised the boat of his master.

Of the fleet of war-junks captured, only five were saved from destruction; and for some time during the night they were burning away, sending their shot right and left, and occasionally blowing up.

The British lost in killed and wounded during these two engagements eighty-four men, proving that the Chinese were no contemptible opponents after all.

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#### CAPTURE OF CANTON.

29TH DECEMBER.

ALTHOUGH the capture of Canton may be looked upon as a military exploit, the blue-jackets took so large a share in it that it must not be passed over.

The British had now been joined by a considerable French force; and the united squadron having proceeded up the river, the troops prepared to land at Kupar Creek, on the north shore, just to the east of Napier's Island, on the 28th December. The 'Actæon,' 'Phlegethon,' and a squadron of English gun-boats, followed by the French fleet, had in the meantime

gone on, and anchored directly facing the city, opposing a line of forts along the banks of the river.

A naval brigade was formed under the command of Commodore Elliot, consisting of 1501 men, formed in three divisions; the first under Captain Stuart, second under Captain Key, and third under Captain Sir R. M'Cluré, who landed with the troops. At a signal given, the steamers and gunboats opened fire on the devoted city, and immediately the landing commenced. The fleet gave ample occupation to the Chinese, and drew off their attention from the land forces. These now landed, and while the fleet continued their slow and steady bombardment, marched to the capture of Lin's Fort, a powerful battery on a hill to the east of the town. The British Naval Brigade entered a village to the right, and from thence clambered up the height to storm the fort; but as they rushed in, the Chinese rushed out and down the hill, while the blue-jackets in hot haste made chase after them, led by Captains M'Clure and Osborn. On they went, rifle, cutlass, and bayonet pitted against jingalls and rockets. Meantime Lin's Fort blew up. While reconnoitring the walls to discover a suitable spot for placing the ladders, the much esteemed and excellent Captain Bate was shot dead. Early on the morning of the 29th, the signal for the assault was given. The English and French troops rushed on most gallantly to the attack. Of the blue-jackets, Commander Fellowes was the first on the walls, from which, after a stout resistance, the Chinese were driven into the town, which, after a week, was occupied by the Allies.

The fleet, with the army on board, now proceeded to Teintsin, preparatory to an attack on Peking. The

naval officers obtained deserved credit for the admirable way in which so large a fleet of eighty ships or more, including men-of-war and transports, was navigated, and for the perfect order and regularity with which the army was landed. An account of the operations against Peking, which were of a military character will be found among the exploits of Old England's red-coats.



## SPIRITED AND GALLANT EXPLOITS.

LIVES PRESERVED BY NAVAL MEN.



HEROISM OF LIEUTENANT CHRISTOPHER, AND PRESENCE  
OF MIND OF JAMES MILES.

THE following account was given me verbally by Captain Castle, R.N. :—

“In the year 1837, I commanded H.M.S. ‘Pylades,’ on the East India station. We were on our return home, by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, when, on the 8th May of that year, we were off Cape L’Agullus. It was blowing a heavy gale of wind, with a tremendous sea running, such a sea as one rarely meets with anywhere but off the Cape; when, just at nightfall, as we were taking another reef in the top-sails, a fine young seaman, a mizen-topman, James Miles by name, fell from the mizen-topsail-yard, and away he went overboard. In his descent he came across the chain-span of the weather-quarter davits, and with such force that he actually broke it. I could scarcely have supposed that he would have escaped being killed in his fall; but as the ship flew away from him, he was seen rising on the crest of a foaming wave, apparently unhurt. The life-buoy was let go as soon as possible, but by that time the ship had already got

a considerable distance from him; and should he be able to reach it, even then I felt that the prospect of saving him was small indeed, as I had no hope, should we find him, of being able to pick him out of that troubled sea; and I could scarcely expect that even a boat could swim to go to his rescue, should I determine to lower one. I was very doubtful as to what was my duty. I might, by allowing a boat to be lowered, sacrifice the lives of the officer and crew who would, I was very certain, at all events volunteer to man her. It was a moment of intense anxiety. I instantly, however, wore the ship round; and while we stood towards the spot, as far as we could guess, where the poor fellow had fallen, the thoughts I have mentioned passed through my mind. The sad loss of the gallant Lieutenant Gore, and a whole boat's crew, a short time before, about the same locality, was present to my thoughts. To add to the chances of our not finding the man, it was now growing rapidly dusk. As we reached the spot, every eye on board was straining through the gloom to discern the object of our search, but neither Miles nor the life-buoy were to be seen. Still, I could not bring myself to leave him to one of the most dreadful of fates. He was a good swimmer, and those who knew him best asserted that he would swim to the last. For my part, I almost hoped that the poor fellow had been stunned, and would thus have sunk at once, and been saved the agony of despair he must be feeling were he still alive. Of one thing I felt sure, from the course we had steered, that we were close to the spot where he had fallen. Anxiously we waited—minute after minute passed by—still no sound was heard; not a speck could be seen to indi-

cate his position. At least half an hour had passed by. The strongest man alive could not support himself in such a sea as this for so long, I feared. Miles must long before this have sunk, unless he could have got hold of the life-buoy, and of that I had no hope. I looked at my watch by the light of the binnacle-lamp. 'It is hopeless,' I thought; 'we must give the poor fellow up.' When I had come to this melancholy resolve, I issued the orders for wearing ship in somewhat a louder voice than usual, as under the circumstances was natural, to stifle my own feelings. Just then I thought I heard a human voice borne down upon the gale. I listened: it was, I feared, but the effect of imagination; yet I waited a moment. Again the voice struck my ear, and this time several of the ship's company heard it. 'There he is, sir! There he is, away to windward,' exclaimed several voices; and then in return they uttered a loud hearty cheer, to keep up the spirits of the poor fellow. Now came the most trying moment; I must decide whether I would allow a boat to be lowered. 'If I refuse,' I felt, 'my crew will say that I am careless of their lives. It is not their nature to calculate the risk they themselves must run.' At once, Mr Christopher, one of my lieutenants, nobly volunteered to make the attempt, and numbers of the crew came forward anxious to accompany him. At last, anxiety to save a drowning man prevailed over prudence, and I sanctioned the attempt.

"The boat, with Mr Christopher and a picked crew, was lowered, not without great difficulty, and, sad to say, with the loss of one of the brave fellows. He was the bowman; and as he stood up with his boat-

hook in his hand to shove off, the boat gave a terrific pitch and sent him over the bow. He must have struck his head against the side of the ship, for he went down instantly, and was no more seen. Thus, in the endeavour to save the life of one man, another was already sent to his long account. With sad forebodings for the fate of the rest of the gallant fellows, I saw the boat leave the ship's side. Away she pulled into the darkness where she was no longer visible; and a heavy pull I knew she must have of it in that terrible sea, even if she escaped destruction. It was one of the most trying times of my life. We waited in suspense for the return of the boat; the minutes, seeming like hours, passed slowly by, and she did not appear. I began at length to dread that my fears would be realized, and that we should not again see her, when, after half an hour had elapsed after she had left the ship's side on the mission of mercy, a cheer from her gallant crew announced her approach with the success of their bold enterprise. My anxiety was not, however, entirely relieved till the falls were hooked on, and she and all her crew were hoisted on board, with the rescued man Miles. To my surprise I found that he was perfectly naked. As he came up the side, also, he required not the slightest assistance, but dived below, at once to dry himself and to get out of the cold. I instantly ordered him to his hammock, and, with the doctor's permission, sent him a stiff glass of grog. I resolved also to relieve him from duty, believing that his nervous system would have received a shock from which it would take long to recover. After I had put the ship once more on her course, being anxious to hear the particulars of his escape, as soon as I heard



that he was safely stowed away between the blankets, I went below to see him. His voice was as strong as ever ; his pulse beat as regularly, and his nerves seemed as strong as usual. After pointing out to him how grateful he should feel to our Almighty Father for his preservation from an early and dreadful death, I begged him to tell me how he had contrived to keep himself so long afloat. He replied to me in the following words :—‘ Why, sir, you see as soon as I came up again, after I had first struck the water, I looked out for the ship, and getting sight of her running away from me, I remembered how it happened I was there, and knew there would be no use swimming after her or singing out. Then, sir, I felt very certain you would not let me drown without an attempt to pick me up, and that there were plenty of fine fellows on board who would be anxious to man a boat to come to my assistance, if you thought a boat could swim. Then, thinks I to myself, a man can die but once, and if it’s my turn to-day, why there’s no help for it. Yet I didn’t think all the time that I was likely to lose the number of my mess, do ye see, sir. The next thought that came to me was, If I am to drown, it’s as well to drown without clothes as with them ; and if I get them off, why there’s a better chance of my keeping afloat till a boat can be lowered to pick me up ; so I kicked off my shoes, and then I got off my jacket, and then waiting till I could get hold of the two legs at once, I drew off my trousers in a moment. My shirt was soon off me, but I took care to roll up the tails so as not to get them over my face. As I rose on the top of a sea, I caught sight of the ship as you wore her round here, and that gave me

courage, for I felt I was not to be deserted; indeed, I had no fear of that. Then I knew that there would be no use swimming: so all I did was to throw myself on my back and float till you came up to me. I thought the time was somewhat long, I own. When the ship got back, I saw her hove-to away down to leeward, but I did not like to sing out for fear of tiring myself, and thought you would not hear me; and I fancied also that a boat would at once have been lowered to come and look for me. Well, sir, I waited, thinking the time was very long, and hearing no sound, yet still I could see the ship hove-to, and you may be sure I did not take my eyes from off her; when at last I heard your voice give the order to wear ship again. Then thinks I to myself, "Now or never's the time to sing out." And raising myself as high as I could out of the water, I sang out at the top of my voice. There was a silence on board, but no answer, and I did begin to feel that there was a chance of being lost after all. "Never give in, though," thinks I; so I sung out again as loud you may be sure as I could sing. This time the answering cheers of my shipmates gave me fresh spirits; but still I knew full well that I wasn't safe on board yet. If I had wanted to swim, there was too much sea on to make any way; so I kept floating on my back as before, just keeping an eye to leeward to see if a boat was coming to pick me up. Well, sir, when the boat did come at last, with Mr Christopher and the rest in her, I felt strong and hearty, and was well able to help myself on board. I now can scarcely fancy I was so long in the water.' I was much struck with the extraordinary coolness of Miles. He afterwards had another escape, which was

owing less to his own self-possession, though he took it as coolly as the first. On our passage home the ship was running with a lightish breeze, and almost calm sea, across the Bay of Biscay, when Miles was sent on the fore-top-gallant-yard. By some carelessness he fell completely over the yard, and those aloft expected to see him dashed to pieces on the forecastle. Instead of that, the foresail at that moment swelled out with a sudden breeze, and striking the bulge of the sail, he was sent forward clear of the bows and hove into the water. A rope was towing overboard. He caught hold of it, and hauling himself on board, was again aloft within a couple of minutes attending to his duty, which had so suddenly been interrupted. On his arrival in England, Lieutenant Christopher received the Honorary Silver Medal from the Royal Humane Society for his gallant conduct on the occasion of saving Miles's life."

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DEVOTED HEROISM AND COURAGE OF MESSRS SMITH  
AND PALMES OF H.M.S. 'SERINGAPATAM.'

1838.

H.M.S. 'Seringapatam,' Captain Leith, was lying off the island of Antigua in August 1838, when on Sunday, the 26th of that month, eight of her officers, three of whom were youngsters, and all belonging to the midshipmen's berth, with a gentleman, a resident in the island, and two seamen, started away from the ship in the pinnace on a cruise. Their intention was to go down to Falmouth Bay, situated about two miles to leeward of English Harbour, where the ship was, and to beat back. The afternoon was very fine, and every-

thing seemed to promise them a pleasant excursion. Having spent a short time in Falmouth Harbour, they hauled their wind, and made three or four tacks on their way back to the ship. The boat, however, made little or nothing to windward, in consequence of the wind being very light. Forgetful of the sudden squalls which visit those latitudes, the merry party of young officers seemed to have kept but a bad look-out to windward; for while standing-in on the starboard tack the boat was taken by a sudden squall. The helm was put down; but the boat not coming up to the wind so as to lift the sails, she was capsized under every stitch of canvas. She, however, went over so gradually, that all hands had time to creep to windward, and seat themselves on the gunwale. The sails prevented her from turning bottom up, and at the same time protected them, in some measure, from the breaking of the sea. What seems very extraordinary is, that not one of the party, officers or seamen, had a knife in his pocket, so that they had no means of cutting away the rigging and righting the boat. As soon as they had settled themselves on the side of the boat, they had time to look about them and to consider their perilous position. They were fully two miles from the shore, whence it was scarcely possible any one should have observed the accident, and they were an equal distance or more from the ship; thus the current might carry them far away before any one could come to their assistance. A sea might get up and wash them off the wreck, or sharks might attack and devour them, for the boat's gunwale was only six inches awash. Not a sail was in sight, and all felt convinced that if some unforeseen assistance



did not come to their aid they must perish. Despair was well-nigh taking possession of the bosoms of all the party. Silent and melancholy, they sat on the wreck, meditating on their fate. All were young. Life, with all its fancied charms and anticipated pleasure, had a few short moments previously been before them; and now, death, in all its terrors—slow, lingering, and agonizing—stared them in the face. One only of the whole party was a good swimmer, Mr W. R. Smith, and he was a very bold and strong one. He looked at the shore: two miles was a long distance to swim, with a full consciousness, too, that those waters swarm with those terrific monsters of the deep, the seaman's just dread—the hideous shark. “Well,” said Smith, at last, looking wistfully at the distant shore, “I feel I ought to try, as it is the only chance of saving all hands; and I think I could have managed it if I had had but a companion; but it's a long way to go alone through the silent water.” “If that is your only reason, Smith, why I will try and keep you company,” said Palmes, another midshipman, who had hitherto sat silent, not complaining like some of the rest. “I am not much of a swimmer, and I don't feel as if I could ever get to shore. However, it's a good cause, and I'll do my best.” Thus it was speedily settled, for there was no time to be lost. The two noble adventurers having bid farewell to their shipmates, whom Palmes, at all events, never expected to see again, threw off their jackets and shoes, and struck away together from the wreck. The prayers of those they left behind followed them, for the safety of all depended on their success. Smith swam steadily and strongly, and Palmes made amends for his want of strength and skill by his

courage and spirit. Still, before they got half-way to the shore, the courage of one of them was to be sorely tried. As Smith swam along he felt his legs strike against something, and, looking down into the clear water, he saw, to his horror, two enormous sharks swimming past him. As yet they had not noticed him; and fortunate was it for both of the brave fellows that they had kept on their trousers and socks, for had the monsters seen the white flesh of their naked feet, they would to a certainty have fixed on them as their prey. With admirable presence of mind, Smith kept this dreadful fact to himself, lest the knowledge of it should still further unnerve his companion, who already was almost exhausted by his exertions. At this time they were still full a mile from the shore, which, to their anxious eyes, appeared still farther off. "Smith, my dear fellow," exclaimed Palmes, "I can swim no farther. Do you push on, and leave me to my fate." "Not I, my lad," answered Smith. "Cheer up, man; we'll yet do well. Here, rest on me for a time; but don't cease striking out." Suiting the action to the word, he came alongside and supported his companion; but he did not tell him why he urged him to keep striking out. Again they struck out together, and Palmes seemed somewhat recovered; but once more his strength forsook him, and he fancied himself incapable of proceeding. Still Smith did not lose courage; but he saw the necessity of keeping their limbs moving, lest the dreadful sharks should be tempted to lay hold of them. Palmes had fully as much moral courage as his companion, but he was his inferior in physical strength; yet, feeling that not only his own life and that of Smith, but that of the nine fellow-creatures

remaining on the wreck, depended on their reaching the shore, nerved him to further exertions.

Those only who have swam for their lives when the arms have begun to ache, the knees refuse to bend, and the breath grows short, can tell the feelings of the two gallant young men, but more especially those of the brave Palmes. Spurred on by Smith each time that he grew faint and weary, he nerved himself for fresh exertions. At last, as they strained their eyes ahead, the shore seemed to come nearer and nearer. They could distinguish the sandy beach, and the green herbage beyond. On a sudden, before even he expected it, Smith felt his foot touch the shore. With a joyful exclamation of thankfulness, he grasped Palmes by the hand, and aided him to wade on to the dry land. No sooner had they emerged from the water, than, overcome with fatigue, poor Palmes sank down on the beach, where he lay for some time unable to move. We fain would believe, nay, we are certain, that they both offered up in their hearts a silent thanksgiving to the Great Being who had thus mercifully preserved them from the perils of the deep. But the gallant Smith, while rejoicing in his own preservation and that of his friend, did not forget the comrades he had left floating on the wreck. As soon as he had recovered sufficient strength to move, he hurried off to the nearest habitation, to give information of the accident, and to procure a boat to go to their assistance. Already much time had been lost. It was half-past four when the accident occurred, and they had been two hours in reaching the shore, so that darkness was now rapidly approaching, which, of course, would increase the difficulty of finding the wreck. The instant Palmes found



he could move, he also got up, and went in search of a boat. He procured one, with a crew to man it, while Smith took charge of another; and they instantly started in search of their shipmates. Meantime information of the sad accident had been conveyed on board the 'Seringapatam.' The kind heart of the captain was much grieved when he heard of it, for he could not but fear that the remainder of the party had perished. From him downwards to the smallest boy in the ship, everybody was most painfully anxious about them. He instantly despatched boats in all directions to search for the missing party. All sorts of reports were flying about on board; and as sharks were known to abound, it was feared by the seamen that they might have destroyed their young shipmates. The night also became very bad; the wind rose, and threatened to increase; the sea got up with it, thick clouds collected, and the white-topped waves added to the gloominess of the night, while the rain came down in torrents, and the lightning burst forth in sharp and vivid flashes, increasing the dangers to be apprehended. The boats of the 'Seringapatam' took different directions, each officer commanding shaping the course he thought most likely to bring him up to the wreck. Some of the searching boats went in a wrong direction altogether, being misled by a pilot as to the direction the current took. Hour after hour passed by, and no sign of the wreck was perceived; and both those on board, and many of those in the boats, began to despair of success. As they looked out through the darkness they fancied they could hear the voices of their shipmates at a distance imploring aid, or that they saw their figures in the boat amid the surrounding gloom. We shall, however,



follow the 'Seringapatam's' barge, commanded by her gunner. He knew the set of the current; and, as soon as he shoved off from the ship's side, he ran directly down to leeward along the coast, at the distance he understood the boat had been capsized; he being thus better able to calculate the direction in which she would have drifted. His purpose was then to beat back again; thus entirely covering the ground where the wreck must be. On his way down he fell in with the shore-boat, commanded by Mr Smith, who, at once approving of his plan, joined him in the search. By their calculations, the boat would have drifted some five or six miles to leeward, and would be drawn rather off shore. They were right; and about the very place where they expected, she was discerned still floating as Smith had left her. With anxious hearts they pulled up to her. Five only of the nine were seen still clinging to her. The other four had too probably given themselves up to despair. The crew of the barge cheered, and were answered with a faint hail from those they had come to save, almost sinking from exhaustion. "Where are the rest?" exclaimed Smith, as he saw their diminished numbers. "Only a short distance in-shore of us," was the answer. "They have not left the wreck five minutes." "Alas! but in those five minutes the poor fellows may have sunk fathoms down, or been grasped by the jaws of the hungry sharks," thought Smith, as he instantly pulled away in the direction indicated.

His four shipmates were found not far apart, each of them lashed to an oar, and striking out as well as they could for the shore; but, strange to say, only one of them could swim at all.

It was then past nine o'clock, making nearly five hours that the poor fellows had held on to the boat, with all the horrors of death staring them in the face; for of course they were not aware that Smith and Palmes had reached the shore, and, indeed, had begun to fear that they were already numbered with the dead. Their pleasure—and, we believe, their gratitude—was increased when they discovered that both had escaped, and had been the means under Providence of preserving their lives.

Their sufferings had been very great: when the storm came on, they expected every moment to be washed from the wreck; and, to add to their horrors, a shark had been for most of the time lying between the masts of the pinnace, his fiery eyes glaring up at them, and watching them, as about soon to become his prey. Had it not, indeed, been for Smith's coolness and skill as a swimmer, and for the generous daring of Palmes, in all human probability every soul must have perished. The circumstances we have narrated having been represented to the Royal Humane Society, the silver medallion of the Society, with a complimentary letter, was sent out, and presented on the quarter-deck of the 'Seringapatam,' by Captain Leith, to each of the two young officers, in the presence of the whole ship's company; a suitable and gratifying reward for their gallantry, in addition to that their own consciences could not fail to afford.

A SECOND ACT OF GALLANTRY RECORDED OF MR W. R.  
SMITH.

SOME years after the events I have just described, Mr W. R. Smith having reached the rank of lieutenant, belonged to H.M.S. 'Endymion.' On the 4th of February 1847, she was at anchor off Sacraficios Island, near Vera Cruz. The night of the 4th was excessively dark, and a strong current was running past the ship, when Mr West, mate, slipped his foot from the gangway, and fell into the sea, striking his head against the ship's side. On the cry of "A man overboard!" which was instantly raised, Lieutenant W. R. Smith and others rushed on deck; but, owing to the excessive darkness and the strong current, no object could at first be seen floating: at length, some white substance was perceived at a distance, when Lieutenant Smith immediately plunged into the water, and struck rapidly out towards it. On reaching the object, he found it to be Mr West, who was lying quite motionless, though, from his head sinking under water, he would speedily have been deprived of life. Lieutenant Smith at once raised his head above water, and kept him floating until, by repeatedly calling, he attracted a boat to his assistance, when he and his companion were carried on board. The crew were thickly clustering on the rigging to see them return, and from among them another man missed his footing and fell overboard from the main-chains. Mr Smith, who saw the accident, not knowing whether the man could swim, instantly plunged in again to his assistance, but found, on reaching him, that he was perfectly able to keep himself afloat till the boat could arrive to pick him up.

ACCOUNT OF RESCUE OF BOAT'S CREW OF H.M.S. 'WOLVERINE' BY LIEUTENANT ARTHUR BURRARD KINGSTON, R.N.\*

16TH JANUARY 1840.

ALSO OF HIS SAVING THE LIFE OF A BOY OF H.M.S.  
'SARACEN.'

13TH MARCH 1840.

H.M.S. 'WOLVERINE' formed one of the African squadron, and was commanded by the brave and kind Commander Tucker. She had been cruising off the coast, when, on the 15th of January 1840, she anchored off the River Brass, or St John, one of the mouths of the far-famed and mysterious Niger. Captain Tucker had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the coast, as well as with the modes of proceeding of the slave-dealers and of the slavers, and he was thus enabled to capture a very large number of vessels, though, with single-minded purpose, as his object was to stop the slave-trade, he endeavoured to take them before they got their slaves on board. Soon after the brig had brought up, about four miles from the shore, Captain Tucker ordered the boats to be hoisted out, and to be fitted for service during an absence of three days. While this work was going forward, a canoe was observed paddling off from the shore towards the ship. On her coming alongside, she was proved to contain two natives of great consequence, it seemed, judging from their costume—that is to say, if scarlet dresses, or rather wrappers, round the loins, and ornamented caps, might be admitted as tests of rank. They came

\* Now a retired Commander.



up the side without hesitation; and after some cross-questioning, they informed Captain Tucker that they had seen a fine schooner, under American colours, up the river Nun, and that from her appearance and movements there could be no doubt that she was a slaver. The promise of a reward induced them, with negro eagerness, to undertake all Captain Tucker proposed, to act as spies, and to bring further information about the vessel, and then to perform the part of pilots in conducting her, when captured, down the river. This information, which it was hoped was correct, hurried the departure of the boats. Lieutenant Dumaresq took charge of the pinnace, as commanding-officer of the expedition; Mr Arthur B. Kingston, then a mate, had the cutter; and Mr Thorburn, another mate of the 'Wolverine,' went in the gig. Water, provisions, and arms having been placed in the boats, and all being ready, they shoved off from the ship at half-past ten in the morning.

Lieutenant Dumaresq had one of the black pilots in his boat, and Mr Kingston had the other with him. Sometimes sailing when there was a breeze, and at others, when it fell light, the crews, eager for work of some sort, pulling away with a will, they soon reached the mouth of the River Brass. The river is here pretty broad; its banks, as far as the eye can reach, covered with tall mangroves, their dark foliage imparting a sombre and almost funereal aspect to the scenery. After the boats had pulled about ten miles up the Brass, they reached a sort of natural canal, which connects the Brass with the Nun. After they had passed through this, and had entered the Nun, they hove-to for dinner—a meal not at all unwelcome after

their long pull. When the crews were refreshed, they again bent to their oars, and proceeded about thirty miles up the Nun. Darkness now rapidly came on, and they were no longer able to see ahead, nor had they been able to discover anything of their looked-for prize. On questioning their black volunteer pilots, the worthy gentlemen seemed very uncertain, not only whether the slaver had sailed, but where she had been, and where they then were. One declared that they had come much higher up than where she was last seen, and that she had probably been sheltered from their observation in one of the numerous creeks which run through the banks of the river. In this dilemma a council of war was held ; and at first it was proposed to retrace their steps, till the elder of the black pilots offered to take a small canoe they had with them higher up the river, to ascertain whether or not the slaver was there. This proposal being agreed to by Lieutenant Dumaesq, the two negroes pulled away, and were soon lost in the darkness, not without some slight misgivings as to whether or not they would ever return. However, to pass the time during the absence of the negroes, they piped to supper. A small portion only of the ship's biscuit and salt pork had been discussed, and a glass of grog had just been served out all round, when the canoe was seen gliding at full speed out of the darkness, the dip of her paddles just breaking the stillness of the night. "Well, my man, any news of the slaver?" asked the lieutenant in an eager whisper, for the return of the canoe gave him hopes that a prize was at hand. "Ship live there," answered the elder black, in the clear and distinct tones in which his race can speak, but still only in a whisper. No sooner was this announcement made

than the oars were got out simultaneously, and at a word from Lieutenant Dumaresq, the boats went ahead like magic. Not a word except the necessary ones of command was uttered. Every one knew the importance of silence. The three boats, urged on by their eager crews, advanced all abreast at full speed. Ten minutes, or little more, were sufficient to show the dark outline of a schooner, masts and spars relieved against the starry sky. Silent as the grave, the boats pulled on—their oars so carefully dipped, that scarcely a splash was heard. Those on board the schooner slept, or seemed to sleep, for not a sound was heard from her decks. A slaver's crew, however, conscious of the risks they are running in their nefarious traffic, are seldom off their guard, and the British seamen were fully prepared for a reception with a shower of grape and musketry. Yet, without a thought of the consequences, on getting close to her, on they dashed with a cheer, and in another instant were alongside and scrambling up her sides. So unexpected had been their attack, that not an attempt at resistance was made; and, to the no small delight of Lieutenant Dumaresq and his followers, they found themselves in possession of a fine little schooner, which proved to be the 'Lark,' with a crew of no less than thirty Spaniards. They were first all properly secured and sent down below, with orders to behave themselves, and a hint that, if they did not, it would be the worse for them.

A slaver's crew have a right, it is understood, to try and retake their vessel without being treated as pirates, and hung in case they do not succeed, or are afterwards captured; so it becomes necessary to keep a very sharp look-out after them. Her papers were



at the same time secured, and, on her circumstances being investigated, not a doubt remained as to her character.

Bending sails, and getting all ready for an early start, occupied some time, when the watch being set, with strict orders to keep a wakeful eye on the prisoners, the rest of the party lay down on the sails, and were soon sound asleep.

At early dawn all hands were roused up, and the schooner was very soon got under weigh. There was little or no wind to fill her sails, so the boats' crews had to tow her down the river, hoping to find a breeze as they got near the mouth of the river to take her out. Nine miles of their distance had been thus accomplished, when, at about seven o'clock, as she was passing through a long reach of the River Nun, a sail hove in sight, which was soon discovered to be a rakish two-topsail schooner. She stood boldly on up the river towards the barracoons, either not observing the little 'Lark,' or at all events not suspecting into whose hands she had fallen. Lieutenant Dumaresq on this instantly ordered the man-of-war boats to be hauled up alongside of the schooner on the opposite side to that on which the stranger was, so that she should not observe them, and, by taking fright, endeavour to make her escape. At the same time the pin-nace and gig were manned, and held in readiness (the crews being well armed) to board the schooner, Mr Kingston receiving orders to remain in charge of the 'Lark,' with the cutter's crew. On slowly came the stranger, the light wind only just enabling her to stem the current. She seemed totally unconscious of the neighbourhood of her enemies. On a sudden something



seemed to awaken her suspicions; and Lieutenant Dumaresq, judging that the best time had arrived for taking possession, shoved off and pulled towards her as fast as the crews could lay their backs to the oars. Mr Kingston meantime was left in command of the 'Lark,' with the cutter's crew; Mr Thorburn accompanying their leader. Away went the boats. The stranger now, for the first time, was aware of her danger, or rather certainty of capture, unless she could blow the approaching boats out of the water; but of attempting to do so with any chance of success, she could have had but slight hopes, as she saw that the 'Lark' was in the hands of her enemies, and she could not tell how many people might be remaining on board, to avenge the destruction of their comrades. Still, slavers, when they have seen a chance of success, have often fought desperately; and the cutter's crew on board the 'Lark' watched with deep interest the approach of the two boats to the big schooner, not knowing what moment she might open her fire on them; but the slaver's crew had not even the brute-like courage to induce them to fight in defence of their accursed calling, and, without firing a shot, they allowed the two boats to come alongside. Once with their boat-hooks having a firm hold of the slaver's chains, the British seamen very quickly scrambled on board. The crew, who were chiefly Spaniards, made no opposition, nor did a number of other people, who, dressed in shore-going clothes, announced themselves as passengers. There was certainly a wonderfully sea-going look about them, though they all seemed very anxious to leave the vessel as fast as possible. Now, as the consequences of detaining people against their will are

often very disagreeable, Lieutenant Dumaresq, whatever might have been his suspicions, thought it best to allow the gentlemen to take their departure. It was afterwards discovered that the fellows, who were all of them belonging to the slaver's crew, took on shore a very considerable number of doubloons, which form in general the most valuable portion of a prize, unless she has her cargo of slaves on board; the slave-vessel herself and her stores rarely sell for much. What was called head-money has of late years been reduced to one-fourth of what it was formerly. The new prize proved to be the 'Asp,' a fit name for a slaver, though she was now effectually deprived of her sting. As soon as she was thoroughly overhauled, and all her forthcoming papers secured, the Spanish crew were sent below, and the man-of-war's boats began towing the two schooners down the river. It was laborious work, after the incessant labour for so many hours the men had gone through; but a prize tows easily, and the gallant fellows cheerfully bent to their oars. Thus the two vessels proceeded on rapidly between the mangrove-covered banks of the river. By five P.M. the entrance of the Nun appeared in sight, and preparations were instantly made for crossing the bar,—I must rather say, bars, for there are three, one within the other, at some distance apart; and over them, when the current sets out and the wind blows in, the sea breaks with great violence, so that, under those circumstances, the crossing them, even in a decked vessel, is a work of very considerable danger. On this occasion appearances were far from favourable: the wind was foul, and blowing very strong; a heavy sea was breaking over the bars—its incessant roar seeming like a warning not

to venture into its power ; while evening was rapidly closing in, the coming darkness threatening to increase the difficulties to be encountered. Still Mr Dumaresq was unwilling to expose his followers to the baneful atmospheric influences of another night spent within the mouth of the river, or to the chances of attack from any of the slavers' friends who might be in the neighbourhood, and who would always be ready to win back a prize at any sacrifice of the lives of the captors ; though that was a contingency not likely to happen. He was rather influenced probably by his anxiety to secure his prizes, and to report his proceedings to his superior officer. The schooners had anchored just inside the inner bar, and all the necessary preparations having been made, and the tide serving, they again got under weigh. Mr Dumaresq led in the 'Asp,' directing Mr Kingston to follow in his wake. This Mr Kingston did, approaching the bar on the starboard-tack, the 'Lark' leaving the cutter towing astern, and her own boat, which could not be hoisted up on account of the tackles being unrove, and a net full of vegetables being worked athwart the davits. Neither could her boat be got on board, on account of the crowded state of the decks. As the 'Lark' drew close to the bar, the appearance of things in no degree mended. Hands were placed in the chains, who kept the lead constantly going ; and, as the water shoaled, the schooners had to tack repeatedly, wearing sometimes, as the heavy swell threatened otherwise to prevent their coming round. From the first, Mr Kingston had but little confidence in the black volunteer pilot who had accompanied him on board the 'Lark ;' and now, though he urged him by threats to perform



the duty he had undertaken, and tried to stimulate him to exertion, by reminding him of his promised reward, he only answered, "This is no my bar!" and finally threw himself down on the deck, under the bulwarks, refusing to take any further charge of the vessel. It must be remembered that the boats had entered the Niger by the *Brass* river, the bar of which was *his bar*, and that he had bargained to act as pilot through its mouth, so that there was ample excuse for the poor wretch: this, however, in no degree lessened the danger of the position in which the little 'Lark' was placed.

It was now perfectly dark and very squally, while nothing was visible to mark the course the vessel should pursue, but the phosphorescent light of the breakers stretching across the bar from shore to shore, while to all appearance there seemed to be reef only beyond reef, destruction on which it was scarcely possible the schooner could escape. Though the 'Lark' was pressed to the utmost, the 'Asp' soon distanced her; and though Lieutenant Dumaresq showed lights, they were of little or no use in guiding her course. Squall after squall struck the little schooner, and as she heeled over, it sometimes appeared that she would never again rise, or be able to beat out through the tremendous surf which came rolling in. At length Mr Kingston judged it wise to shorten sail, which he forthwith did, having set only his mainsail, jib, and fore-and-aft foresail (fore-trysail). He also sent a good hand on the fore-yard to look out for any break which might happily appear in the white wall of surf which came rolling in over the surrounding shoals. The little 'Lark' had now reached the innermost of the three bars, and was pitching into the seas, which



came foaming up and rolling over her decks. She had the cutter towing after her, and astern of that was the schooner's boat. That very soon began to fill, and finally swamped, when it became necessary to cut her adrift. This was done, and she quickly disappeared. At about a quarter to eight a blue light was observed close to windward; and as the 'Lark' was wearing off the heaviest part of the bar, some voices were heard hailing her. It was soon discovered that they proceeded from the pinnace, which had apparently several hands in her. Again they hailed, imploring to be picked up, stating, as far as could be understood, that they had broken adrift from astern of the 'Asp' with the gig, which was lost; and from the words which reached the 'Lark,' Mr Kingston was very much afraid that several lives were already lost, while it seemed too probable that those in the pinnace would share the same fate, unless he could manage to get near them to take them on board. Not a moment was to be lost. The pinnace, it must be understood, was inside the 'Lark,' higher up the river, the 'Lark' having passed her after she had broken adrift from the 'Asp.' In another minute she would have drifted among the breakers, when the destruction of all on board would be sealed. To pick her up under weigh was almost impossible; and, with the tide and heavy sea, the schooner could not be steered with any degree of certainty even near her; and could even this be done, the probabilities were that she would be swamped before the men could be got out of her. The young officer therefore saw that but one course only was open for him to pursue with any chance of success, and that involved immense risk both to the vessel

and his people. To think is to act, with a British seaman in a case of emergency. He saw that to intercept the boat, he must anchor; and having both anchors clear, and a hand by the weather one all along, he ordered it to be let go, though he had but two fathoms at the time under the vessel's keel; while the surf from the second bar was curling up round the vessel's sides, threatening to make a clear sweep of her decks. His order to let go was perhaps not understood, or the Spanish crew, some thirty in number, who seeing what was about to be done, and expecting instant destruction in consequence, endeavoured to impede it; at all events, he had to rush forward and cut the stoppers with an axe, which he luckily had at hand.

The schooner brought up all standing, the sea at the same instant making a terrific breach over her; but the helmsman was a good hand, and sheered her over to the exact spot the pinnace must pass. The whole was the work of a moment. The boat drifted near, a rope was hove into her and providentially caught by the nearly exhausted crew. She was hauled alongside, her people being got out, while some fresh hands went down into her and secured her with her own cable and the end of the schooner's main-sheet. At the same time the schooner's fore-sheet was passed into the cutter as a preventer. Four men were saved from the pinnace. They stated that she and the gig had been towing astern of the 'Asp,' with two hands in each, when, on crossing the inner bar, they both broke adrift together. Instead, however, of the two men in the pinnace getting into the gig, which they might have managed, those in the smaller got into

the larger boat, fancying they would be safer, when they found themselves totally unable to pull her against the tide, or to guide her to shore. The 'Lark' very soon after this began to drive, when the other anchor was dropped under foot, while they veered away on the larboard cable. She now held, but the breakers made a clean breach over her decks, washing adrift the numerous casks, loose spars, fowl-coops, and a variety of other things; and in addition, what was worse than all, a large scuttle-butt of palm-oil. Meantime, to increase the confusion and danger, the cutter and pinnace were striking the stern and quarters of the vessel with great force, often coming as far forward as the main-chains on both sides. The Spaniards had from the first been very unruly, and they now gave symptoms of an intention of breaking into open mutiny. In addition, therefore, to the variety of other duties the British seamen were called on to perform, it became necessary for them to keep their arms in readiness, to repel any sudden attack the fellows might venture to make on them for the purpose of regaining the schooner. The palm-oil, also, which is like very thick, red mud, had coated the whole deck, from before the foremast, nearly as far aft as the mainmast, making it more slippery even than ice, so that no one could either stand or walk on it. The water also had no effect on its greasy composition, and as there were no ashes on board to strew over it, one part of the deck became almost separated from the other. The Spaniards were evidently watching their opportunity, and kept eyeing the British seamen with no friendly intentions. They were four to one of them, and though deprived of their muskets and cutlasses, they had still the long

knives in their belts, without which no Spaniard ever thinks his costume complete. The wretches kept up such a hubbub, and did so much to impede the work of the vessel, that some of them very nearly got shot as a hint to the rest of what they might expect if they proceeded to extremities. The gallant young officer himself had little fear of what they might venture to do, as, considering the dilemma the vessel was placed in, surrounded by shoals, with heavy breakers close at hand, and in thick darkness, they could scarcely hope to get out to sea and escape that way; or, if they returned up the river, to avoid recapture, should they regain possession of the vessel. In obedience, however, to his written instructions, he kept some of his people under arms to watch the fellows. For full half an hour the little schooner lay in this way, it being expected every instant that her anchors would part, when a roller, more severe even than the others, threw the cutter on board on the larboard quarter, breaking the bunk adrift and capsizing it. As the vessel rose again, the boat fell aft and immediately filled, when she was of necessity cut adrift to prevent her doing more damage; and as soon as this was done she sank.

Shortly after this the squalls began to become less frequent, and the breakers moderated gradually; an opening also was seen in the line of sparkling foam from the fore-yard; so Mr Kingston resolved to make sail and to get out of the river. He contrived to weigh the starboard or lee anchor, after very many fruitless attempts to do so, on account of the heavy surges; but as it was found impossible to purchase the weather one, it was slipped, and the schooner wore round under her jib in a quarter less two fathoms.



A sharp-sighted seaman stood on the fore-yard, from whence he conned the vessel—the lead kept going as before. The mainsail was then set, and the schooner stood out towards the opening which appeared in the surf. She obeyed her helm readily, the rocks and shoals were avoided, and at length the outer bar was safely passed. At about ten P.M. she came up with the ‘Asp,’ anchored a short distance outside. Lieutenant Dumaresq stood with speaking-trumpet in hand, and hailed the ‘Lark’—“I’m glad you’ve got out safe; but I fear four of my poor fellows are lost, and our two boats.” “They’re safe on board, and I’ve your boat in tow,” was the answer. A loud congratulatory cheer from the British seamen on board the ‘Asp,’ signified their satisfaction at the success of Mr Kingston’s gallant exploit. He then anchored, and going on board the ‘Asp,’ was further thanked and congratulated by his superior officer; for he had not only given up all hopes of the people in the pinnace and gig having escaped, but of the ‘Lark’ herself, as the vessel had had a most perilous passage across the bars. She had struck three times, in one of which shocks the boats had broken adrift. The two schooners again weighed and ran down to the ‘Wolverine,’ lying off the Brass, ten miles distant. On their arrival, Mr Kingston had the satisfaction of receiving the warmest approval of his excellent commander for the gallantry and judgment he had displayed. The vessels were afterwards sent to Sierra Leone, where they were condemned and cut up.

## BOY'S LIFE SAVED BY LIEUTENANT A. B. KINGSTON.

MR KINGSTON having taken the 'Lark' schooner to Sierra Leone, where she was condemned, was appointed to H.M.S. 'Saracen,' which soon afterwards arrived there. From that place the 'Saracen' sailed for the river Gambia, soon after the 2d of March.

On the evening of the 13th of the same month, while on her passage there, when it was blowing fresh, with a heavy cross sea, a lad, aged nineteen, named John Plunket, fell overboard from the main-top-gallant-yard. In falling he struck against the topsail-yard and the sweeps stowed on the quarter, and was bleeding at the mouth, and almost senseless, when he reached the water. The lad could not swim, and his death seemed inevitable; when Mr Kingston, who was on the quarter-deck, without a moment's hesitation sprung overboard, exclaiming to his commander as he ran aft, "Send a boat as quick as you can, sir—I'll save him." He struck out bravely towards the poor lad, but before he could reach him, he sank. A cry of horror arose from all on board, for they thought the lad was lost, though every exertion was made to get a boat in the water to pick up Mr Kingston. Plunket, however, again rose, and Mr Kingston grasping hold of him, supported him above water, though with much difficulty, as the lad, who bled profusely from the mouth and nostrils, convulsively clung round him, and almost dragged him down to the bottom. Fortunately, he released himself from the clutch of the now senseless youth, and continued to support him by swimming and treading water. For fear of exhaustion, he afterwards threw himself on his back, and placing the head of his

almost inanimate shipmate on his chest, he kept him up for a quarter of an hour, till a boat reached them, and took them on board.

On another occasion, while on the coast of Africa, in a spot where sharks were known to abound, Mr Kingston leaped overboard after another lad who had fallen into the water. Fortunately the life-buoy was let go at the same time, and wisely catching hold of it, he towed it up to the sinking youth, and providentially preserved his life.

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MR HENRY SHEA, ASSISTANT-SURGEON, R.N.,  
MEDITERRANEAN.

JULY 1837.

ON the 8th July, as H.M.S. 'Asia' was standing out to sea from Cagliari, in Sardinia, a seaman named Anthony W. jumped overboard in a fit of drunkenness; and while the ship was being hove-to, Mr Henry Shea, assistant-surgeon, dropped himself from the spanker-boom into the sea, and after struggling with the man, succeeded in keeping him above water until the boats reached them.

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LIEUTENANT F. H. STEVENS, R.N., MEDITERRANEAN.

AUGUST 1837.

ON the 5th August 1837, H.M.S. 'Rodney' was on her passage from Palmas Bay (Sardinia) to Minorca, when a seaman, named James Ray, fell from the main-topsail-yardarm into the sea. On the cry being raised

of "A man overboard!" Mr F. H. Stevens, mate, seeing the man floating past the quarter in a state of insensibility, without waiting to take off his clothes, jumped overboard, and by great exertion kept him above water until the boat reached them.

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LIEUTENANT JOHN STEPHENS, R.N., LISBON.

DECEMBER 1837.

ON the 3d December 1837, an alarm was given on board H.M.S. 'Inconstant,' at Lisbon, of a man overboard. Mr John Stephens, mate, ran to the spot whence the person fell, plunged overboard, dived, and succeeded, after much danger and difficulty, in bringing him from a considerable depth to the surface of the water; both were carried by the tide a long way astern of the ship. Mr Stephens found it difficult to support the man, and both were sinking, when William Henry White, seaman, fearlessly plunged from the topsail, swam to their relief, and supported them in the water, until a boat reached them.

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WILLIAM JENNINGS, COAST GUARD BOATMAN.

NOVEMBER 1838.

ON the 27th November 1838, the brig 'Bellissima,' from Odessa to Amsterdam, was driven, during a heavy gale of wind, on the rocks, a mile and a half to the westward of Looe. She was breaking up fast, and her crew were evidently getting disheartened, when William Jennings, commissioned boatswain of the Coast



Guard, at the risk of his life, nobly swam off to the rock with a rope, and by throwing it to the vessel, the crew, thirteen in number, were enabled to get to the rock, from which they were taken by a boat, carried overland from Looe by the indefatigable exertions of several inhabitants of that town.

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## INSTANCE OF COURAGE AND HUMANITY.

DURING a severe storm in autumn of 1839, a French vessel was wrecked in the dead of night in Weymouth Bay. A Coast Guard man, named John Mantle, thinking he saw human beings moving on the deck, jumped into the raging sea and swam to her. On getting on board, he found two boys and the captain, who had broken his leg, on the deck. Mantle took the boys safely to shore, and then returning to the wreck with a rope, which was made fast to the shore, he slung the captain in a running-tackle, and he was safely landed. The gallant fellow then groped in the cabin, to find if any living being remained, and afterwards jumped into the sea, and swam to the shore in safety. He was rewarded by the Humane Society and Lloyd's, and received a beautiful watch, with a suitable inscription, from the inhabitants of Weymouth, £20 by vote of the Lords of the Treasury, and £5 from the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, besides being promoted in the service; all which honours he received with great modesty, declaring that the result of his endeavours was his richest reward.

ARTHUR HASSETT, BOATMAN, COAST GUARD, COVE OF  
CORK.

OCTOBER 1839.

ON the 24th October 1839, Ralph Allen fell from the Revenue Quay into the water in the harbour of the Cove of Cork, when a strong ebb tide was carrying him off. Arthur Hassett, revenue boatman, saw the accident, jumped in with his clothes on, and brought Allen safe to shore. Hassett had on three previous occasions been instrumental in saving life at the risk of his own.

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## COMMANDER ALDRIDGE, R.N., VASIKA BAY.

OCTOBER 1839.

ON the 4th October 1839, John Burke, a seaman, belonging to H.M.S. 'Pembroke,' commanded by Captain Moresby, then lying in Vasika Bay, fell overboard, and the man being unable to swim, was in the act of being carried away by the current. Commander Aldridge of the 'Pembroke,' observing from the poop the inevitable fate of the seaman, leaped from thence a height of thirty feet into the sea, and succeeded in saving him.

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## MR RICHARDS, R.N., OFF BRIGHTON.

JUNE 1842.

ON the morning of the 13th of June 1842, Mr Matthew Richards, about seventeen years of age, and Acting Master's Assistant of H.M.'s brig 'Nautilus,' jumped in the most gallant manner from the hammock-netting of that vessel into the sea off Brighton, and saved the life

of a boy who had fallen overboard. The boy was unable to swim, and, being exhausted by his struggles, was sinking at the moment Mr Richards arrived to his rescue. The crew were cleaning decks at the time, and the noise consequent upon that operation prevented the boy's cries from being heard; it would, therefore, have been impossible to have cleared away a boat in sufficient time to have saved him.

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JAMES DORAN, SEAMAN.

JANUARY 1843.

ON the 5th of January 1843, James Doran, an able seaman of H.M.S. 'Vanguard,' at Port Mahon, perilled his own life to save that of a shipmate, in a manner that called forth the admiration of the whole of the officers and crew of that ship. It blew a violent gale of wind at N. by E.; the topmasts were struck, and when at its greatest fury, a man fell overboard who could not swim. James Doran gallantly dashed into the sea, and succeeded in bringing the poor fellow alongside, although he was quite dead from the effects of his submersion.

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MR THOMAS DAVIS, MATE, R.N., AND JOSEPH BRATHWAITE, SEAMAN, R.N., BANTRY BAY.

JANUARY 1844.

IN the month of January 1844, H.M.'s steamer 'Flamer' was lying at anchor in Bantry Bay, when the jolly-boat belonging to that vessel was capsized through the boys letting go the brails too soon, while in the act of wear-

ing. The life of one of the boys was saved through the coolness of Mr Thomas Davis, mate of the 'Flamer,' who was in the boat at the time. Instead of swimming for the ship, he remained with the boy until assistance reached him.

Joseph Brathwaite, sailmaker, seeing the other boy was sinking, instantly jumped overboard and brought him on board in a senseless state. He had on a previous occasion been the means of saving two lives. It was blowing very hard at the time, which rendered their services more difficult.

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MR W. C. GEARY, MATE, R.N., GULF OF EGINA.

AUGUST 1844.

ON the 24th August 1844, a tender belonging to H.M.'s surveying-vessel 'Beacon,' in charge of Mr W. C. Geary, mate, was occupied in taking soundings in the Gulf of Egina. In reefing the mainsail, the iron strop round the gaff, to which the peak-halliards are hooked, was carried away, and the gaff, in descending, struck John M'Cardle, seaman, who was standing to leeward, so violently on the head, that he was stunned, and fell overboard. Mr Geary, who was abaft, immediately jumped after him, and getting hold of him under his arm, succeeded in keeping his head above water until picked up by a boat sent from the vessel.



LIEUTENANT F. P. WARREN, R.N., IN MADRAS ROADS.

JUNE 1845.

ON the 9th of June 1845, John Newman, seaman, serving on board H.M.S. 'Fox,' in the Madras Roads, fell from the mizen-topsail-yard overboard, whilst exercising, striking in his descent the davit-guy, breaking both collar-bones, and bruising his head; and in this state most probably would have been drowned, had it not been for the prompt assistance afforded him by Lieutenant F. P. Warren, R.N., who sprang into the water, and succeeded in sustaining the man above the surface until a boat picked them up. The usual heavy Madras swell was running at the time.

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LIEUTENANT WILLIAM E. FISHER, R.N., COVE OF CORK.

NOVEMBER 1845.

ON the night of the 17th November 1845, a seaman, one of the gig's crew of the 'Crocodile,' flag-ship at the Cove of Cork, when walking on the stage leading to the 'Fredonia,' merchant-vessel, alongside of which his boat was temporarily made fast, having slipped, fell into the river, a strong tide and heavy sea on at the time, the night dark, and blowing a terrific gale. Mr W. E. Fisher, senior mate of H.M.S. 'Crocodile,' the officer in charge of the boat, observing that the man was stunned from the fall, and unable to assist himself, leaped from the deck of the 'Fredonia,' swam to his assistance, and with great exertions brought him on shore in a senseless state. It was a considerable time before the man recovered, and the gallant officer was so much exhausted that it nearly cost him his life.

LIEUTENANT HENRY W. HIRE, R.N., MEDITERRANEAN.

DECEMBER 1845.

ON the 12th December 1845, William Richardson, A.B., of H.M.'s steam-sloop 'Hecla,' was washed off the fore-castle whilst securing the anchor, between the islands of Cyprus and Rhodes; a heavy sea was running at the time. The ship was backed and stopped within a short distance of the unfortunate man, who was then exhausted, and on the point of going down, when Mr Henry W. Hire, first-lieutenant, in a most gallant manner, at the risk of his own life, jumped overboard, and supported him until a boat was lowered that picked them both up.

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COMMANDER WOOLDRIDGE AND MR BIRTWHISTLE,  
MATE, R.N., SHEERNESS.

JUNE 1845.

ON the 9th June 1845, whilst at anchor off Sheerness, one of the seamen, when reefing, owing to a point slipping through his hand, fell from the fore-topsail-yard of H.M.S. 'Spy' overboard, striking the fore-rigging and spars in the chains, broke his arm, and received violent contusions in many parts of his body. Lieutenant-Commander Wooldridge, being on deck and seeing the man sinking, jumped after him, dressed as he was, with the hope of getting a rope round him; finding, however, when he was in the water, from having heavy clothes on and a thick pair of wash-deck shoes, and not being a very good swimmer, he was too heavy to trust himself too near a sinking man, he swam round

him, occasionally lifting him, and encouraging him by talking to him. Mr Birtwhistle, mate, the moment he saw the danger, threw off his jacket and shoes, and sprang after them, and being a strong swimmer and disencumbered, kept the man up. The tide was running very strong at the time, and they had thereby drifted about four times the 'Spy's' length from her, when they were all eventually picked up in a very exhausted state by a boat crossing the harbour.

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LIEUTENANT NEWMAN, R.N., AND BOAT'S CREW, COAST  
GUARD, DUNGENESS.

JANUARY 1846.

THE 'New Flora,' pilot-boat of Dover, was wrecked at Dungeness on the 22d January 1846. On the circumstance being made known to Lieutenant Newman, R.N., of the Dymchurch Coast Guard station, by one of the men who had providentially succeeded in swimming on shore through the surf, he proceeded immediately to the spot, and ordered his boat to be drawn round by land, a distance of a mile and a half, to a convenient place for launching, where she was manned by the lieutenant with a hardy crew of five men. After buffeting for some time with the waves, they succeeded in reaching the ill-fated vessel, and found the boats washed away, and the crew, consisting of five men, obliged to take to the rigging, the sea making a clean sweep over her, and thereby rendering it very hazardous for the galley to approach. The gallant commander and tars, nothing daunted, determined to rescue their fellow-creatures, which they ultimately effected.

MR F. S. GIBSON, R.N., GRAND BASSA, AFRICA.

JANUARY 1846.

ON the 12th of January 1846, while crossing the Grand Bassa, in Liberia (Africa), one of the 'Lily's' boats, containing Mr F. S. Gibson, paymaster and purser, and five other men belonging to the said sloop, was pulling for the mouth of the river; and when in the act of crossing the bar, the rollers broke heavily, and the sea washed over the stern of the boat and capsized it. Soon after the accident, one of the crew, James Monk, was missing; when Mr Gibson plunged in, dived, and, with the greatest difficulty and exertion, swam with him to the boat, very much exhausted.

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LIEUTENANT TATHAM, R.N., CHATHAM.

APRIL 1846.

ON the night of the 22d April 1846, a marine fell into the river Medway from H.M.S. 'Raleigh,' and was rescued by the timely assistance of Lieutenant Edward Tatham, who leaving his bed, lowered himself down the vessel's side, and supported the man (who had also hold of a rope) until a boat picked up both in an exhausted state.

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COMMANDER J. W. FINCH, R.N., PORTSMOUTH.

JULY 1846.

ON the 16th July 1846, as James Bradford, a seaman, was casting loose the frapping of the jolly-boat on the



starboard quarter of the 'Naiad,' sixty-four gun frigate, under the command of Lieutenant J. W. Finch, the boat swung or heeled over, and the man fell over the bows into the water at a time when the tide was running with unusual strength out of the harbour, and the wind blowing nearly half a gale. The cry of "A man overboard!" was instantly raised; when Lieutenant Finch, who was in his cabin dressing at the time, looked out and saw the man struggling with the tide. He threw off what garments encumbered him, and plunged through the port into the water. At this time, Bradford had sunk twice, and was carried at a rapid rate from the ship, being no swimmer. Mr Finch, however, followed, and persevered in his humane exertions to save the man's life, in which he happily succeeded, after being in the water a quarter of an hour, and got his man (to all appearance dead) on board a victualling-hoy, where the usual remedies were applied.

This was not the first time Mr Finch had similarly risked his own life to save that of his fellow-creatures. In 1840, he, assisted by three others, saved the crew of a vessel wrecked off Seaham, and received the honorary bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society.

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MR CHARLES E. H. FARRANT, MASTER'S ASSISTANT,  
R.N., VALPARAISO.

SEPTEMBER 1848.

ON the 5th September 1848, at five A.M., whilst H.M.S. 'Samson' was at anchor off Valparaiso, James Smith, private marine, then engaged stopping his hammock on

the gantlin, lost his balance, and fell overboard. It being quite dark at the time, and he not able to swim, with a heavy swell and a set of current out of the bay, he was carried away from the ship; when Mr Farrant, master's assistant, mate of the watch (a young officer only seventeen years of age, and at sea for the first time), ran to the sponson, and observing that the man was in imminent danger, instantly jumped overboard into thirty fathoms water, and swam to his assistance. Some minutes elapsed before Mr Farrant could reach him. He at length succeeded in getting hold of the man, and had made considerable progress on his return to the ship with him, when a boat reached him, but not until after he had been taken twice or thrice under water, through the man clinging so closely to him.

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LIEUTENANT SHERARD OSBORNE, R.N., PORTSMOUTH.

SEPTEMBER 1848.

ON the 20th September 1848, while H.M.S. 'Dwarf' was fitting out in the basin of Portsmouth Dockyard (the depth of water at the time being twenty-seven feet), the attention of Lieutenant Sherard Osborne was suddenly drawn to the cry of "A boy overboard!" when, without the slightest preparation, but with his full uniform on, including his sword, he jumped in, and catching at a rope (which, however, proved not to be made fast to the vessel), he saved a second-class boy of the same ship, who, but for the gallant conduct of Lieutenant Osborne, must inevitably have been drowned.

HENRY LAUGHRIN, BOATSWAIN'S MATE, H.M.S.  
'CALLIOPE,' RIO DE JANEIRO.

NOVEMBER 1848.

ON the 1st of November 1848, Captain Edward Stanley, of H.M.S. 'Calliope,' whilst returning from the shore to his ship in his gig, was upset, together with the rest of his boat's crew, owing to the boat being caught aback in a sudden squall; when Henry Laughrin, boatswain's mate of the same ship, gallantly jumped overboard at the risk of his own life, and saved Captain Stanley, whose life was greatly endangered (though an expert swimmer) by a man clinging to him. Several of the boat's crew were also rescued by the noble conduct displayed by Laughrin.

This was the third instance of Laughrin's courage and humanity, he having saved the lives of two ship-mates in the years 1845 and 1848.

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JOHN HUGGINS, QUARTERMASTER OF H.M.S. 'SCOURGE,'  
TRINIDAD, ETC.

FEBRUARY 1849.

IN February 1849, whilst H.M.S. 'Scourge' was at anchor off the island of Trinidad, a boy named Thomas Burgess, of the same ship, fell overboard; when John Huggins, quartermaster, prompted by the most gallant spirit, instantly jumped overboard, and, by diving, fortunately rescued the boy from drowning, but not without encountering very great risk of his own life, owing to the number of sharks which infest those waters. Independent of this gallant act, Huggins,

during his short career at sea (being still a very young man), had, by his humane and meritorious conduct, been fortunate enough to save at different periods eleven lives.

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COMMANDER J. W. TARLETON, R.N., GENOA.

MARCH 1849.

ON the 21st March 1849, a seaman named Hayes, whilst employed painting ship at Genoa, fell overboard, and not being able to swim, would inevitably have been drowned before assistance could have reached him, but for the intrepid and gallant conduct of Commander J. W. Tarleton, R.N., of H.M.S. 'Vengeance,' who instantly jumped overboard from his cabin-port and succeeded in saving the poor fellow from a watery grave; and he was promptly got on board again, to the delight of all hands. The praiseworthy and noble act obtained for Commander Tarleton the admiration of every one in the ship.

He had previously received the thanks of the American Government for his exertions in 1847, when he went to the assistance of the crew of the U.S. brig 'Somers,' which foundered off the port of Vera Cruz.

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COMMANDER OLIVER JONES, R.N., COVE OF CORK.

MARCH 1849.

ON the 24th March 1849, as H.M.S. 'Ganges' was lying at the outer anchorage of the Cove of Cork, Edward Galloway, a seaman belonging to that ship,



fell from the futtock-shrouds into the water, striking several times against the rigging and the ship's sides, when Lieutenant Oliver Jones immediately ordered Fisbee's life-buoy's ropes to be thrown to him; but the man, who was stunned by the fall, was unable to avail himself of the use of them, and sank in between nine and ten fathoms; upon which Lieutenant Oliver Jones, in the most gallant manner, at great risk of his own life, leaped overboard, and dived after him, and brought him up in a state of insensibility, and held him until further assistance was procured. But for the prompt and spirited conduct of this officer, the man's life would have been lost.

Lieutenant Oliver Jones had previously saved the life of a seaman belonging to H.M.S. 'Melville,' in Halifax harbour, on the 4th June 1837.

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LIEUTENANT C. S. STANHOPE, R.N., H.M.S. 'ASIA,' AT SEA.

AUGUST 1850.

ON the 7th August 1850, on the passage from Valparaiso to Pisco, in lat. 19° south, and long. 75° west, about six P.M., while exercising furling sails, two men fell overboard from the main-topsail-yard. One of these men caught hold of a rope and was saved unhurt; the other man in his fall struck his head against the main channel, and fell into the water senseless, but not dead.

Lieutenant C. S. Stanhope, being then on the poop, saw his helpless state, and immediately, with great coolness and excellent judgment, jumped into the main channel, and thence overboard, to save the wounded man from drowning.

Lieutenant Stanhope, supporting the man in the water, swam with him to a life-buoy, which had been let go on the first alarm, where he remained with the man until brought on board by the boats which were lowered.

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MR T. H. JULIAN, SECOND-MASTER, R.N., PLYMOUTH.

JULY 1851.

ON the 15th July 1851, a boy named Stephens, belonging to H.M.S. 'St George,' at Hamoaze, fell overboard, and, as the tide was running strong, he soon drifted away. A seaman named Boyd jumped after him, but not being able to swim, could render little assistance; both being therefore in a perilous situation, Mr T. H. Julian, second-master, the officer of the watch, gallantly plunged overboard, and providentially sustained them until rescued by a boat when at a considerable distance.

Mr Julian was full dressed. This was not the first instance of his gallant and humane conduct.

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LIEUTENANT SAUMAREZ, R.N., H.M.S. 'VOLCANO,' OFF  
SIERRA LEONE, AFRICA.

MARCH 1851.

ON the evening of the 31st of March 1851, a seaman named Sullivan, of H.M.S. 'Volcano,' fell overboard off Sierra Leone, while under weigh. Lieutenant Saumarez, who was in the gun-room at the time, on the alarm being given, instantly rushed on deck, jumped over-

board, and succeeded, after much difficulty, in rescuing him. Lieutenant Saumarez has, in several instances, displayed similar acts of bravery in saving the lives of his fellow-creatures.

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CHARLES LOXTON, SAILMAKER'S MATE, H.M.B. 'ROLLA,'  
DOVER.

AUGUST 1851.

ON the 26th of August 1851, while H.M.'s brig 'Rolla' was proceeding into Dover Roads, at a distance of six miles from shore, and going at the rate of four knots, with studding-sails set on both sides, a naval apprentice, in descending from the main rigging, accidentally fell overboard; when Charles Loxton, a sailmaker's mate, gallantly jumped overboard, and succeeded in reaching him, and, after severe exertion, swam with him to the line of the patent log which was towing astern, where he continued to hold the boy with cool presence of mind until assistance arrived. The crew being at breakfast, a quarter of an hour elapsed before the ship was rounded to and a boat lowered, and, when hauled in, Loxton was completely exhausted.

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MR SKEAD, SECOND-MASTER, AND MR LAMBE, MIDSHIP-  
MAN, R.N., OF H.M.S. 'TRAFALGAR,' OFF MALTA.

1852.

ON the afternoon of the 5th of February 1852, while H.M.S. 'Trafalgar,' Captain Grenville, was going through a heavy sea off Malta, Mr Sheepshanks, a cadet, lost his balance while skylarking on the poop,

and fell from the upper-stern gallery into the sea. The alarm was instantly given, when the second-master, Mr Skead, plunged from the gun-room port, and, picking up a chair that had been thrown overboard, he swam towards the drowning lad. On his approach, the boy, exhausted, gave a scream, and sank; but quickly rising, Mr Skead was enabled to push the chair within his grasp, and, throwing himself on his back, he continued to support him until assistance arrived. In the meantime, Mr Lambe, midshipman, jumped off the poop, a height of upwards of forty feet, and ultimately succeeded in saving his little mess-mate and Mr Skead, who, from his great exertions, was taken into the boat in a state of convulsions.

On being asked by Captain Grenville, why he had encountered so much danger, Lambe gallantly replied, "Oh, sir, young Sheepshanks is the pet of the mess; we could not afford to lose him, at any rate!"

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MR WARD, BOATSWAIN, R.N., H.M.S. 'GLADIATOR,'

AFRICA.

1851.

ON the coast of Africa, the 28th May 1851, W. M'Carthy, a seaman belonging to H.M.S. 'Gladiator,' fell from the fore-sponson overboard. Mr Ward, boatswain, without a moment's hesitation, gallantly plunged after him, and, although the ship was going at the rate of nine knots an hour, succeeded in holding him above water until assistance arrived; this making the ninth person Mr Ward, by his intrepidity, has rescued.



COMMANDER ALLAN H. GARDNER, H.M.S. 'WATERWITCH,'  
AFRICA.

1851.

ON the 7th of October 1851, at eight P.M., as H.M.S. 'Waterwitch' was anchoring at Monrovia, on the west coast of Africa, a boy named Clarke fell overboard out of the fore-rigging. Commander Gardner, though dressed in heavy blanket clothes and thick boots, immediately jumped overboard and saved the boy. There was a strong tide running, and it was perfectly dark. The boy's struggles were so great, and so much time elapsed before assistance could reach them, owing to the sailors being aloft furling sails, that they were both in the act of sinking, and Captain Gardner was taken up almost lifeless.

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## LIEUTENANT PYNE, R.N., H.M.S. 'PRINCE REGENT,' LISBON.

DECEMBER 1851.

ON the 26th of December 1851, at Lisbon, a seaman named Edward Clements let go his hold on the mainyard, and fell with a fearful crash on the lower-port deck, and from thence overboard. Mr Frederick Pyne, mate of the upper-deck, immediately sprang from the starboard gangway after him, and swam to his assistance, but, having on the whole of his uniform, had great difficulty in keeping Clements up. The only boat near was Captain Halstead's gig, which was on the port side. He sank twice, the poor fellow he supported being so heavy from the effects of the fall. Captain Caldwell, seeing the danger of both officer and man, plunged in

to their aid ; and by this time the dingy and Captain Halstead's gig rescued them from their perilous situation. This is the third instance in which Mr Pyne has been the means of rescuing a fellow-creature under similar circumstances.

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MR SULLIVAN, MIDSHIPMAN OF H.M.S. 'MEGÆRA,'  
AT SEA.

1852.

ON the 29th of May 1852, four days after the departure of H.M.S. 'Megæra' from St Vincent, an act of great daring was performed. The ship was going seven knots through the water, when William Tizzard, captain of the fore-top, in the performance of his duty, unfortunately fell overboard from the mainyard. Mr Sullivan, midshipman of H.M.S. 'Megæra,' with all his clothes on, immediately jumped from the poop, a height of twenty feet, into the sea, and happily succeeded in seizing the man, who could not swim, conveying him to a life-buoy, and keeping him above water until they were both secured by the ship's boats.

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COMMANDER TARLETON, H.M.S. 'FOX,' RANGOON.

1852.

ON Saturday morning, the 2d of October 1852, a seaman, whilst employed in painting the ship at Rangoon, missed his footing and fell overboard ; and not being able to swim, must have perished, but for the promptitude and humanity of Commander Tarleton,

of H.M.S. 'Fox,' who instantly jumped from his cabin window, and succeeded in saving the poor fellow from a watery grave.

This was the second occasion on which Commander Tarleton saved a seaman's life under similar circumstances.

## ENGAGEMENTS WITH PIRATES AND SLAVERS.

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LIEUTENANT F. J. D'AGUILAR DEFEATS AN ATTEMPT TO  
RETAKE A PRIZE CAPTURED BY H.M.S. 'GRECIAN,'  
BRAZIL.

1848.

THE 'Grecian' having captured a clipper Brazilian hermaphrodite brig, with nearly 500 slaves on board, Lieutenant D'Aguilar was placed in charge of her as prize-master, with ten men, and ordered to proceed to Bahia, the sloop following him thither. The prize duly arrived, and anchored at Bahia before the 'Grecian,' and not the slightest suspicion was entertained but that she was safe. In the course of the day, however, Lieutenant D'Aguilar received some hints to the effect that a combination was being made on shore among the slavers to attempt to retake the prize; and although nothing definite was communicated, it was sufficient warning to him to be on the alert, and to take precautions which saved him and his men from being massacred. The evening passed off without disturbance, but about ten o'clock at night, several boats from the shore were seen pulling for the brig, containing, it was estimated, 150 Brazilians. As they neared the prize, they were hailed, and ordered to keep off, but with some boldness they advanced alongside. Having approached



too near to be agreeable, Lieutenant D'Aguilar endeavoured to check them by a discharge of musketry; and this commenced a most severe conflict, as the fire was returned by the pirates as they dashed alongside and attempted to board. That firmness and undaunted bravery, however, which is characteristic of British seamen, was here displayed in an eminent degree; and the Brazilians, with their overpowering numbers, were completely beaten off by Lieutenant D'Aguilar and his little band, with a loss, on the enemy's side, it is said, of upwards of ten killed and thirty wounded. As may naturally be supposed, where the contest was one at close quarters, and where each of the gallant defenders had so many assailants to wait upon, they did not come out of the *melée* unscathed. Scarcely one of them escaped a mark, and several of them were severely wounded. Lieutenant D'Aguilar received many hurts about the head. It subsequently transpired that it was the intention of the Brazilians to have silently got alongside the vessel, and to have secured the prize-crew. They would then have cut the cables and made sail, to land the cargo of slaves at another part of the coast. This affair was the theme of general applause in the squadron on the station.

## THE AFRICAN COAST BLOCKADE.

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CHASES AND CAPTURES OF SLAVERS, AND GALLANT  
DEEDS PERFORMED BY THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF  
THE SQUADRON.

SINCE the settlement of Europeans on the continent of America and the West Indian Islands, a trade in slaves, brought from the African coast across the Atlantic, has existed to a less or greater extent.

On the 25th of March 1807, the royal assent was given to the Bill for the Total Abolition of the British Slave-Trade on and after the 1st of January 1808. At first only a penalty in money was exacted from those convicted of slave-dealing; but this of course being found inefficient, in 1811 slave-dealing was made punishable by transportation for fourteen years. This being afterwards discovered to be a most inadequate check, the offence was declared in 1824 to be piracy, and the punishment death. This law continued in force till 1837, when the punishment inflicted on British subjects for trading in slaves was changed to transportation for life.

A squadron of small vessels, supposed to be suited for the purpose, was forthwith equipped and sent out to the African coast to capture slavers wherever they could be found north of the equator, either embarking

their cargoes or prepared to receive them, or with full ships, or up rivers on the coast, or out at sea.

We give a few accounts of the chases and captures of slaves by the ships of the squadron, to show some of the work the officers and men of the navy are called on to perform.

In the year 1848, H.M.S. 'Bonetta,' Commander Forbes, formed one of the northern division of the squadron on the west coast.

Returning from Sierra Leone on the 31st of May, standing in for the land about Gargwa, the 'Bonetta' chased a schooner, and in about four hours brought her to, when she proved to be the Brazilian slave-schooner 'Phoco-foo' (which means lighthouse). Her crew had perfectly cut her to pieces: all her masts were sprung, and so much damage had been done that a party of officers sent on board to survey condemned her. Having removed the crew, a train was laid, and having set fire to both ends, she scarcely touched the shore when she blew up; but continued burning nearly all night. This was a vessel fully equipped for the trade, but with no slaves on board.

On the morning of the 12th of June, owing to the prevalence of strong currents and light winds with a heavy swell, the 'Bonetta' had drifted so close to the land between Manna and Gallinas, that at four A.M. it was deemed prudent to anchor. A few hours after daylight a boat was seen pulling for Gallinas. Immediately sending another in chase, they were both soon alongside the brigantine, now under weigh, and the boat proved to be one from a slaver in the offing, sent in to make arrangements for the cargo.

By information derived from this boat's crew, it

appeared that their vessel would stand out for a time, but that on a certain day she would be off Little Cape Mount. Acting upon this information, a sharp lookout was kept, and on the morning of the 19th, at daylight, a schooner was in sight. The wind being very light, she was scarcely visible from the deck; Mr Smallpage (midshipman) being therefore detached in the gig, after a pull of nearly fifteen miles, he succeeded in capturing a schooner, claiming the protection of no flag, with all fittings necessary for the slave-trade. She was called the 'Tragas Millas.'

The next prize was descried at daylight on the 28th of June, having Cape Mount Bay under her lee. Her captain preferred trying to cross the bows of the 'Bonetta' to the chance of being embayed; accordingly they neared each other on opposite tacks, each carrying studding-sails. As it was suspected from his object that the chase was a superior sailer, a cannonade was opened upon her, and so effectually, that after four shots she hove-to. The prize's crew was immediately removed, though scarcely in time; one shot had passed completely through her, and tumbling right over, she nearly capsized the boat, which was bearing the last of the crew. This vessel, the 'Andorimha,' Brazilian, fully equipped for the slave-trade, had first passed into the most southern part of the coast on the 5th of May, but was chased from thence by a steamer. On the 3d of June she again put into Ambriz, but a second time escaped, after being chased. Finding this part of the coast too well guarded, she made a voyage of about 1500 miles, and sent a boat into the Pongos to arrange the cargo again. She was chased, and running from Charybdis, this time fell upon Scylla.



On the 10th of August, after a run of about seven hours, and firing three blank-cartridges, the 'Bonetta' captured a schooner, the 'Alert.' She was under no flag, and had recently been bought for Don Jose Luiz, the factor at Gallinas ; for whom, besides a full equipment for the slave-trade, she had a quantity of wine and other articles.

On the 5th of September, H.M.S. 'Sealark' chased a schooner beyond the limits of her station, when about half-past three P.M. she was descried and taken possession of by the 'Bonetta.' She proved to be a vessel called the 'Louiza,' and her supercargo (who passed for one Don Jose Segui) was one of the most notorious slave-dealers on the coast. His name was Theodore Canot, a Florentine by birth, but American, French, or English, when either suited. If all the horrible murders said to have been committed by this miscreant are true, he must have been the most atrocious of mankind. While a factor at Cape Mount, almost a hundred human beings are said to have fallen victims to his avarice ; nor were all these negroes, but many of them white men.

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CAPTURE OF BRAZILIAN SLAVER 'FIRME' BY THE BOATS  
OF H.M.S. 'DOLPHIN.'

1840.

At daylight on the 30th May 1840, the 'Dolphin' being under easy sail off Whydah, a brigantine was observed on the lee-bow. All sail was immediately made in chase ; but as the stranger increased her distance, the cutter, a twenty-foot boat, with nine men,

including the officer, and the gig with six, were despatched at half-past six o'clock, under command of Mr Murray and Mr Rees, to endeavour to come up with and detain the chase before the setting in of the sea-breeze. Both boats being soddened from constant blockading, pulled heavy, and the crews had been employed during a squally, rainy morning in trimming and making sail; but after a harassing pull of two hours and a half under a hot sun, they came up with the chase, the gig being rather ahead. The brigantine bore down upon her, opening a sharp and continued fire of musketry, which was returned, when both boats, after steadily reloading under her fire, cheered and boarded on each quarter. The sweeps of the brigantine were rigged out, which prevented their boarding by the chains, thereby rendering it difficult for more than one or two to get up the side at a time.

Mr Murray was the first on board; and though knocked back into the boat with the butt-end of a musket, which broke his collar-bone, he immediately clambered up the side again, in which act his left hand was nearly severed at the wrist with the blow of a cutlass. Another cut was made at his head, which he parried, cutting the man down. The bowman of the gig was shot through the heart while laying his oar in, and the bowman of the cutter in getting up the side. After a resistance of twenty minutes, the vessel was captured, most of the crew running below, firing their muskets as they retreated.

Mr Rees had previously proved himself a most zealous and active officer, particularly in the destruction of the slave factories at Corisco, by the boats of the 'Wolverine,' Captain Tucker.

VOYAGE OF THE 'DORES,' A SLAVER CAPTURED BY H.M.S. 'DOLPHIN,' FROM ACCRA TO SIERRA LEONE, UNDER COMMAND OF LIEUTENANT AUGUSTUS C. MURRAY.

FROM 12TH AUGUST 1840 TO 5TH JANUARY 1841.

THE 'Dores,' a schooner of about sixty feet in length and fifteen in breadth, had been taken at Quittah in June, and sent in charge of the 'Dolphin's' gunner to Sierra Leone. Six weeks afterwards she was found about twenty miles below Accra, having performed scarcely thirty miles of her passage, and lost almost all her prize-crew, including the gunner, from fever. Mr Murray, who had but just recovered from wounds received in the action with the 'Firmé,' was then put in command of her, with a crew of two men, two boys, and a prisoner boy, the only one who had survived the fever.

His orders were to proceed to Sierra Leone; and the indomitable perseverance with which he adhered to them, through formidable dangers and difficulties, together with his care for the men under his command during a voyage of 146 days, are well worthy of being recorded.

The only cabin which was at all habitable was eight feet in length, five in height at the centre, and three at the sides, the breadth decreasing from eleven to two and a half. It was entirely destitute of furniture, swarming with vermin, and before the end of the voyage the fumes of the rotting tobacco, with which the vessel was laden, clinging to the beams, formed a coat nearly an inch in thickness. This, with an awning of monkey-skins, manufactured by themselves, was the only refuge for the young officer and his men. The

fourth night of the voyage was ushered in by the most fearful squalls, which gradually freshened till about two in the morning, when a tremendous storm came on, and obliged them to bear up under bare poles; the seas washing over the little vessel, and the wind blowing in the most terrific manner until about seven, when it moderated and fell calm. The schooner was then observed to float much deeper than before, and on sounding, nearly three feet water were found in the hold. The pump was immediately set to work, but it hardly fetched when it broke and became useless. This was repaired by about sunset, and in two hours afterwards the vessel was cleared. They then made sail and tacked, steering for Sierra Leone, till, on the morning of the 14th of September, they sighted land just below the River Sestos. Finding that they had but three days' provisions left, the commander determined to make them last for six, and stood on, in the hope of weathering Cape Palmas. This was baffled by a tide that set down along shore; but, on the 20th of September, they anchored off Cape Coast Castle. Having no provisions remaining, the governor supplied them directly with sufficient for forty days; and having refitted, the schooner put to sea again on a close, sultry morning, which was succeeded by a violent gale, lasting three days. About two o'clock one afternoon, a rakish-looking brigantine was perceived standing towards the 'Dores;' and judging her to be a slaver, the young officer called his crew together, and having loaded the muskets and got the cutlasses ready, they silently awaited her coming up, determined to defend themselves. To their great joy, when she got within two miles and a half of them, a strong breeze sprang



up, which placed the schooner dead to windward, and in the morning the brigantine was out of sight. Their sails were now so worn that they were obliged to lower them, and drift about for a whole day to repair them. Having neither chronometer nor sextant, and only a quadrant of antique date, often ten and even twenty miles out of adjustment, the position of the vessel could only be guessed. The men behaved admirably during this weary time, employing themselves in cleaning their arms, fishing, or mending their clothes. The rain generally fell in torrents till the 4th October, when the day closed in with very heavy appearances. All preparations were made for the coming gale; all the sails were lowered down but the fore-staysail, and everything lashed and secured. The fore-staysail was kept up to place the schooner dead before it.

At about five in the evening the gale began; it became dead calm, the atmosphere close, and all around dark. After about half an hour, a sound like heavy thunder was heard in the distance, and through the gloom a bank of foam was seen hastening towards the schooner; in a few minutes the staysail was stowed, and the wind caught her, gradually freshening until it burst upon her in all its fury; the rolling sea broke in upon her, and completely filled her upper-deck: but the side bulwarks were open, and the sea found vent. Having battened his crew down below, Mr Murray lashed himself to the deck, and steered the vessel through the storm, which continued with heavy thunder and torrents of rain till about two in the morning, when, completely exhausted, he fell asleep, and was aroused by the crew (who, having knocked once or twice without reply, believed him to have been washed overboard)

hammering at the skylight to get out. This gale so strained the schooner that the water gained to two feet a day; and, to add to their disasters, one of the crew was ill for a fortnight. From the 10th of October till the 4th November, when land was again discovered, the 'Dores' continued her course for Sierra Leone, experiencing the whole weight of the rainy season. It now became evident that she could not stem the current; and that in the course of many days she had not made more than four or five miles. Mr Murray then determined to try again to reach Cape Palmas, by standing along the land; and thus nearly incurred a new danger from the natives, who assembled on the beach, armed with pikes and clubs, as night drew on, prepared to attack the schooner should she run on shore. Happily a slight breeze sprung up, which gave her steerage way, and enabled her to draw off the land. No resource remained but to shape her course again for Cape Coast Castle to obtain provisions, their stock being exhausted. The governor made every effort to prevail on Mr Murray to relinquish the undertaking, which now appeared so hopeless; but he was resolute in staying by the charge entrusted to him; and calling his men together, he gave them the choice of going on shore to await a passage down to the 'Dolphin.' With one consent they replied that they would never leave him; holding to the old feeling of a true seaman, never to leave his officer at a time of difficulty till death parts him. Their provisioning was just completed, when a fatal accident diminished the number of the crew. They had been bathing after their day's work, and one of them, a black, was still in the water, when he was seized by a shark, and so fear-

fully injured that he died before he could be got on board. The weary voyage recommenced, and, as before, their chief diversion was fishing. The sharks, skip-jacks, dolphins, and bonetas which were caught were counted by hundreds, for they literally sailed through a sea of fish. Two parrots had been added to their crew, and were a great amusement, becoming so tame that they would obey their master's call, and follow him afterwards through the streets like dogs. The 9th of December was marked by a serious disaster. Seeing a huge shark alongside, they had fastened a boneta as a bait to a piece of small line, and made a running bowline in the end of the peak-halliard with the fish towing a little ahead of it; the shark immediately saw and swam after it; they were already on the bowline to run him up the side with his head a little out of water; gliding silently along, not two feet from them, he came up to the bowline, which was held wide open, while the bait was quietly hauled ahead until he was far enough through it, then, giving a sudden jerk on it, they closed it just behind the two side-fins and tried to catch a turn with the rope; but, quick as lightning, the shark gave a terrific plunge and tore it through their hands, when Mr Murray unfortunately got in the middle of the coil, and as the men had all let go, it had got a half-hitch round his leg, and in an instant he was drawn up and over the gunwale. Catching at the peak-halliards, which were belayed close to him, he held on with his only sound hand as he was flying overboard, the men also seizing him by the arm. Before he could be extricated, the limb was severely injured and torn. The only remedy which could be applied was bathing it in oil.

In the meantime the 'Dores' progressed, though very slowly; she had become much more leaky, the cargo was completely rotten, and the stench drove them all on deck; nor could they heave a particle of it overboard, for then the vessel would have capsized, as she had no ballast in. The sails were perfectly rotten, so bad that the vessel was often a whole day without a stitch of canvas set when the wind fell light, that they might be repaired with monkey-skins, of which there was a good stock on board.

The fourth month closed, and the schooner had not yet performed a voyage of ten days, from seven to fifteen miles a day being the progress lately made; but now the current seemed to favour her, for a change of forty miles a day was observed in the latitude, and the hearts of officer and men grew lighter, notwithstanding their miserable plight, always wet to the skin, and unable to change their clothes for days together. Two terrific storms were still to be encountered; and, at the commencement of the second, Mr Murray sent the men below, and remained alone on the deck, which he never expected to leave alive. The heat of each flash of lightning was felt as if from a fire; the rain falling in torrents, leaked in every direction through the deck, and the schooner was fast filling with water. At length the rain ceased, and the lightning became fainter, when they made sail again, pumped out, and proceeded till they had made sufficient northing for Sierra Leone. They then bore up east, and, on the 31st December, the colour of the water showed that they were nearing the land. On this day they kept their Christmas, and many were the hearty toasts they drank to those at home. It was not till the 6th Janu-



ary, 146 days from the commencement of their voyage, that they anchored off Sierra Leone, where it was fully believed that they were lost. Here Mr Murray found his promotion awaiting him for the capture of the 'Firmé,' and was at once invalided home.

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CAPTURE OF AN ARMED SLAVER BY A FOUR-OARED GIG,  
UNDER COMMAND OF MR TOTTENHAM, MATE.

1844.

ON the 13th of August 1844, Mr John Francis Tottenham, mate of H.M.S. 'Hyacinth,' Commander Scott, performed a gallant and dashing exploit, which obtained for him his promotion to the rank of lieutenant, and the testimony of his commander to the coolness, decision, and gallantry displayed by him on the occasion. When off Fish Bay, on the west coast of Africa, Mr Tottenham was sent in a four-oared gig, with one spare hand, to communicate with the Portuguese Governor. The weather became thick, and he missed his port; but, knowing that the 'Hyacinth' was working along the coast, anchored for the night, and pulled to the southward. On the morning of the 13th, he discovered a brig at anchor without colours, and saw her slip and make sail, on which he gave chase. Being to windward, and the breeze light, he was enabled to approach her weather-beam, and fire a musket ahead, to induce her to heave-to and show her colours. This and a second were disregarded; but a port was opened and a gun run out, and brought to bear on the boat, which caused the officer to pull into her wake, when part of the crew of the brig commenced firing musketry, while

the others got the gun on the poop, and pointed it at the boat.

Mr Tottenham now commenced firing, as fast as the spare hand could load for him, being just able to keep way with the brig.

Having hit four of the men on board, they left the gun, and, after firing muskets for twenty minutes, finding they were unable to weather the land or tack without being boarded by the boat, they ran the brig on shore, and abandoned her to the number of eighteen, including three wounded men, leaving another mortally wounded on board.

In the course of the afternoon the brig was perceived from the masthead of the 'Hyacinth,' which stood in and anchored, and hove her off; when she proved to be of 200 tons, fully equipped for conveying about 1000 slaves, with two guns of four-pounds calibre loaded, a barrel of powder and a quantity of langridge-shot, a number of muskets, swords, and bayonets on the deck. Almost every bullet expended in the gig was traced to the gun-carriage, or its immediate vicinity on the poop.

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#### LIEUTENANT LODWICK'S (IN THE 'GROWLER'S' PINNACE)

##### GALLANT ATTACK ON A SLAVER.

1845.

ON the 12th of January 1845, Lieutenant Lodwick, first lieutenant of H.M.'s steamer 'Growler,' Captain Buckle, who had been away for some time cruising in the pinnace on the look-out for slavers, fell in with a felucca, which, on seeing the pinnace, hove-to; and the officer expected that she would make no resistance, as

she might have got away if she had chosen. When the pinnace, however, was within thirty yards they observed a whole range of muskets, fore and aft the felucca. After this, Lieutenant Lodwick cheered his men on to get up to her before she discharged this fearful battery; but no sooner was the cheer out, than the felucca opened on the boat. This was a staggerer for the poor boat; but fortunately this time they fired too high (the felucca had now filled, and was going just as fast as the boat could pull). Lieutenant Lodwick now returned this with a round-shot and 180 balls in a bag. In the first volley from the felucca the rim of the officer's hat was shot through, but their second volley told with mortal effect; two men were shot dead, and Lieutenant Lodwick and two men severely wounded—the officer having been struck on the left knee and thigh. This left the pinnace with so few men that, having had six of its oars shot away, it was obliged to leave the field, and was picked up by the 'Growler,' standing towards the 'Gallinas,' boat and gear being literally riddled with shot.

Lieutenant Lodwick was promoted for his gallantry. The felucca had been chased by every vessel on the coast, and always got away clear. She was afterwards captured by a war-steamer, and bore evident marks of her conflict with the pinnace. There were about seventy men on board—English, French, and Americans—and she was commanded by an Englishman.

CAPTURE OF THE 'FELICIDADE' AND 'ECHO' SLAVERS,  
 BY H.M.S. 'WASP,' AND RECAPTURE OF 'FELICIDADE'  
 BY H.M.S. 'STAR.'

1845.

As H.M.S. 'Wasp,' Captain Usherwood, was cruising in the Bight of Benin, near Lagos, on the 27th February 1845, a strange sail was seen, and Lieutenant Stupart was immediately ordered in pursuit. At about eight o'clock in the evening he came up with her, and found her to be the 'Felicidade,' a Brazilian schooner, fitted for the slave-trade, with a slave-deck of loose planks over the cargo, and a crew of twenty-eight men. With the exception of her captain and another man, they were transferred to the 'Wasp;' and Lieutenant Stupart, with Mr Palmer, midshipman, and a crew of fifteen English seamen, remained in charge of the prize. On the 1st of March, the boats of the 'Felicidade,' under Mr Palmer, captured a second prize, the 'Echo,' with 430 slaves on board, and a crew of twenty-eight men, leaving Mr Palmer, with seven English seamen and two Kroomen, on board the 'Felicidade.' Several of the 'Echo's' crew were also sent on board as prisoners, with their captain. The officer and prize-crew were overpowered and murdered, and an unsuccessful attempt made to gain possession of the 'Echo.' The 'Felicidade' was seen and chased on the 6th March by H.M.S. 'Star,' Commander Dunlop. When she was boarded, no one was on her deck, the crew being concealed below; and on being found and questioned, they stated the vessel to be the 'Virginie,' and accounted for their wounds by the falling of a spar; but there were traces of a conflict, and many tokens which proved



that English seamen had been on board. She was then sent to Sierra Leone, in charge of Lieutenant Wilson and nine men. Whilst on the passage, during a heavy squall, the schooner went over, filled and sank, so as only to leave part of her bow-rail above water. When the squall passed, the whole of the crew were found clinging to the bow-rail. Some expert divers endeavoured to extract provisions from the vessel, but without success; and nothing but death stared them in the face, as the schooner was gradually sinking. Lieutenant Wilson ascertained that there were three common knives among the party, and it was resolved to make a raft of the main-boom and gaff, and such other floating materials as remained above water. These they secured by such ropes as could be cut and unrove from the rigging, and a small quantity of cordage was retained to make good any defects they might sustain by the working of the spars; a small top-gallant studding-sail was obtained for a sail; and upon this miserable float the ten persons made sail for the coast of Africa, distant 200 miles, without rudder, oar, compass, provisions, or water. Being almost naked, and washed by every wave, their sufferings were very great. Famished for food and drink, scorched by a burning sun during the day, and chilled with cold during the night, they thus remained twenty days. Delirium and death relieved the raft of part of its load of misery, two blacks being the first to sink under their sufferings. The question naturally suggests itself, How did the survivors support life? Some persons would be almost afraid to put the question, or hear the answer. There is nothing, however, to wound our feelings, but much to admire, in the admirable conduct of Lieutenant Wilson and his

men during these melancholy and miserable twenty days. Showers of rain occasionally fell; they caught some water in their little sail, which they drank, and put some into a small keg, that had floated out of the vessel. The sea was almost always breaking over the spars of the raft, which was surrounded by voracious sharks. The famishing sailors actually caught with a bowling-knot a shark, eight feet in length, with their bare hands, and hauled it upon the raft; they killed it, drank the blood, and ate part of the flesh, husbanding the remainder. In this way three other sharks were taken, and upon these sharks the poor fellows managed to prolong their lives till picked up (in sight of the land) in what may be termed the very zero of living misery. Lieutenant Wilson and four seamen survived, and recovered their strength. Order and discipline were maintained upon the raft; fortitude, forethought, a reliance upon Divine Providence, and good conduct, enabled these Englishmen to surmount such horrible sufferings, while the Kroomen and Portuguese sank under them.

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CAPTURE OF A SLAVER BY H.M.S. 'PANTALOON.'

1845.

H.M.S. 'Pantaloön,' ten-gun sloop, Commander Wilson, had been for two days in chase of a large slave-ship, and succeeded in coming up with her becalmed, about two miles off Lagos, on the 26th May 1845. The cutter and two whale boats were sent under the command of the first lieutenant, Mr Lewis D. T. Prevost, with the master, Mr J. T. Crout, and the boat-

swain, Mr Pasco, some marines and seamen, amounting to about thirty altogether, to make a more intimate acquaintance with the stranger. The pirate gave the boats an intimation of what they were to expect as they neared, by opening on them a heavy fire of round-shot, grape, and canister, in such a spirited style, that, after returning the compliment by a volley of musketry, the boats prepared for hard work. Animated by the show of resistance, each boat now emulated the other in reaching the enemy, the pirate continuing a sharp fire as they steadily advanced; the marines as briskly using their muskets. In half an hour from the discharge of the first gun from the slaver, the boats of the 'Pantaloön' were alongside; Lieutenant Prevost and Mr Pasco on the starboard, and Mr Crout, in the cutter, on the port side. The pirate crew, sheltering themselves as much as possible, nevertheless continued to fire the guns, loading them with all sorts of missiles, bullets, nails, lead, etc.; and, amidst a shower of these, our brave sailors and marines dashed on board. Lieutenant Prevost and his party, in the two boats, were soon on the deck of the prize. The master boarded on the port-bow, and, despite the formidable resistance and danger, followed by one of his boat's crew, actually attempted to enter the port as they were firing the gun from it. He succeeded in getting through, but his seconder was knocked overboard by the discharge. The gallant fellow, however, nothing daunted, was in an instant up the side again, taking part with the master, who was engaged in a single encounter with one or two of the slaver's crew. Having gained the deck, after a most determined resistance, they now encountered the pirates hand to hand, when the cutlass and bayonet

did the remainder of the work. Lieutenant Prevost finally succeeded in capturing the vessel, but the pirates fought desperately; and it was not until seven of their number lay dead on the deck, and seven or eight more were severely wounded, that they ran below and yielded. In the encounter, two British seamen were killed; the master and boatswain, and five others, were severely wounded. Lieutenant Prevost received immediate promotion.

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LIEUTENANT MANSFIELD AND PRIZE-CREW — DEFENCE  
OF THE 'ROMEO PRIMERO' AGAINST AN ATTEMPT AT  
RECAPTURE.

1847.

ON the 22d of July 1847, H.M.S. 'Waterwitch,' with H.M.S. 'Rapid' in company, captured the Brazilian brigantine 'Romeo Primero,' which was subsequently given in charge to Lieutenant W. G. Mansfield, R.N., and four seamen, to be conveyed to St Helena for adjudication. Owing to adverse winds, and the unmanageable qualities of the prize, the officer in command found it necessary to alter his destination, and to bear up for Sierra Leone. On the 11th of August, about midday, two of the crew being engaged aloft, and the others in the bunks, where the arms were stowed, the lieutenant being at the moment pulling a rope which had been recently spliced, was murderously assailed from behind by one of the prisoners, with an axe used for chopping firewood. There were four of them who were during the day-time allowed the liberty of the vessel. At the same moment, the other three



prisoners furiously attacked the sailors in the bunks, who, from the unexpected nature of the assault, were driven from their post wounded and unarmed. Lieutenant Mansfield, laying hold of a piece of firewood, gallantly but unequally contended with a Brazilian armed with a cutlass. In the course of a desperate struggle, the officer received no fewer than nine wounds, more or less severe ; a great-coat which he wore being, under Providence, the means of saving him from instant death. The two sailors who had been occupied in the shrouds having reached the deck, of course unarmed, the lieutenant, nearly exhausted by profuse hæmorrhage, made a violent effort to join them, in which he fortunately proved successful, though in his progress one of the prisoners discharged at him a marine's musket, the contents of which took effect, inflicting a most dangerous wound in his head, and bringing him for an instant to the deck. Having succeeded in recovering his feet and gaining his men, he encouraged them to rush aft upon their armed antagonists,—a piece of service which three of their number performed in the most daring manner ; the fourth seaman (since dead) being *hors de combat* from his wounds, and the lieutenant himself fainting at the instant from loss of blood. The intrepidity of the three British tars rendered them more than a match for their armed antagonists, whom they speedily overpowered ; one of the prisoners leaping overboard and perishing in the waves. Believing their officer to be killed, the seamen, in the excitement of the moment, were about to hurl the surviving prisoners over the gangway, when Lieutenant Mansfield, partially reviving, ordered them to be imprisoned, that their wounds should be washed, and that they should

be reserved to be dealt with by the authorities at Sierra Leone.

On the 1st of September, the 'Romeo Primero,' the scene of this bloody encounter, entered the port. Lieutenant Mansfield, who, since the day of the conflict, had scarcely been able to stir hand or foot, was promptly conveyed to sick-quarters, and for many days his life was entirely despaired of by his medical attendants. The gallant little crew, all wounded, were also looked after in the best manner which skill and sympathy could suggest; but two were soon beyond the reach of human succour,—one dying of the direct consequences of his wounds, and the second of fever induced by them. After a fortnight of extreme danger on shore, Lieutenant Mansfield showed symptoms of recovery, and in the same year received the rank of commander.

## GALLANT DEEDS.

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HUMANITY OF LIEUT. BREEN, R.N., H.M.S. 'GANGES.'

MEDITERRANEAN, 1850.

THAT the seamen of the British Navy are as humane as they are brave, we have numberless examples to prove. The following is one of numerous instances in which they have risked and often sacrificed their lives for the good of others, and should on no account be passed over.

As one of the boats of H.M.S. 'Ganges,' forming part of the British fleet in the Piræus, with Lieutenant Breen, Mr Chatfield, midshipman, and sixteen men, was returning from the shore, laden with water, she was swamped and turned over just half-way between the 'Queen' and the east point of the island of Lypso.

Mr Breen, Mr Chatfield, and most of the men, immediately struck out for the island, and reached it. The gale increased, and the cold became so intense that their clothes were frozen stiff upon them. In the morning they could see the fleet, but were unable to catch attention by signals. One of the men suffered so much from the cold that Lieutenant Breen generously stripped off his coat and put it on him. As the day closed, most of the men retired into a cave; but Mr Breen separated himself from the others, and was

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no more seen. On board the 'Ganges' it was thought that they had not put off from shore; but next night it was known that they had set out, and a boat was sent to search. As it was passing by Lypso at dawn on the third day, the wrecked boat was accidentally descried on the beach. Mr Chatfield and half a dozen men were found in the cave in a torpid state; Mr Breen was found dead, crouched under a bush, and ten seamen were missing. There is little doubt that poor Mr Breen lost his life from his generous act in favour of the suffering seaman. The survivors found in the cave all recovered.

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GALLANTRY EXHIBITED IN PRESERVING LIFE.—

CAPTAIN WASEY, R.N.

1860.

WE have already had to describe the bravery and humanity exhibited by Captain Wasey on more than one occasion, before he attained his present rank; and were it not from his own modesty, we should have mentioned other gallant deeds of his. That gallant officer is now Inspecting-Commander of the Coast Guard at Fleetwood, Lancashire.

On the 22d January 1860, the schooner 'Ann Mitchell' went ashore near Fleetwood. A new lifeboat, not long before placed there by the National Lifeboat Institution, was immediately launched, when Captain Wasey, to encourage the men, went off in her. A strong tide was running in, and a hard gale blowing from the w.n.w. It was night. Stronger and stronger blew the gale, the sea breaking terrifi-



cally on the shore and over the hapless vessel. A small steamer was got ready, and took the lifeboat in tow. Even thus but slow way was made in the teeth of the gale, the tide, and the raging sea. Still the steamer persevered. Slowly she gained ground, and at length, having got to windward of the wreck, the tow-rope was cast off, and the boat proceeded alone on her work of mercy. She got within a few yards of the wreck, when a tremendous sea rushing in, struck her and filled her, breaking some of her oars. At that moment it seemed as if the lifeboat herself was doomed to destruction. She was but small, pulling but six oars, and scarcely fitted for the arduous work in which she was engaged. Captain Wasey now anchored, and attempted to veer her down to the wreck, but the strong tide running defeated the intention. The anchor being then weighed, another attempt was made to board the vessel to leeward; but a heavy sea striking her, she was thrown over altogether, her masts falling within a few feet of the lifeboat, whose brave crew thus narrowly escaped destruction. Again, therefore, Captain Wasey determined to anchor to windward, and once more to veer down. This time success attended the efforts of the lifeboat's crew; lines being thrown on board the wreck, and secured. One of the people from the schooner then threw himself into the sea, and was hauled into the boat; but unhappily the others appeared to be either fearful or unable to follow his example; and, from the pitchy darkness, and the noise of the sea and wind, it was impossible to communicate intelligibly with them. Captain Wasey learned from the man saved, that three persons remained; one—the master—had his back hurt; and

another—a boy—his leg broken. While endeavouring to carry out their humane purpose, a heavy sea broke over both vessel and boat, carrying away the lines, and sweeping the boat some 300 yards to leeward. Many seamen might have despaired of regaining the wreck, but the men of the lifeboat, encouraged by their gallant leader, pulled up once more, in the hopes of saving the poor fellows on the wreck. Great was their disappointment, however, on again getting alongside, to discover that the last heavy sea had washed them all off. Captain Wasey and his gallant followers having done all that men could do, had at length to return to the shore with one only out of the four people who had formed the crew of the ‘Anne Mitchell.’ They had been thus occupied for nearly nine hours of a dark winter’s night, with untiring exertion and exposure. The lifeboat had been launched at six P.M. on the 22d, and did not return to the shore till forty minutes past two A.M. on the 23d.

Their labours in the cause of humanity were, however, not over for that day. Soon after daylight broke, it was reported to Captain Wasey that another vessel had apparently sunk on the shoals which surround and extend to a long distance from the port of Fleetwood. Rising without a moment’s hesitation, he summoned John Fox, chief-boatman of Coast Guard, and coxswain of the lifeboat, with some other men, and two of his former crew, James Turner and John Aspingal, fishermen. The lifeboat was once more afloat, and, towed for two hours against a strong tide and heavy sea by the steam-tug, she at length reached the wreck. She proved to be the schooner ‘Jane Roper’ of Ulverstone. Her crew, consisting of six men, were in the

rigging, crying out for aid. Captain Wasey and his men happily succeeded in getting them all on board, and in landing them safely at Fleetwood.

On the 19th of February, while it was blowing a heavy gale from the N.N.W., with squalls, the schooner 'Catherine' of Newry went on shore, when again Captain Wasey went off in the lifeboat, and succeeded in saving all the crew.

On October 20th, 1861, the same brave officer, taking command of the lifeboat, was instrumental in saving the lives of sixteen persons from the barque 'Vermont' of Halifax, Nova Scotia, wrecked on Barnett's Bank, three miles from Fleetwood. For these and various other similar services, he has received several medals and clasps from the "Royal National Lifeboat Institution."

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#### GALLANTRY OF LIEUTENANT BOYLE, R.N.

LIEUTENANT THE HON. H. F. BOYLE, R.N., chief-officer of Coast Guard at Tenby, has likewise much distinguished himself in the same humane manner.

At daybreak on the 2d of November, the smack 'Bruce' of Milford anchored, being totally dismasted, about three miles east of Tenby. It was blowing a furious gale from the W.S.W., and the sea running very high, threatened every instant to overwhelm the smack, or to drive her on the rocks. Lieutenant Boyle immediately, on seeing her condition, embarked in the Tenby lifeboat, and pulled off towards the unfortunate vessel. Her crew, three in number, were found in an almost exhausted state, and taken into the life-

boat, which then made for the small harbour of Saundershott, four miles distant.

On the 9th of November, at nine P.M., the commencement of a dark cold night of that inclement season, a large brig was observed to go on shore in Tenby Bay. The lifeboat, manned by her usual varied crew of Coast Guardsmen and fishermen, under the charge of Robert Parrott, chief-boatman of the Coast Guard, who acted as coxswain of the lifeboat, at once proceeded through a tremendous sea towards her, the wind blowing a gale from the s.w. The vessel was discovered to be on shore, in a peculiar position, on a rocky reef, so that she could only be approached from to windward. The lifeboat's anchor was accordingly let go, with the intention of being veered down to the wreck, but a heavy roller striking the boat, carried away the cable and broke three of her oars.

Finding it then impossible to close with the vessel, in consequence of her peculiar position and the great sea breaking over her, the lifeboat returned to Tenby, and Lieutenant Boyle and his crew proceeded to the spot with all haste by land with the rocket apparatus, and several efforts were made before the party succeeded in sending a line over the wreck, but perseverance crowned their efforts. At length a line was thrown and caught by the crew on the wreck; a stouter rope was next hauled on board, and by its means, in the course of three hours, the whole of the crew, who would otherwise have met with a watery grave, were safely landed. The silver medal of the Lifeboat Institution was awarded to Lieutenant Boyle, and the second-service clasp was added to the medal received on a former occasion by Robert Parrott.



## LOWESTOFT LIFEBOAT.

Few boats have been the means of saving more lives from destruction than that of the lifeboat belonging to Lowestoft, on the Suffolk coast. We will mention a few instances to show the way in which the seamen and boatmen of that place have risked their lives for the sake of those of their fellow-creatures. On the 26th of October 1859, the schooner 'Lord Douglas' parted from her anchors in a heavy gale from the south, and foundered off the village of Carton, on the Suffolk coast; the crew, as she went down, climbing into the rigging, where they lashed themselves.

The Lowestoft lifeboat proceeded under sail to the spot, and having anchored to windward of the wrecked vessel, succeeded in getting lines down to the crew, who were then drawn from the masts safely on board, and they were landed at Carton. So heavy was the gale that she split her foresail in the service. Scarcely had the lifeboat returned from saving the crew of the 'Lord Douglas' than another schooner, though lying with three anchors ahead, drove ashore at Carton. A foresail was borrowed, and the lifeboat again started on her mission of mercy. She reached the vessel under sail, and happily succeeded in rescuing all the crew; but having split her borrowed sail, she was compelled to run in for Yarmouth beach. Here the shipwrecked crew were hospitably received at the Sailors' Home.

Again, on the 1st November, the screw-steamer 'Shamrock' of Dublin ran on shore on the Holme Sand during a heavy gale from the s.w. As soon as the position of the unfortunate vessel was discovered, the lifeboat was launched, and proceeded under sail

to the spot. The sea was breaking fearfully over the mast-head of the steamer, repeatedly filling the lifeboat. To increase the danger, an expanse of shoal-water lay close to leeward of the wreck, so that had the lifeboat's cable parted, her destruction and that of her crew might have followed. Fully aware of the risk they ran, they persevered as brave men will, in spite of danger to themselves, and sending lines on board the wreck, the whole crew, not without considerable difficulty, were hauled on board.

On this occasion the men who especially distinguished themselves were Richard Hook, coxswain, Francis Smith, Richard Butcher, Alfred Mewse, Thomas Liffen, James Butcher, and William Rose.\*

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BRAVERY OF JOSEPH ROGERS, A MALTESE SEAMAN OF  
THE 'ROYAL CHARTER.'

25TH OCTOBER 1859.

No one will forget the dreadful loss of the 'Royal Charter' on the Welsh coast, when out of 490 souls on

\* We wish to draw attention to three very important societies for the benefit of seamen of all nations.

1st.—THE MISSION TO SEAMEN, 11, Buckingham Street, Strand. The Rev. T. A. Walrond is the secretary. The object is to afford spiritual aid and instruction to seamen of all nations who visit ports both at home and in the colonies, and English seamen in foreign ports. It has already twelve clergymen and as many Scripture readers, who visit the seamen on board their ships, and in some instances have vessels, on board which services are held and instruction afforded.

Bibles are distributed and many books lent; altogether the society has been instrumental in producing a marked change in the characters and conduct of British seamen.

2d.—THE NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION. Secretary, R. Lewis, Esq., 14, John Street, Adelphi. This admirable society

board not more than twenty-five persons came on shore alive ; but many may not recollect that it was owing, under Providence, to the bravery, presence of mind, and strength of one man that even these few were saved. When the ship struck on the rocks, the sea instantly broke over her with fearful violence, filling the intermediate space between her and the shore with broken spars and fragments of the wreck, while the waves burst with fury on the hard rocks and then rushed back again, to hurl with redoubled force on the iron shore the objects which they had gathered up in their forward course. Pitchy darkness added to the horror of the scene, and the danger to be encountered by the hapless passengers and crew of the ill-fated ship. Among the ship's company was a Maltese, Joseph Rogers—a first-rate swimmer, as are many of the inhabitants of the island in which he was born. To

has placed no less than 110 lifeboats round the coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, so that in all the more exposed and dangerous parts scarcely a wreck can take place without the means being at hand to preserve the crews. Still there are many more important posts to fill up ; besides which, the society itself is supported by voluntary contributions.

3d.—THE SHIPWRECKED MARINERS' SOCIETY. Francis Lean, Esq., R.N., Secretary, Hibernia Chambers, London Bridge. While the missions to seamen endeavour to do good to the souls of sailors, the object of this society is to afford them relief when cast naked and starving on shores far removed from their homes. It feeds, clothes, and lodges them, and assists them to return to their homes, or to reach some port whence they may sail to their native land. It also encourages Sailors' Homes and other efforts made for the benefit of seamen. Indeed, it may truly be said that these three admirable associations form but parts of one great work for the benefit of sailors.

They each publish a periodical : "The Word on the Waters," 1d. monthly ; "The Shipwrecked Mariner," 6d. quarterly ; and "The Lifeboat," 2d. quarterly.

attempt to swim on shore in that boiling caldron was full of danger, though he might have felt that he could accomplish it, but the difficulty and danger would be far greater should the swimmer's progress be impeded by a rope. In spite of that, thinking only how he might save the lives of those on board the ship to which he belonged, taking a line in hand, he plunged boldly into the foaming sea. On he swam: the darkness prevented him from being seen, but those on board felt the rope gradually hauled out. Anxiously all watched the progress of that line, for on the success of that bold swimmer the lives of all might depend. If he failed, who could hope to succeed? At length they felt it tightened, and they knew that it was being hauled up by many strong hands on shore. Now a stout rope was fastened to the line, and that being hauled on shore was secured, and a cradle was placed on it. No time was to be lost. The large ship was striking with terrible violence on the rocks—it appearing that every instant would be her last. One after the other the people on board hastened into the cradle—as many as dare to make the hazardous passage. Ten, fifteen, twenty landed—the twenty-fifth person had just reached the shore, when, with a horrible crash, the ship parted, breaking into fragments, and 454 persons were hurried in a moment into eternity. Even Rogers, brave swimmer as he was, could not have survived had he attempted to swim among those wreck-covered waves. For his heroic courage the National Lifeboat Institution awarded the gold medal to Rogers, and a gratuity of five pounds.



## RAMSGATE LIFEBOAT.

AMONG the many gallant acts performed by the crew of the Ramsgate lifeboat we may record one which took place on the night of the 24th December 1859. During a heavy gale, with a terrific sea running, she, towed by the commissioners' steam-tug, proceeded to the rescue of the crew of the barque 'Linda' of Whitby, which had on that tempestuous night foundered on the Goodwin Sands. In the performance of this service one of the crew of the lifeboat, named Henry Venion, was by a heavy sea completely washed out of her: but, by God's mercy, he was saved. It was past three o'clock in the morning before the shipwrecked crew were brought into Ramsgate, where, on landing, the master of the 'Linda' expressed a strong conviction that his ship would probably float on the Goodwin. This was a most providential interposition, as the sequel will show. The lifeboat with her gallant crew again proceeded, in less than an hour, in company with the steamer, towards the fatal Goodwin. On their arrival they found the 'Linda' full of water and rapidly breaking up; but on looking over the sands at the dawn of day they saw a large ship with her three masts gone, the sea making a complete breach over her, and her numerous crew holding on for their lives. Not a moment was now to be lost. But how was the lifeboat to get through such heavy broken water? The crew and lifeboat must be imperilled in this great venture. The noble craft, like a thing of life, ultimately succeeded in approaching the wreck, from which, one

by one, thirteen poor creatures were rescued from inevitable death. The vessel proved to be the barque 'Ariel' of Gottenburg, with a cargo of deals, to Marseilles. The boat belongs to the Royal Harbour Commissioners of Ramsgate, and has, during the last seven or eight years, been instrumental in rescuing 110 shipwrecked sailors from a watery grave. The crew were rewarded by the commissioners, in addition to receiving salvage, for their intrepid and important services.

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REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF ENDURANCE OF A CREW OF  
BRITISH SEAMEN.

A SMALL fishing-smack, with a crew of five people, was wrecked off Bacton, near Great Yarmouth, on the 27th November 1859. The poor men were in the rigging, without food or drink, for sixty hours before they were rescued from the mast of a sunken vessel, to which they had been clinging for more than sixty hours. For three nights and two days they held on this uncertain support, about eight feet above the raging sea, without food, and almost without clothing. One of the men took off his shirt and held it out as a signal of distress, till it was blown from his feeble grasp. The vessel struck upon the Harboursand on Friday evening at nine o'clock, and they were not rescued till ten o'clock on Monday morning—a case of most remarkable endurance. It was but a small vessel, a smack with four hands; the fourth, a boy, climbed the mast with the others, and held on till the

Saturday, when he became exhausted, and, relaxing his hold, slipped down into the sea. One of the men went down after him, seized him, and dragged him up the mast again; but there was nothing to which to lash him, and no crosstrees or spars on which to rest, so that during the night, when almost senseless with cold and fatigue, the poor boy slipped down again, and was lost in the darkness. On Sunday they were tantalized with the hope of immediate succour. A vessel saw their signals and heard their cries, and sent a boat to their relief; but, after buffeting with the wind and tide, they had the mortification to see her give up the attempt, and return to the vessel. Then it was that black despair took possession of them, and they gave themselves up for lost; but clinging to their frail support for an hour or two longer, they heard a gun fire. This gave them fresh courage, for they took it to be a signal, as in fact it was, that their case was known, and an attempt would be made to save them. The vessel stood in and communicated with the shore, and a boat put off to search for them; but they were such a speck on the ocean, that, night coming on, they could not be seen, and the boat returned to shore. For the third night, therefore, they had still to cling on, expecting every moment that the mast would go over and bury them in the deep. On the Monday morning the Bacton boat made another attempt, fell in with them at ten o'clock, and landed them at Palling, more dead than alive, whence, as soon as they could be moved, they were brought to the Yarmouth Sailors' Home, their swollen limbs, benumbed frames, and ghastly countenances testifying to the sufferings they had undergone. At this Home the poor men remained several

weeks, receiving every attention from the officers of the establishment.

To conclude our short account of the services of life-boats, we may state that in the year 1860 the lives of no less than 326 persons were saved by those stationed on the British coast, every one of which would have been lost.

We will give another example, to exhibit more clearly the nature of the work the brave crews undertake.

In the early part of that year, as the day closed, it was blowing a heavy gale off Lyme-Regis. About eight o'clock at night the alarm was given that a vessel was in distress in the offing. It was pitchy dark; indeed the intense darkness, the strong gale, and the heavy surf on shore, were enough, said the Mayor of the town, to appal any men entering the lifeboat. After some short delay, however, the boat was manned by a gallant crew—her coxswain, Thomas Bradley, being early at his post. Tar-barrels were lighted up on shore, and the boat proceeded on her mission of mercy. So truly awful was the night, that nearly every one on shore believed she would never return again. However, after battling with the fury of the storm, and after an absence of about an hour and a half, the lifeboat did return, laden with the shipwrecked crew of three men of the smack 'Elizabeth Ann' of Lyme-Regis. The inhabitants of the town were perfectly amazed at the lifeboat's performances, and the daring behaviour of her skilful coxswain and crew.

The total number of persons saved from shipwreck from the establishment of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution in 1824 to the end of the year 1860,



either by its lifeboats, or for which it has granted rewards, is as follows :—

In the Year	No. of Lives Saved.	In the Year	No. of Lives Saved.	In the Year	No. of Lives Saved.
1824	124	1837	272	1850	470
1825	218	1838	456	1851	230
1826	175	1839	279	1852	773
1827	163	1840	353	1853	678
1828	301	1841	128	1854	355
1829	463	1842	276	1855	406
1830	372	1843	236	1856	473
1831	287	1844	193	1857	374
1832	310	1845	235	1858	427
1833	449	1846	134	1859	499
1834	214	1847	157	1860	455
1835	364	1848	123		
1836	225	1849	209	Total,	11,856

## THE RECAPTURE OF THE 'EMILY ST PIERRE.'

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM WILSON.

1862.

THE recapture of the 'Emily St Pierre' reminds us of the fighting days of the wars with France and America, when several similar events took place ; but during the whole course of English Naval History we find no deed more gallant or more worthy of record. The 'Emily St Pierre' was a large Liverpool East India trader, commanded by Captain William Wilson. She left Calcutta on the 27th of November 1861, with orders to make the coast of South Carolina, to ascertain whether there was peace or war. If peace had been declared, Captain Wilson was to take a pilot and enter the port of Charleston ; if there was a blockade, he was to proceed to St John's, New Brunswick.

On the 8th of March 1862, he considered his vessel to be about twelve miles off the land, when a steamer was made out approaching. When the steamer, which proved to be a Federal vessel of war, the 'James Adger,' came within hail, the 'Emily St Pierre' was ordered to heave-to, and was soon afterwards boarded by two boats, whose officers and crews took possession of her. Filling on the main-yard, they steered for the Federal squadron. Captain Wilson was now ordered into the boat, and carried on board the flagship, when

he was informed by Flag-officer Goldboursh that his vessel had saltpetre on board, and that consequently she was a lawful prize to the Federal Government, but that he might take a passage on board her to Philadelphia. He replied that his cargo was not saltpetre, that his ship was British property, and that he could not acknowledge her a lawful prize.

On returning to his ship in about an hour, he found that all his crew had been taken away except the cook and steward, and that a fresh ship's company had been placed on board, consisting of Lieutenant Stone, a master's mate, twelve men, and an engineer, a passenger, fifteen in all. Having weighed anchor, they proceeded to sea. Captain Wilson felt confident of the illegality of the capture, and that if he could regain possession of his ship, he was justified in making the attempt. He had studied the characters of his cook and steward, and knew that he could trust them. He waited his opportunity. There was, however, not much time to spare. The 21st of March arrived. The commanding officer, Lieutenant Stone, had the watch on deck. It was about half-past four, and still dark, when Captain Wilson called his steward and cook into his state-room, and told them that he was resolved to regain his ship or lose his life. He asked their assistance, which they at once promised to afford. He then gave them each a pair of irons, which he had secured, and a sheet, and told them to follow him, as the moment for action had arrived. The master's mate was asleep in his berth. Captain Wilson opened the door, and walked in. After handing out his revolver and sword, he grasped the mate's hands. In an instant the gag was in his mouth, and the irons were fixed. The brave captain, with his

two followers, then went to the passenger's cabin, and having taken the arms from his berth, secured him in the way they had the mate. The most difficult part of the undertaking was now to overcome the commanding officer, who, unsuspecting of danger, was walking the deck of his prize. However, retaining wonderful coolness, and undaunted by the hazard he ran, Captain Wilson went on deck as if he had just turned out, and joined Lieutenant Stone in his walk, making some remarks as to the state of the weather. After walking for about ten minutes, he induced him to go down into the cabin to look at the chart which he had himself been examining, taking up on his way, as he followed, a belaying pin. Now was the critical moment—the cook and steward stood in ambush behind the door. They reached the door of the after-cabin where the chart was spread out, when, lifting up the belaying pin, Captain Wilson told the lieutenant that if he moved he was a dead man, and that the ship should never go to Philadelphia; when the cook and steward, springing on him, had in a moment the irons on his wrists and the gag in his mouth, and he was pitched without ceremony into a cabin, and the door locked upon him. The crew had next to be mastered. Three were walking the deck, another was at the helm, and a fifth was on the look-out forward.

With truly wonderful nerve and command of voice, Captain Wilson called the three men aft, and pointing to the hatchway of the store-room, near the helm, told them that a coil of rope was wanted up. He then shoved off the hatch, and pointing to a corner where it was, they all three jumped down. Quick as lightning he replaced the hatch, which his followers secured,



while he warned the man at the helm that his life would pay the penalty if he moved or uttered a word. The look-out was then called aft, and being seized, was asked if he would assist in navigating the ship to a British port. On his declining to do so, he was handcuffed and secured in a cabin. Captain Wilson then called the watch, knowing well that they would not all come on deck together. He was consequently able to secure two before the suspicions of the rest were aroused. The third, however, drew his knife as the steward was about to seize him, when the latter shot him in the shoulder with his pistol, and he was seized. The remaining men jumping on deck were knocked over and secured.

Once more Captain Wilson had entire command of his ship, but with a crew of two men, neither of whom could even steer, nor were they accustomed to go aloft; while he had fifteen prisoners below, who would naturally lose no opportunity of retaking the ship. His greatest difficulties were only now beginning. What consciousness of his superlative seaman-like qualities, what perfect and just self-reliance he must have possessed, to have undertaken the task of navigating a ship completely across the Atlantic with such means at his disposal! Considerate and generous, as well as brave, as soon as he had shaped a course for England, he went below, and announced to Lieutenant Stone that the ship was his own again, but offered to take the gag out of his mouth, and the irons off his wrists, if he would consent to remain a prisoner in his berth, and make no attempt to regain possession of the ship.

To this Lieutenant Stone consented, and dined at table every day under guard, while the crew were

supplied with an ample allowance of bread, beef, and water. Four of their number, after some consideration, volunteered, rather than remain prisoners, to lend a hand in working the ship; but as they were landsmen, they were no use aloft. It seems surprising that Captain Wilson should have trusted them; but undoubtedly his bravery must have inspired them with such awe that they dared not prove treacherous.

But few days had passed, after he had commenced his homeward passage, with his crew of six landsmen, than it came on to blow so hard that he had to close-reef the topsails. Placing his cook and steward at the helm, he made the other men take the reef tackles to the capstern, while he went alone aloft, lay out on the yard, passed the earings, and tied the reef-points, keeping an eye all the time at the helm, and directing his two faithful men by signs how to steer. The wind increased till it blew a heavy gale, and the sea getting up, the tiller by a sudden jerk was carried away. He now began for the first time, perhaps, to have fears that he might not after all make his passage; but undaunted, he set to work to repair the mischief as well as he was able. His strength and energies, as well as those of his brave companions, were tried to the utmost. They had both to navigate the ship, to watch the four men who had been liberated, and to feed and attend to their prisoners.

Providence favoured them; the weather moderated, the wind was fair, and without accident Captain Wilson brought the 'Emily St Pierre' into the Mersey thirty days after he had retaken her, having accomplished a passage of nearly 3000 miles. As an act of individual courage, forethought, coolness, nerve, and

the highest seaman-like qualities, the recapture of the 'Emily St Pierre' stands unsurpassed by any performed by seamen of any period, rank, or country.

Captain Wilson received the welcome he so richly deserved, on his arrival at Liverpool, from the mercantile as well as all other classes. The Council of the Mercantile Marine Service presented him with a gold medal, and silver medals with suitable inscriptions to the steward and cook; they also each of them received a purse with twenty guineas, and 170 merchants of Liverpool bestowed on Captain Wilson the sum of 2000 guineas; while numerous other presents were made by various companies, eager to show him in what high estimation his gallantry was held. His officers and crew who had been made prisoners by the Federals, on their arrival at Liverpool after their release, presented to him a valuable sextant, to show their sense of his kindness to them during the voyage from India, and of his noble conduct.

Captain Wilson's conduct adds another to many proofs that true bravery, humanity, and generosity are ever united.

## ARCTIC EXPLORING EXPEDITIONS.

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### THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

THE discovery of a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean has been the darling project of numberless English men of science as well as navigators, from the time of Henry VIII. down to the present day. A short account of the various expeditions, and of the adventures of the gallant men who have made the attempt, would alone fill a volume. By these expeditions, unsuccessful though they mostly were in accomplishing their object, the names of many of the bravest and best of England's naval commanders have become immortalized. Well indeed may Englishmen be proud of men such as Ross, Parry, Clavering, Lyon, Beechey, and Franklin, and of others who have in still later days exhibited their dauntless courage and perseverance in the same cause—Collinson, M'Clure, M'Clintock, Sherard Osborn, Forsyth, and others.

Nowhere can all the noble qualities which adorn the British seaman be more fully called forth than during a voyage in the Arctic seas, and the detention to which he is subject for years together on its ice-bound shores. From the first entering these regions, dangers beset him. Suddenly he finds his vessel among immense fields of floating ice, through which he can with difficulty force a passage or escape shipwreck. Then, in



the darkness of night, icebergs of vast height are seen close aboard, towering above his mast-head, the sea dashing with fury round their bases, from which, should he not scrape clear, his destruction is certain. Sometimes, to prevent his vessel being drifted on icebergs, or the rocky shore, or fields of ice, to leeward, he secures her on the leeside of some large berg. The base of the mass beneath the water is continually melting; and while he fancies himself secure, it decreases so much as to lose its balance, and its lofty summit bending down, it may overwhelm him in its ruins. Then, again, large masses become detached from its base, and rising up violently from far down in the sea, strike the bottom of the vessel with terrific force, capable of driving in her planks and breaking her stout timbers. Often, also, he has to saw his way through sheets of ice, cutting out canals with untiring perseverance to gain a piece of clear water beyond. Sometimes his vessel is so tightly frozen within a field of ice that he has no power to extricate her; then the field, urged by the tides or wind, moves on at a rapid rate for hundreds of miles, till it encounters some other field or a projecting shore. Now commences a scene of horror which may well make the stoutest heart tremble. The field breaks into thousands of fragments; huge masses of many hundred tons weight, and larger than his ship, are thrown up, one on the other, rising almost as if they had life, till they tower far above the sides of his vessel, and appear ready every instant to crush her, as she lies helplessly among this icy mass of a seeming ruined world. Sometimes a huge lump, bigger than the ship herself, becomes attached to her bottom; and as the mass around her melts, it rises to

the surface, and throws her on her beam-ends. Sometimes, as she is sailing in an open space, two fields suddenly close in on her. If he have time to cut a dock in the field nearest him, or find a bay ready formed, she may escape; if not, when the fields meet, her stout ribs are crushed in as if they were of wax, and he is fortunate if he escapes to the ice with some of his boats and a few provisions and clothes before his vessel disappears, to encounter a voyage without shelter in that frigid region, till he falls in with some whale-ship, or can gain its inhospitable shores. But suppose he escapes the dangers of the sea I have described, and many others, and takes shelter for the winter in some bay or gulf, ice-bound, he must remain during the winter without any communication with the rest of his fellow-creatures besides those who form his own adventurous band. The sun sinks below the horizon, and it is not seen again for months together; darkness is around him, and one dreary mass of snow covers the face of nature. The intense cold prevents him often from venturing beyond the shelter with which he has surrounded his vessel; or if he is tempted to do so, frost-bites may attack his hands and his feet, and deprive him of their use. Sometimes the Arctic explorer has had to journey for weeks together across the barren waste of ice or snow-covered ground, dragging his sledge after him, and sleeping night after night under the thin roof of a canvas tent; and as summer draws on, often wet through from the melting snow, without an opportunity of drying his clothes. Seldom has he an abundance, and often he suffers from a scarcity of provisions; while, if his strength fails him from illness or injury, he can scarcely hope to regain his ship alive.

The first exploring expedition which was sent forth after her Majesty came to the throne, was placed under the command of Sir George Back, in the 'Terror;' but winter setting in early, his ship was caught by the ice, thrown on her beam-ends, and nearly destroyed. Though in a dreadfully shattered condition, she was providentially enabled to return home. It was not till the year 1845 that a new expedition by sea was determined on, and the command given, at his earnest request, to Sir John Franklin—an expedition over the fate of which for many long years hung a mysterious uncertainty, full of pain and anxiety. Notwithstanding the hazardous nature of the work in which they were to be engaged, numbers of officers and men eagerly pressed forward as volunteers to serve under the veteran Arctic explorer. The chief difficulty was in selecting the most fit among the many applicants, and happy did those consider themselves who were chosen.

The following is a list of the officers who were finally appointed to the expedition:—

‘EREBUS.’

Captain Sir John Franklin, K.C.H.; Commander James Fitzjames; Lieutenants Graham Gore, Henry T. Le Vesconte, James William Fairholme; Mates, Charles T. des Vaux, Robert O'Sargent; Second-Master, Henry F. Collins; Surgeon, Stephen Stanley; Assistant-Surgeon, Harry D. S. Goodsir; Paymaster and Purser, Charles H. Osmer; Master, James Reid, acting; fifty-eight petty officers, seamen, etc. Full complement, seventy.

## 'TERROR.'

Captain Francis R. M. Crozier ; Lieutenants Edward Little, George H. Hodgson, John Irving ; Mates, Frederick J. Hornby, Robert Thomas ; Ice-master, T. Blakey, acting ; Second-Master, G. A. Maclean ; Surgeon, John S. Peddie ; Assistant-Surgeon, Alexander M'Donald ; Clerk in Charge, Edwin G. H. Helpman ; fifty-seven petty officers, seamen, etc. Full complement, sixty-eight ; making in all one hundred and thirty-eight souls.

The expedition sailed from England, May the 26th, 1845. They arrived at the Whalefish Islands, a group to the south of Disco, on the 4th of July. On the 26th they were seen moored to an iceberg, in  $74^{\circ} 48'$  north latitude, and  $66^{\circ} 13'$  west longitude, by a Hull whaler, the 'Prince of Wales,' Captain Dannet. The ships had then on board provisions for three years, on full allowance, or even four, with the assistance of such game as they might expect to obtain. Every one on board had resolved to persevere to the utmost in pushing their way through any channel which might offer a prospect of success towards the west ; but the letters of Captain Fitzjames especially seem to point clearly to Wellington Channel as the passage they would most probably first attempt. No news of the expedition having reached England up to the year 1847, some slight apprehensions began to be felt, though the general hope was that Sir John had pushed on perhaps into the Polar basin, and might make his appearance by way of Behring's Straits. However, it was thought right in 1848 to despatch another expedition to search for the missing ships. Two vessels



were commissioned for that purpose, and placed under the command of Sir James Ross, an officer who has been nearer the northern and southern poles than any other human being. The ships were not ready for sea till the 12th of June. They were fitted to contend with the dangers of the Polar Seas in a way no former ships had been, and every means that could be devised for the comfort and convenience of their crews were liberally supplied ; while the officers and men were influenced by an earnest zeal to discover their missing countrymen, and to rescue them from the forlorn condition in which it was too probable they were placed. Such have been the motives which have induced, year after year, numbers of other gallant officers and men to volunteer their services to encounter the terrific dangers and hardships of a Polar voyage to search for Sir John Franklin and his brave followers. Who also has not heard of the noble efforts and sacrifices Lady Franklin has made to despatch expedition after expedition in search of her gallant husband ; and with what untiring zeal, and deep, earnest devotion she and his faithful niece laboured on, month after month and year after year, with talents, mind, and all their best energies, devoted to the cause ? All honour be to those noble ladies, worthy to be loved and revered by all who love and respect the British Navy, and admire the gallant spirit which imbues it.

But to return to our narrative. Our space will not allow us to give more than a very brief sketch of the several searching expeditions which have been sent out, and the names of the ships and officers composing them.

The first, then, was that under Captain Sir J. Ross, consisting of—

‘ENTERPRISE,’ 540 tons.

Captain Sir James C. Ross ; Lieutenants R. J. L. M’Clure, F. L. M’Clintock, and W. H. J. Browne ; Master, W. S. Couldery, acting ; Surgeon, W. Robertson, acting ; Assistant-Surgeon, H. Matthias ; Second-Master, S. Court ; Clerk, Edward Whitehead. Total complement, sixty-eight.

‘INVESTIGATOR,’ 480 tons.

Captain E. J. Bird ; Lieutenants M. G. H. W. Ross, Frederick Robinson, and J. J. Barnard ; Master, W. Tatham ; Surgeon, Robert Anderson ; Mates, L. John Moore, and S. G. Cresswell ; Second-Master, John H. Allard ; Assistant-Surgeon, E. Adams ; Clerk in Charge, J. D. Gilpin. Total complement, sixty-seven.

The expedition left England on the 12th of June 1848, and reached Barrow’s Straits by the end of August. Sir James Ross then endeavoured to find a passage through Wellington Channel ; but it was so completely blocked up with ice that he was compelled to give up the attempt that year as hopeless. The ice closing in on the ships at an unusually early period, after running great risk of being crushed, Sir James took refuge in Leopold Harbour for the winter. Hence several expeditions were sent out on foot. Sir James Ross and Lieutenant M’Clintock set out in May, with sledges, each accompanied by six men, and explored the whole of the north and west coasts of North Somerset ; and being absent thirty-nine days, returned to the ships on the 23d of June. Meantime Lieutenant Bar-

nard started for the northern shore of Barrow's Straits, crossing the ice to Cape Hind. Lieutenant Browne visited the eastern shore of Regent Inlet, and Lieutenant Robinson the western shore, and reached several miles to the southward of Fury Beach. No traces were discovered, however, of Sir John Franklin, but every device that could be thought of was employed to let his party know of the position of the ships. At Fury Beach, Lieutenant Robinson discovered Sir John Ross's house, and much of the provisions left there by the 'Fury' in 1827 still remaining, and in excellent condition. On the 28th of August, the vessels quitted Leopold Harbour, where, at Whaler Point, a large supply of provisions, fuel, and a steam-launch were left, in the hopes that some of Sir John's party might visit the place. Again, from the 1st to the 25th of September, the vessels were so closely beset with ice, that it was feared they might be compelled to spend another winter in those regions, if they escaped being crushed to fragments. Happily they got clear after drifting into Baffin's Bay, and reached England in November.

The 'North Star,' an old twenty-six gun frigate, of 500 tons, had in the meantime, in the spring of 1849, been despatched with provisions for Sir James Ross, under command of Mr J. Saunders. Having got blocked in by the ice for sixty-two days, she was compelled to winter in Wolstenholme Sound, on the western coast of Greenland.

Immediately on the return of the 'Enterprise' and 'Investigator,' they were re-commissioned, and placed under the command of Captain B. Collinson, with directions to proceed to Behring's Straits, to resume the search in that direction. H.M.S. 'Plover,' Commander

Moore, was already there, employed in surveying the north-western coasts of the American continent.

The following were the officers appointed to them:—

‘ENTERPRISE.’

Captain R. Collinson; Lieutenants G. A. Phayre, J. J. Barnard, and C. T. Jago; Master, R. T. G. Legg; Second-Master, Francis Skead; Mate, M. T. Parks; Surgeon, Robert Anderson; Assistant-Surgeon, Edward Adams; Clerk in Charge, Edward Whitehead. Total complement, sixty-six.

‘INVESTIGATOR.’

Commander B. J. M‘Clure; Lieutenants W. H. Haswell and S. G. Cresswell; Mates, H. H. Saintsbury and R. J. Wyniatt; Second-Master, Stephen Court; Surgeon, Alexander Armstrong, M.D.; Assistant-Surgeon, Henry Piers; Clerk in Charge, Joseph C. Paine. Total complement, sixty-six.

Mr Miertsching, a Moravian missionary, who had spent five years on the coast of Labrador, was appointed to the ‘Enterprise’ as interpreter. The vessels sailed from Plymouth on the 20th of January 1850, and reached the Sandwich Islands on the 29th of June. Meantime the ‘Herald,’ Captain Kellett, had been ordered up from Oahu to Behring’s Straits, to assist in the search. At Petropaulski she met the Royal Thames Yacht Club schooner ‘Mary Dawson,’ owned by Mr Sheddon, who had come along the Chinese coast to Behring’s Straits, also in search of Sir John Franklin. After exploring for some time in company, they were



compelled by the ice to leave the Straits; but the 'Plover' wintered there, while Lieutenant Pullen led a boat expedition of a most arduous nature along the northern shores of America, towards the Hudson's Bay establishment on the Mackenzie river. Sir John Richardson also led a land party from the South to the Polar Seas, but was compelled to return without discovering any trace of the expedition.

In 1846, also, the Hudson's Bay Company sent out an expedition, commanded by Dr John Rae, to survey the unexplored portion of the American continent, between the further point reached by Dease and Simpson, and the strait of the Fury and Hecla.

In the year 1850, several expeditions were sent out. The first consisted of H.M.S. 'Resolute' and 'Assistance,' Captain Ommaney, with the screw-steamers 'Pioneer,' Lieutenant Osborn, and 'Intrepid,' Lieutenant Cator, as tenders, under the command of Captain Horatio T. Austin, in the 'Resolute.'

His chief aim was to visit Melville Island, and to explore the shores of Wellington Channel, and the coast about Cape Walker. The ships were provisioned for three years, and a transport completed their supply at Whalefish Islands.

No expedition ever left England with a greater prospect of success; all engaged in it being enthusiastically resolved to use every exertion to advance the noble cause.

The ships were commissioned on the 28th of February 1850, and left England the 3d of May. On the 16th of June, they arrived at the Whalefish Islands, where they received the remainder of their supply of provisions from the transport.

At the same time that Captain Austin's expedition was fitting out, another was arranged and placed under the command of Mr William Penny, an experienced whaling captain of Dundee, to act in concert with it. Mr Penny, by the directions of the Admiralty, proceeded to Aberdeen and Dundee, where he purchased two new clipper-built vessels, which were named the 'Lady Franklin' and 'Sophia;' the first in compliment to Sir John's devoted wife, the latter to his admirable niece. These vessels were placed under Mr Penny's command, with separate instructions direct from the Admiralty. The ships showed during the voyage the good judgment employed by Mr Penny in their selection, and the men acquitted themselves throughout the enterprise in a way not to justify any contempt on the part of their associates in the ships-of-war. Mr Penny had been employed in the Arctic Seas since he was twelve years old, and had commanded a whaling ship for sixteen years.

The ships left Aberdeen on the 13th of April, but did not fall in with Captain Austin's squadron till the 28th of June, off Berry Island, on the west coast of Greenland.

About the same time that the above-named ships left England, three other expeditions were despatched; one in the 'Prince Albert,' under Commander Forsyth, chiefly at Lady Franklin's expense. She had a crew of twenty men. Her mates were W. Kay and W. Wilson, and Mr W. P. Snow acted as clerk. She sailed from Aberdeen on the 5th of June, and was thus the last vessel which left England that year. Another in the 'Felix' yacht, with a tender—the 'Mary'—under the veteran Captain Sir John Ross, at his own charge.

The Americans likewise showed a generous sympathy in the fate of the missing expedition, and sent out one to aid in the search, under Lieutenant De Haven, in the U.S. brig 'Advance,' and the U.S. vessel 'Rescue,' commanded by Mr S. P. Griffin.

These various expeditions were to examine the different channels up which it was supposed Sir John Franklin might have endeavoured to work his way. The result of their examinations proved beyond almost all doubt that he proceeded up Wellington Channel.

Without following the ships step by step through their laborious progress across Baffin's Bay, down Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits, we will carry them at once to Beechey Island, which lies at the south-eastern extremity of Wellington Channel, just at its entrance into Barrow's Straits. Here, on the 27th of August, Mr Penny discovered undoubted traces of Sir John Franklin. Here, accordingly, the ships assembled to prosecute the examination. Dr Sutherland, who went out in the 'Lady Franklin,' gives the following account of the interesting event:—

"Traces," he observes, "were found to a great extent of the missing ships; tin-canisters in hundreds, pieces of cloth, rope, wood—in large fragments and in chips; iron in numerous fragments, where the anvil had stood, and the block which supported it; paper, both written and printed, with the dates 1844 and 1845; sledge marks in abundance; depressions in the gravel, resembling wells which they had been digging; and the graves of three men who had died on board the missing ships in January and April 1846. One of the shore party was despatched with this intelligence to Mr Penny, who immediately came on shore, accompanied

by Sir John Ross, Commander Phillips, of the 'Felix,' Sir John's vessel, Commander de Haven and Lieutenant Griffiths, of the American expedition, which had joined our ships in Barrow's Straits, and other officers. There were unequivocal proofs that the missing ships had spent their first winter in the immediate vicinity of Beechey Island. A finger-post was picked up, which we at once supposed had been made use of to direct parties to the ships during winter, if they should happen to have lost their way in a snow-storm. Captain Parry adopted the same precautions around his winter-quarters at Melville Island; and it is not improbable some of the posts may be found after a lapse of thirty years. Our ideas were that the ships had wintered in a deep bay between Beechey Island and Cape Riley, which we called Erebus and Terror Bay.

"Immediately adjacent to the supposed position of the ships, we found the site of a large storehouse and workshop, and smaller sites which were supposed to have been observatories, and other temporary erections. Meat-tins to the amount of 600 or 700, and a great number of coal-bags, one of which was marked 'T-e-r-r-o-r,' were found. *But there were no papers found anywhere that had been left by the missing ships.*"

This station, in the opinion of Captain Penny, was occupied by Sir John Franklin's party until the 3d of April 1846, if not longer, as a look-out up Wellington Channel, to watch the first opening of that icy barrier which seems so frequently to block it up.

No record, however, was left to show in what direction the bold explorers had proceeded. With deep regret, therefore, that no further information could be gained, the various vessels continued the search. Cap-



tain Forsyth had, however, before this returned in the 'Prince Albert' to England, with news of an interesting discovery made by Captain Ommaney of some articles left by Sir John Franklin on Cape Riley. He reached Aberdeen on the 22d of October, having been absent somewhat less than four months.

Early the next year the 'Prince Albert' was again despatched, under the command of Mr Kennedy, an old Arctic explorer; but he was unable to effect more than to prove where Sir John Franklin and his followers were not.

Captain Austin's ships were constantly placed in great peril as they proceeded on their voyage. "The 'Assistance' was hemmed in by the ice in the centre of Wellington Channel, and was in such imminent danger of being crushed to pieces, that every preparation was made to desert her," writes an officer belonging to her. "Each person on board was appointed to a particular boat, provisions were got on deck, and every two men were allowed one bag between them for spare clothes, attached to lines which were passed through the upper-deck, ready to be pulled up at any moment. One day the vessel was raised six feet out of the water, by the pressure of the ice; and it became so probable that she would fall on her broadside, that the men were employed with shovels and pickaxes in smoothing a place on the ice for her to lie upon." Again, on the 6th, a large floe came down upon them with great violence, and, pressing the vessel against the land ice, lifted her several feet out of the water. Every one rushed on deck, with the exception of the carpenter, who coolly sounded the well, to ascertain the depth of water in the hold. For some hours the ship was in danger of

being driven on shore ; the ice continued to grind and pile up round her, while all the ice-anchors were laid out, one of which was wrenched in two by the tremendous strain, and thrown high up into the air. The wind, however, providentially changed, the ice slacked, and they were safe. At length, while Captain Austin's squadron were secured for the winter in a field of ice between Cornwallis and Griffiths Islands, Mr Penny and Sir John Ross reached Assistance Harbour, where they wintered. A variety of means were taken to amuse the crews during the depth of winter ; and, as soon as spring began, exploring parties went out in every direction. We cannot trace the progress of the several parties in boats and sledges. Their persevering struggles serve to prove the present existence, at all events, if that were required, of the heroic endurance of hardships, the indomitable courage, the invariable cheerfulness under the most depressing trials, and the unconquerable ardour, in spite of every obstacle, characteristic of British seamen. About 2000 miles altogether were traversed by the different parties. Mr Penny made every effort to ascend Wellington Channel ; but his success was trifling compared to his unwearied endeavours. When his sledge was stopped by open water, and after incredible labours a boat was brought to the spot, thick-ribbed ice had collected to impede its progress. All the efforts of the heroic explorers were in vain. Lieutenant De Haven's ships returned to the United States, after enduring many hardships ; and Captain Austin, Sir John Ross, and Mr Penny came back to England in the autumn of 1851.

Another year, however, was not allowed to pass before a further expedition was entrusted to the com-

mand of a talented officer, Sir Edward Belcher. The 'Assistance' and 'Resolute' were again commissioned, and, with the 'Pioneer' and 'Intrepid' screw-steamers, were placed under his orders, many of the officers who before accompanied Captain Austin volunteering their services. Captain Kellet, who had returned home in the 'Herald,' was appointed to command the 'Resolute.'

They proceeded early in the spring for Wellington Channel, and, favoured by an open season, part of the squadron entered that mysterious inlet, with a favourable breeze, in high health, and with buoyant hopes that they were about to carry 'succour to their long-lost countrymen—how soon, like those of many others, to meet with disappointment ! Up that very channel, it has since been ascertained, the expedition under Sir John Franklin had gone, but had been compelled, as those in search of it soon were, to return southward.

In the meantime, Commander Inglefield, who had first gone out in the 'Isabel,' commissioned the 'Phoenix' steam-sloop, with the 'Lady Franklin' as a sailing-tender, and proceeded to Baffin's Bay. Mr Kennedy again went out in the 'Isabel,' and the Americans sent forth the well-known expedition under Dr Kane, whose narrative must be read with the deepest interest by all, and his early death deplored in consequence of the hardships he endured on that occasion.

While Sir Edward Belcher in the 'Assistance,' accompanied by the 'Pioneer,' proceeded up Wellington Channel, Captain Kellet in the 'Resolute,' accompanied by the 'Intrepid,' leaving the 'North Star' with stores at Beechey Island, continued his voyage to Melville Island, which he reached after encountering

many dangers, and where he was frozen up at Bridport Inlet on the 11th of September 1852.

We before narrated how the 'Enterprise' and 'Investigator' left England in January 1850, and, proceeding round Cape Horn, the latter reached the Sandwich Islands in June, and sailed again for Behring's Straits the day before the arrival of her consort. The 'Investigator' had a remarkably quick passage to Behring's Straits; and after communicating with the 'Herald,' Captain Kellet, off Cape Lisbourne, and exchanging signals with the 'Plover,' which vessel wintered in those seas, she pursued her course easterly along the north coast of North America, and passed Point Barrow under press of sail on the 5th of August. Thus it will be seen that several ships as well as land parties were engaged in the search for the long-lost crews of the 'Erebus' and 'Terror' at the same time—from the East and West as well as from the South.

Since the 5th of August 1850 no tidings had been received of Captain M'Clure and the 'Investigator,' till the time that Captain Kellet, who last saw him in the west, had once more made his way into the Arctic Ocean from the east, and was now commencing his long winter imprisonment at Bridport Inlet, Melville Island, in September 1852. The only time that exploring parties can travel is during daylight in the early autumn or in the spring. The spring is most fitted for crossing the Frozen Sea, before the ice breaks up, and the cold has become less intense. In the autumn of 1852, Lieutenant Mecham, of the 'Resolute,' was despatched by Captain Kellet to explore the coast of Melville Island to the west, and to form depôts of provisions, as were other parties in different directions. On his return,



passing through Winter Harbour, in Melville Island, at no great distance to the west of Bridport Inlet, what was his surprise and satisfaction to find in a cairn, a record, with a chart of his discoveries, left by Captain M'Clure on the previous May, stating that he should probably be found in Mercy Harbour, Bank's Land, unless he should be able to push on through Barrow's Straits, which it seemed very unlikely that he could have done. This was the first evidence to the new explorers of the actual existence of a continuous channel from the Atlantic to the Pacific—that there exists a North-West Passage.

Most tantalizing was it, however, to them to know that at that season they could not possibly venture across to meet their countrymen. Indeed, the gallant M'Clure expressly forbade them in the document they had discovered. "Any attempt to send succour will only increase the evil," were his words. The winter passed rapidly away, but it was not till March that Captain Kellet considered it prudent to send an expedition across the Straits to where he supposed the 'Investigator' was to be found.

We will now trace the progress of the 'Investigator,' from the time she was last seen passing Point Barrow under a press of sail.

She made the ice on the 2d of August, and, more than once being nearly caught by it, she reached Cape Bathurst by the 30th. Rounding it, she stood east and north, passing the south of Baring Island, which was called Cape Nelson. She then reached a channel with Baring Island on the west, and another land on the east, to which the name of Prince Albert's Land was given, when, on the 30th of September, she was

fairly frozen in. Prince Albert's Land was taken possession of on the 8th of October, in the name of her most gracious Majesty, by Captain M'Clure, with a party of officers and men, who landed, and planted a staff with a flag to it on the shore. On their return to the ship, they found that the land and sea ice had separated, and they were alarmed with the prospect of having to remain on shore during the whole of an Arctic autumn night. Happily, their signals were at last seen, and a party, with two of Halkett's inflatable boats, were sent to their assistance. In consequence of the excessive roughness of the ice, no other boat could have been got across. "By these means a large party were relieved, who were without tents, clothing, fuel, provisions, or in any way provided to withstand the severities of a polar night, with the thermometer eight degrees *minus*." We take the opportunity of advising that all vessels should be provided with one or more of these admirable contrivances. They may be of any size, from that in which one man alone can sit, to one capable of carrying fifty people. One might always be kept on deck, which could be launched in a moment should a man fall overboard. By this means numberless lives might be saved.

Captain M'Clure feeling assured that the ship was immovably fixed for the winter, started with a sledge party on the 21st, to proceed to the north-east, in the hopes of discovering Barrow's Straits; and, after travelling for upwards of seventy miles, they had the intense gratification, on the 26th of October, of pitching their tents on their shores. The next morning, before sunrise, he and Mr Court ascended a hill, 600 feet in height, whence they could command a view of

forty or fifty miles over the Straits, though the opposite shore of Melville Island could not be discerned. They found, however, by their observations, that Sir Edward Parry had very correctly marked the loom of the land on which they stood; and that thus the long-vexed question was solved, and that, whatever others might have done or might be doing, they had, at all events, found a watery way from the Pacific to the Atlantic Oceans.

They reached the ship again on the 31st, narrowly escaping destruction in a fog, when Captain M'Clure had to wander about during a whole night on a floe, with the thermometer from five to fifteen degrees below zero. And now the first winter of the 'Investigator' was commenced in those ice-bound regions. By the middle of April, expeditions were sent out in all directions, and depôts of provisions established for the relief of the long-lost companions of Sir John Franklin.

Both sides of the Prince of Wales's Straits were thoroughly explored, as was Baring Island and Prince Albert's Land as far as its southern shore, known as Wollaston Land,—a continuous coast line being thus laid down along the whole southern shore of Barrow's Straits, and that of the north shore of the American continent, united with the discoveries of previous explorers. This, it will be remembered, was the winter of 1850-51.

When the short summer once more returned, Captain M'Clure made every endeavour to get the ship to the north-east, through the Prince of Wales's Straits into Barrow's Straits, but in vain. So closely was the ice packed at the north-east end, that, after running great hazard of shipwreck, he was compelled to give

up the attempt on the 16th of July, when only twenty-five miles distant from Barrow's Straits, and bearing up, he ran to the south and west round Baring Island. The voyage off the west coast of that large island was full of danger, the ship frequently narrowly escaping being cast away, till at length, with a fair breeze, she entered Banks's Straits, which, leading into Melville Sound, may be looked upon as the western end of Barrow's Straits. They were but some eighty miles distant from Barrow's Straits, with every prospect of gaining them, and being able the following season to return home, when a heavy barrier of ice rose before them to intercept their progress. Backward they were driven into a deep bay, to which the name of the Bay of Mercy was given, as an acknowledgment of the merciful way in which they had been preserved from so many dangers. They had actually been only five days under weigh, after leaving their winter quarters in Prince of Wales's Straits.

As in the previous season, their time was fully occupied in making exploring expeditions in all directions, and in shooting excursions. With the exception of about three weeks in January, when it was too dark to shoot, enough game was killed to enable them to enjoy a meal of fresh meat three days in the fortnight.

On the 11th of April, Captain M'Clure, with Mr Court, second-master, and a sledge party, started to cross the ice on sledges, to visit Winter Harbour, in Melville Island. Soon after leaving the ship, a thick fog came on, and continued for several days, so that their destination was not reached till the 28th.

We must picture to ourselves the sort of work these brave men had to go through, to do full justice to their



perseverance and courage. Day after day travelling on, dragging their sledges across the frozen strait, often in the face of biting winds, encamping night after night with simply a tent to shelter them, and a spirit-lamp only with which to cook their food, or to afford them warmth. Yet thus, during that eventful period in the history of Arctic discovery, were many hundred British seamen employed in different portions of the icy ocean, all nobly engaged in the search for their lost countrymen and brother sailors. Not only for month after month, but year after year,—the only interruption being the dark long night of mid-winter, and the brief period of summer navigation,—when, amid icebergs and ice-fields, whirled here and there, tossed by storms, and urged impetuously on by currents, they forced their way onward, in the hope of gaining the open ocean in another hemisphere.

At Winter Harbour, Captain M'Clure found a large fragment of sandstone, with this inscription—"His Britannic Majesty's ships 'Hecla' and 'Griper,' Commanders Parry and Lyddon, wintered in the adjacent harbour during the winter of 1819-20. *A. Fisher, sculpsit.*" Lieutenant M'Clintock had left a notice of his visit on the previous year on the same fragment, and protected it by a large cairn. In this cairn Captain M'Clure now deposited his own despatches, giving a plan of the way he intended to proceed under the various circumstances which might occur. One portion especially is worthy of notice.

After stating his intention of visiting Port Leopold, in Barrow's Straits, and of leaving there information of the route he purposed to pursue, he says, "Should no intimation be found of our having been there, it

may be at once surmised that some fatal catastrophe has happened, either from being carried into the Polar Sea, or smashed in Barrow's Straits, and no survivors left. If such should be the case, it will then be quite unnecessary to penetrate farther to the westward to our relief, as, by the period that any vessel could reach that port, we must, from want of provisions, all have perished; in such case I would submit that the officer may be directed to return, and by no means incur the danger of losing other lives in quest of those who will then be no more." Admirable, indeed, is the calm courage with which he contemplated that fearful contingency which we now know too well overtook the expedition of which he was in quest, and his generous anxiety that no more valuable lives should be sacrificed in searching for him. Accomplishing in ten days what occupied eighteen upon the outward trip, the party reached the ship on the 9th of May. Summer was approaching. Some deer and musk oxen were shot. By the 10th of August the frozen-up mariners began to entertain the joyful hopes of being liberated. Lanes of water were observed to seaward, and along the cliffs of Banks's Land there was a clear space of six miles in width extending along them as far as the eye could reach; and on the 12th the wind, which had been for some time from the northward, veered to the south, which had the effect of separating the ice from that of the bay entirely across the entrance. Every moment they were in expectation of their release, and then a few days' sail would carry them into Barrow's Straits, and perhaps into Baffin's Bay itself. Shortly, however, the wind changed to the northward, the ice again closed: in vain they waited for it to open.

On the 20th the temperature fell to  $27^{\circ}$ , and the entire bay was frozen over. The ice never again opened, and the usual preparations were made for passing a third winter in those Arctic seas. It is wonderful to observe how officers and men kept up their spirits, and how cheerfully they bore their trials and privations. They had for a year been placed on two-thirds allowance of provisions; the consumption was still further decreased, to enable them to exist another eighteen months. The winter was severe, but passed away without sickness; and now Captain M'Clure informed his crew that it was his purpose to send a portion home in a boat by Baffin's Bay. The intended travellers were put on full allowance, and all preparations were made for their starting on the 15th of April.

One day towards the end of March, Captain M'Clure and his first-lieutenant were taking their daily exercise on the floe near the ship, when they saw running towards them a person whom they supposed to be one of their own men chased by a bear. They hurried on, when, to their surprise, they discovered that he was a stranger, his face so blackened by the smoke from the oil-lamp that his features could not be recognised. "Who are you? Where are you come from?" "Lieutenant Pim — 'Herald' — Captain Kellet," was the answer. Wonderful indeed it seemed; for Lieutenant Pim was the last person with whom the captain of the 'Investigator' had shaken hands in Behring's Straits. It was some time before Lieutenant Pim could find words to express himself, when he announced that he was ahead of his party, who had crossed from the winter quarters of the 'Resolute' in Bridport Inlet, Melville Island. Captain M'Clure then set out with a party of officers

and men to visit the 'Resolute,' which ship was reached on the 19th of April 1853, after traversing a distance of 170 miles.

Great was the satisfaction of the two gallant captains at thus again meeting. It was finally resolved that a portion of the crews of both ships should be sent home, while the remainder should stay in the hopes of extricating them during the coming summer. As, however, many of the 'Investigator's' crew were suffering from scurvy, only a small number were able to continue the journey westward, under command of Lieutenant Cresswell and Lieutenant Wynniett.

On the 2d of June they arrived on board the 'North Star,' Captain Pullen, at Beechey Island. The distance was 300 miles, and it had taken them four weeks to perform the journey.

On the 8th of August the 'Phoenix' screw-steamer, Captain Inglefield, arrived. At that time Captain Pullen had been away a month up Wellington Channel, to communicate with Sir Edward Belcher. By the time he returned the season had so much advanced, that it was decided to send back the 'Phoenix' with Lieutenant Cresswell and his party. On the 4th of October they landed at Thurso, and on the 7th of October arrived at the Admiralty, with the announcement of the safety of the 'Investigator,' and the tidings that the geographical question of the existence of the long sought-for North-West Passage had been satisfactorily solved.

We must now turn briefly to narrate the fate of the numerous exploring vessels left in the Arctic regions at the setting in of the winter of 1853-4.

Before we do so, we must, however, give a brief



account of the progress made by the persevering and brave Captain Collinson.

When, in 1850, Captain M'Clure succeeded in reaching the ice through Behring's Straits, the 'Enterprise,' from having been somewhat longer on her voyage, was not so fortunate, and was compelled to winter in Port Clarence. Hence the 'Enterprise' again sailed, on the 10th of July 1851, to push her way eastward along the American coast, visiting the islands which form the northern shore of the channel. Here he found several depôts and marks left by Captain M'Clure in the spring or in the previous autumn. The 'Enterprise' finally was frozen in, in a sheltered harbour in Prince Albert's Land, near the entrance of Prince of Wales's Straits.

Several long and hazardous expeditions were performed on foot with sledges during the spring of 1852, both north and east, being out between forty and fifty days. Again putting to sea, the 'Enterprise' passed through Dolphin and Union Straits and Dean's Straits eastward. By the 26th of September the 'Enterprise' reached Cambridge Bay, when she was again frozen in, to pass her third winter in the ice—one of the most severe ever experienced in those regions. During the next spring, that of 1853, Captain Collinson, with his Lieutenants Jago, Parkes, and other officers, were employed in pushing on their laborious explorations in the direction where they hoped some traces of their long-lost countrymen might be found. In latitude  $70^{\circ} 3' N.$  and long.  $101^{\circ} 0' W.$  they fell in with a cairn erected by Dr Rae, from which they obtained the first intimation that any parties had preceded them in the search, and their observations tended to corroborate his, viz. that

the ice, *except in extraordinary seasons, does not leave the east coast of Victoria Land.*

Little did Captain Collinson know that, from the shore on which he stood, as he looked eastward he gazed on the very ice-field in which the 'Erebus' and 'Terror' had been beset, and that amid it, not many miles distant, the brave, the noble Franklin had breathed his last—that it was during an extraordinary season the two exploring ships had entered the icy snare, from which they were never to be released.

But we are anticipating the events of our deeply interesting and melancholy history.

Captain Collinson and his companions reached their ship on the 31st of May, after an absence of forty-nine days. It will be thus seen, that in justice the honour should be awarded to Captain Collinson and his followers, equally with Captain M'Clure and his, of having discovered the North-West Passage. Indeed, it is believed that it is only by the way he came, if any passage is practicable, that a ship could get round from the east to the west.

On August the 10th, the 'Enterprise' once more put to sea, steering westward. The Straits were found free of ice till they were abreast of the mouth of the Coppermine River, where they were detained till the 23d. They passed Cape Bathurst on the 31st, again encountering ice; Herschel Island on the 5th of September; and after encountering various obstacles, were finally fixed for the winter on the west side of Camden Bay.

The season passed mildly away. In the spring more expeditions were made, and visits received from the Esquimaux. The ship was not free till the 20th

July. She reached Port Clarence on the 21st of August; and at length Captain Collinson was able to send home despatches announcing the safety of his ship, officers, and crew.

We are inclined to consider Captain Collinson's voyage, with the light of the information subsequently given us, not only as the most remarkable of all the Arctic voyages, but as guided by the greatest wisdom, and executed with a courage, forethought, and perseverance unsurpassed. He may well claim the honour of being "the first navigator who took a ship of 530 tons through the narrow Dolphin and Union Straits and Dease's Strait, ice-strewn and rocky as they are, in safety to Cambridge Bay (105° W.), preserved his men in health through three winters, and finally brought them home in health and his ship in safety."

We must now return to Sir Edward Belcher's expedition. The greatest service it rendered was through Captain Kellet, by whose means the brave Captain McClure and his crew were rescued from their perilous position. We left the 'Resolute' and 'Intrepid' on the northern side of the Strait, frozen up in Bridport Inlet, in the spring of 1853. Although a northern gale drove them to sea during the summer, when they drifted about for eighty-seven days helplessly in the park till off Cape Cockburn, on the 12th November they were again frozen in; and the 'Investigator' also remaining fixed, was abandoned, the officers and crew spending the winter on board the 'Resolute.' The 'Assistance' and 'Pioneer' being likewise frozen in, Captain Kellet received orders from Sir Edward Belcher to abandon his part of the squadron; and on the 26th of August the two last-named ships were also aban-

done, the officers and crews arriving safely on board the 'North Star' on the following day at Beechey Island. Fortunately the next day the 'North Star' met the 'Phoenix' and 'Talbot,' when all the ships returned to England.

All due praise must be awarded to the gallant officers and men of the expedition, who exerted themselves heroically in the great cause they had undertaken. An Arctic passage was discovered, M'Clure and his followers performed it *on the ice*, probably the only way in which it ever will be performed; but the most important Arctic mystery was still unsolved—the fate of Franklin remained undiscovered. It was only known where he was not. As if to teach all those engaged in that well-arranged, powerful expedition a lesson of humility, the discovery was reserved for others with far humbler means at their disposal.



## VOYAGE OF THE 'FOX.'

NONE of the numerous expeditions sent forth to discover traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition afford matter of greater interest than that of the little yacht the 'Fox,' while it has surpassed all in successfully clearing up the mystery which for ten long years or more hung over the fate of that gallant Arctic explorer and his brave companions.

The 'Fox,' a screw-steamer of 177 tons, was the property of Lady Franklin, and the command of her was confided to Captain M'Clintock, R.N., who had already made several Arctic voyages. He had as officers Lieutenant Hobson, R.N., and Captain Allan Young, a noble-minded commander of the mercantile marine; with Dr Walker as surgeon, and Mr Carl Petersen as interpreter. She was prepared at Aberdeen for her arduous undertaking, and sailed 1st July 1857. She entered Baffin's Bay, and had got as far north as Melville Bay, on its north-west shore, when she was beset by the ice early in September, and there blocked up for the winter.

Soon after midnight on the 25th April 1858, she was once more under weigh, and forcing her way out from among huge masses of ice thrown in on her by the ocean swell. Repeatedly the ice masses were hurled against the sharp iron bow, causing the vessel to shake violently, the bells to ring, and almost knocking the crew off their feet. On one occasion the ice stopped

the screw for some minutes. Anxious moments those —“ After that day's experience I can understand how men's hair has turned grey in a few hours,” says Captain M'Clintock.

Touching at the Danish settlements to refit, and at Pond's Bay, the little 'Fox,' narrowly escaping destruction, at length reached Beechey Island on the 11th of August. Here a tablet was erected to the memory of Sir John Franklin and his officers and crew, and the 'Fox,' having filled up with stores and coals from the depôt there, left again on the 16th.

On the 18th she had run twenty-five miles down Peel's Straits, the hopes of all raised to the utmost, when a pack of ice appeared, barring their farther progress. Putting about, she visited the depôt at Port Leopold, where boats and an abundant supply of all sorts of articles were found, which, in case of the destruction of their own vessel, would afford the explorers a fair prospect of escape.

Far different was the condition of Arctic explorers now, than it had been when Franklin sailed on his fatal expedition. Then they had to depend entirely on their own resources; now, through the sagacity and forethought of those who sent them forth, depôts of provisions and boats and sledges, and even huts, had been provided, to effect every possible means of escape, should any disaster overtake their ships.

Captain M'Clintock, on leaving Leopold Harbour, sailed north down Prince Regent's Inlet, but in vain attempted to force a passage through any channel to the east. At last he returned some way north to Bellot's Straits, discovered by Mr Kennedy, and called after his unfortunate companion, Lieutenant Bellot, of

the French navy, who lost his life when belonging to Sir Edward Belcher's expedition. He passed some distance through Bellot's Straits, and the 'Fox' was finally beset, on the 28th September, in a beautiful little harbour in them, to which the name of Kennedy Harbour was given.

Depôts were now established by travelling parties to the north-east, some eighty miles or more from the ship, and all preparations made for prosecuting their interesting search in the spring. This commenced the winter of 1858-59, the second passed by the 'Fox' in the ice.

On the 17th February, Captain M'Clintock started with Mr Petersen and one man, Thompson, on a long pedestrian expedition, with two sledges drawn by dogs. Lieutenant Hobson set off about the same time, as did also Captain Young,—all three expeditions in different directions, towards the south; the two first accomplished several hundred miles to King William's Island.

Great indeed were the trials and hardships they underwent in these expeditions. Day after day they trudged on, employed for two hours each evening, before they could take their food or go to rest, in building their snow huts, exposed to biting winds, to snow and sleet, and often to dense fogs.

On one occasion one man alone of a whole party escaped being struck by snow-blindness; and he had to lead them with their packs, and to guide them back to the vessel. How terrible would have been their fate had he also been struck with blindness!

On the west coast of King William's Island, which is separated by a broad channel from the mainland of

America, they fell in with several families of Esquimaux, among whom numerous relics of the Franklin expedition were discovered. The most interesting were purchased. Farther north, on the west coast, a cairn was found, within which was a paper with the announcement of Sir John Franklin's death, and with the sad statement, written at a subsequent period, that it had been found necessary to abandon the ships and to proceed to the southward.

A boat on runners also was found with two skeletons in her, and another skeleton at a distance—all too plainly telling a tale which shall be narrated hereafter. The Esquimaux also said that they had seen men sink down and die along the shore; and that one ship had gone down crushed by the ice, and that another had been driven on shore. With this terrible elucidation of the long-continued mystery, only partly cleared up before by Dr Rae, they began their return journey.

On the 19th of June, Captain M'Clintock reached his ship, the ice having begun to melt with the increased warmth of the weather. August arrived, and the explorers began to look out anxiously for the breaking up of the ice.

At last, on the 10th, a favourable breeze drove the ice out of the bay, and the trim little 'Fox,' under sail and steam, merrily darted out of her prison, and hurried north towards Barrow's Straits. She reached Baffin's Bay, and, touching at the Danish settlements, arrived in the English Channel on the 20th of September, having made the passage under sail in nineteen days from Greenland.



## THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

THE last intelligence which had been received of the 'Erebus' and 'Terror' was from the whalers in July 1845, at Melville Bay. Thence the expedition passed on through Lancaster Sound to Barrow's Straits, and entered Wellington Channel, the southern entrance to which had been discovered by Sir Edward Parry in 1819. Up it the ships sailed for 150 miles, when, being stopped by the ice, they returned south by a new channel into Barrow's Straits, and passed the winter of 1845-46 at Beechey Island. In 1846 they proceeded to the south-west, and ultimately reached within twelve miles of the north entrance of King William's Land.

Here they spent the winter of 1846-47, as far as can be known, in the enjoyment of good health, and with the intention and hope of prosecuting their voyage to the westward through the only channel likely to be open along the northern shore of America, and from the known portion of which they were only then ninety miles distant.

On Monday, the 24th May 1847, Lieutenant Gore, with Mr Des Vœux, mate, and a party of six men, left the ship, and proceeded for some purpose to King William's Island, where, on Point Victory, he deposited a document stating that Sir John Franklin and all were well.

This document was afterwards visited by Captain Crozier, and a brief but sad statement of after events written on it. In less than three weeks after that time, the brave, kind, and well-beloved commander of the expedition, Sir John Franklin, had ceased to breathe, as Captain Crozier states that he died on the

11th of June 1847. Who can doubt that his life was taken by a merciful Providence before he could become aware of the dreadful doom about to overtake his gallant followers?

Probably Lieutenant Gore returned from that journey of exploration, as Captain Crozier speaks of him as the late Commander Gore, showing that on the death of their chief he had been raised a step in rank, but not long to enjoy it—he having among others passed away. The command of the expedition now devolved on Captain Crozier; but who can picture his anxiety and that of his officers and men, as the summer of 1847 drew on—the sea open to the north and south, but the ships immovably fixed in the vast mass of ice driven down upon them from Melville Sound? How bitter must have been their grief and disappointment when August and September passed away, and they found that they must pass another winter, that of 1847–48, in those regions! We know, too, that the ships were only provisioned up to 1848.

Painfully that dreary winter must have passed away, and sad must have been the feelings of Captains Crozier and Fitzjames when they came to the resolution of abandoning the ships, by which a high sense of duty had induced them hitherto to remain.

Up to 22d April 1848, the total loss by deaths had been nine officers and fifteen men. On the 22d April 1848, Captains Crozier and Fitzjames, with their officers and crews, consisting of 105 men, abandoned their ice-bound ships, and landed on the 25th on King William's Island, and started the following day for Back's Fish River, which runs through the Hudson's Bay territories from the south.

Their hope was that they might, voyaging up that river, at length reach some of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading posts. That they reached the mouth of Fish River we have melancholy evidence. Here they probably encamped; and, when the season advanced, proceeded some way up, but, finding the difficulties of the navigation insurmountable, they returned to the mouth of the river, with the intention perhaps of proceeding along the coast to the westward through the North-West Passage, which they now knew for a certainty to exist. Before, however, they could do this, it was necessary to send to the ships for stores and any provisions which might have remained on board.

For this purpose a strong party must have been detached with a boat on a sledge, showing that they started rather early in the summer season, before the Straits were frozen over, or late in the spring, when they might expect to have to return by water. They greatly overrated their strength. When still eighty miles from the ships, they left the boat with two or more invalids in her, and a variety of valuables, hoping to reach the ships more speedily, and to return to her. One or more of those left with the boat attempted to follow, and dropped by the way. Some, perhaps, reached the ships, and attempted to regain the boat; but the greater number, overcome with hunger, disease, and cold, fell on their northward journey, never to rise again.

Two skeletons were found in the boat; and one, supposed to be that of a steward, between her and the ships. Of the ships, one was seen by the Esquimaux to go down, while the other drove on shore with one

body only on board, probably that of a person who had died during the final visit. Certain it is that no one regained the boat on their return journey to the south. Plate and vast quantities of clothing were found along the route, showing that on leaving the ships the hapless men considered themselves capable of considerable exertion; and, as they carried a large amount of powder and shot, they undoubtedly hoped to maintain themselves by means of their guns.

In vain did the main body at the mouth of Back's Fish River wait the return of their shipmates. Week after week, month after month, passed by—they did not appear. How long they remained encamped on this bleak and barren coast it is difficult to determine. If the account received by Dr Rae is to be credited, it was not till the spring of 1850 that the survivors of that gallant band made a last desperate attempt to push their way inland, and sank down, as had their companions in suffering many months before them. Thus perished the whole of that gallant band of true-hearted seamen, who, with high hopes and spirits, had left England five years before in the prosecution of an undertaking which they had every reason to believe would so greatly redound to the honour and glory of England, and to their own high renown. The task was accomplished; a knowledge of the North-West Passage was obtained. Their lives were sacrificed in the attainment; but they won names imperishable in English Naval History, and gave another example of the undaunted courage, hardihood, and perseverance of British seamen.



## ACTS OF HEROISM PERFORMED OF LATE BY NAVAL MEN.

OF late years the officers and seamen of the Royal Navy have had fewer opportunities of distinguishing themselves afloat than on shore. At the same time, at no period have they given, on numerous trying occasions, more undoubted proof of the admirable discipline and devotion to their officers, than at present prevails in the Navy.

Before, however, we proceed, we will make mention of two acts of devotion performed of late by seamen.

GEORGE HINCKLEY, Able Seaman of H.M.'s sloop 'Sphinx,' obtained the Victoria Cross. The British were attacking the city of Fung Wha, when, as the storming party were approaching the east gate, Mr Coker, master's assistant of the 'Sphinx,' fell desperately wounded. Had he been left where he fell he must have perished, when Hinckley, lifting him in his arms, carried him under a heavy and continuous fire of musketry, jingalls, and stink-pots, to a joss-house a hundred and fifty yards distant, where, placing him in safety, he immediately returned to the gate. On arriving there he found another officer, Mr Bremen of Ward's forces, who had also been wounded in the advance on the gate. The gallant fellow again volun-

teered to cross the open, which he did under a hot fire, bearing on his shoulders the wounded officer, whom he left under shelter, and once more hurried back to his perilous position under the gate. Happily he escaped without a wound.

SAMUEL MITCHELL.—During the war at present carried on with the rebel natives of New Zealand, part of the crews of the ships on the station have served on shore, and unhappily, many valuable lives, both of officers and men, have been sacrificed. On the 29th April 1864, an attack was made on a strong rebel force posted in a native fort, known as the Pah of Te Papa, in Tauranga. The first to enter, leading on his men, was Commander Hay, of H.M.S. 'Harrier,' and by his side was Samuel Mitchell, captain of the fore-top of that ship, and then doing duty as captain's coxswain. The British were allowed by their treacherous foes to enter the Pah, when suddenly the natives, springing up on all sides, poured in so destructive a fire that numbers of their assailants fell before it. Among them was Commander Hay, who was mortally wounded. Although the savages were swarming around, Mitchell lifted his captain in his arms, and proceeded to carry him out of the Pah. Captain Hay told him that his exertions were of no use, that he felt that he was dying, and entreated him to seek his own safety by flight; but, in spite of this, the brave man persevered, and, though surrounded by enemies, succeeded in carrying his captain to the rear. Commodore Sir William Wiseman brought Mitchell's name under especial notice for this act of gallantry, and he was most deservedly rewarded with the Victoria Cross.

I had purposed giving some detailed accounts of the wrecks which have of late years occurred of ships-of-war, and of other losses and disasters in the Navy ; but it will, I think, be sufficient to say, that on all occasions both officers and men have exhibited the most heroic courage and discipline ; that under the most trying circumstances, when almost certain destruction awaited them, they have gone cheerfully about their duty, and remained at their stations till the planks on which they stood have been rent asunder, and their ship has sunk beneath their feet, or the roaring seas have washed them from their hold. Officers and men have vied with each other in acts of self-devotion, and an adherence to the stern dictates of discipline.

With these examples before us, we may feel assured that, in spite of the change in the modern style of warfare, whenever England's Navy has to protect England's commerce, to defend her shores, or to fight her battles, the honour of that glorious banner which has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze will be upheld as before, and that, trusting in the guardian hand of Providence, Englishmen may still with pride and confidence sing—

“Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves;  
And Britons never, never shall be slaves.”

THE END.

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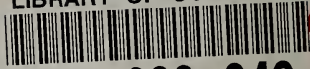


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